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THE  
DRAMATIC WORKS  
OF  
**William Shakspeare.**

WITH  
SIXTY ENGRAVINGS ON WOOD,  
BY JOHN THOMPSON;  
FROM  
DRAWINGS BY STOTHARD, CORBOULD, HARVEY, ETC.

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IN TEN VOLUMES.

VOL. VIII.

TIMON OF ATHENS.      CORIOLANUS.      JULIUS CÆSAR.  
ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

**CHISWICK :**

**PRINTED BY C. AND C. WHITTINGHAM.**

THE  
DRAMATIC WORKS  
OF  
WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

WITH  
NOTES,  
ORIGINAL AND SELECTED,  
BY SAMUEL WELLER SINGER, F. S. A.

AND  
A LIFE OF THE POET,  
BY CHARLES SYMMONS, D. D.

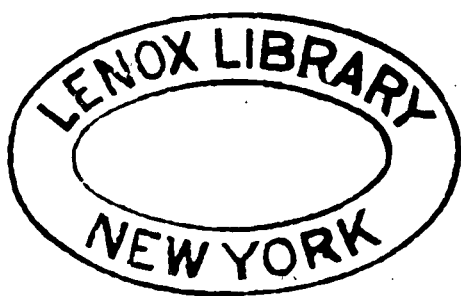
VOL. VIII.



Timon of Athens. Act iv. Sc. 2.

WJ  
CHISWICK :  
CHARLES WHITTINGHAM, COLLEGE HOUSE.

1826.  
C. W. H.



## TIMON OF ATHENS.



*Phr. & Timon.* Give us some gold, good Timon: Hast  
thou more?

ACT IV. SC. 3.

---

FROM THE CHISWICK PRESS.

1826.





# Timon of Athens.

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## PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

THE story of the Misanthrope is told in almost every collection of the time, and particularly in two books, with which Shakspeare was intimately acquainted—The Palace of Pleasure, and the Translation of Plutarch, by Sir Thomas North. The latter furnished the poet with the following hint to work upon:—Antonius forsook the city and companie of his friendes, saying that he would lead Timon's life, because he had the like wrong offered him that was offered unto Timon; and *for the unthankfulness of those he had done good unto, and whom he tooke to be his friends, he was angry with all men, and would trust no man.*

Mr. Strutt, the engraver, was in possession of a MS. play on this subject, apparently written, or transcribed, about the year 1600. There is a scene in it resembling Shakspeare's banquet, given by Timon to his flatterers. Instead of *warm water* he sets before them *stones painted like artichokes*, and afterwards beats them out of the room. He then retires to the woods, attended by his faithful steward, who (like Kent in King Lear) has disguised himself to continue his services to his master. Timon, in the last act, is followed by his fickle mistress, &c. after he was reported to have discovered a hidden treasure by digging. The piece itself (though it appears to be the work of an academic) is a wretched one. The *personæ dramatis* are as follows:—Timon; Laches, his faithful servant. Eutrapelus, a dissolute young man. Gelasimus, a cittie heyre. Pseudocheus, a lying traveller. Demeas, an orator. Philargurus, a covetous churlish old man. Hermogenes, a fiddler. Abyssus, a usurer. Lollio, a country clowne, Philargurus' sonne. Stilpo, and Speusippus, two lying philosophers. Grunnio, a lean servant of Philargurus. Obba, Tymon's butler. Pædio, Gelasimus' page. Two serjeants. A sailor. Callimela, Philargurus' daughter. Blatte, her prattling nurse.—Scene, ATHENS.

To this manuscript play Shakspeare was probably indebted for some parts of his plot. Here he found the faithful steward, the banquet scene, and the story of Timon's being possessed of great sums of gold, which he had dug up in the wood; a circumstance which it is not likely he had from Lucian, there

being then no translation of the dialogue that relates to that subject.

Malone imagines that Shakspeare wrote his *Timon of Athens* in the year 1610.

‘Of all the works of Shakspeare, *Timon of Athens* possesses most the character of a satire:—a laughing satire in the picture of the parasites and flatterers, and a Juvenalian in the bitterness and the imprecations of Timon against the ingratitude of a false world. The story is treated in a very simple manner, and is definitely divided into large masses:—in the first act, the joyous life of Timon, his noble and hospitable extravagance, and the throng of every description of suitors to him; in the second and third acts, his embarrassment, and the trial which he is thereby reduced to make of his supposed friends, who all desert him in the hour of need;—in the fourth and fifth acts, Timon’s flight to the woods, his misanthropical melancholy, and his death. The only thing which may be called an episode is the banishment of Alcibiades, and his return by force of arms. However, they are both examples of ingratitude,—the one of a state towards its defender, and the other of private friends to their benefactor\*.

---

\* It appears to me that Schlegel and Professor Richardson have taken a more unfavourable view of the character of Timon than our great poet intended to convey. Timon had not only been a benefactor to his private unworthy friends, but he had rendered the state service, which ought not to have been forgotten. He himself expresses his consciousness of this when he sends one of his servants to request a thousand talents at the hands of the senators:—

‘Of whom, *even to the state’s best health*, I have  
Deserv’d this hearing.’

And Alcibiades afterwards confirms this:—

‘————— I have heard, and griev’d  
How cursed Athens, mindless of thy worth,  
Forgetting *thy great deeds*, when neighbour states,  
But for *thy sword and fortune*, trod upon them.’

Surely then he suffered as much mentally from the ingratitude of the state as from that of his faithless friends. Shakspeare seems to have entered entirely into the feelings of bitterness which such conduct was likely to awaken in a good and susceptible nature, and has expressed it with vehemence and force. The virtues of Timon too may be inferred from the absence of any thing which could imply dissoluteness or intemperance in his conduct: as Richardson observes, ‘He is convivial, but his enjoyment of the banquet is in the pleasure of his guests; Phrynia

As the merits of the general towards his fellow-citizens suppose more strength of character than those of the generous prodigal, their respective behaviours are no less different: Timon frets himself to death; Alcibiades regains his lost dignity by violence. If the poet very properly sides with Timon against the common practice of the world, he is, on the other hand, by no means disposed to spare Timon. Timon was a fool in his generosity; he is a madman in his discontent; he is every where wanting in the wisdom which enables man in all things to observe the due measure. Although the truth of his extravagant feelings is proved by his death, and though when he digs up a treasure he spurns at the wealth which seems to solicit him, we yet see distinctly enough that the vanity of wishing to be singular, in both parts of the plays, had some share in his liberal self-forgetfulness, as well as his anchoretical seclusion. This is particularly evident in the incomparable scene where the cynic Apemantus visits Timon in the wilderness. They have a sort of competition with each other in their trade of misanthropy: the cynic reproaches the impoverished Timon with having been merely driven by necessity to take to the way of living which he had been long following of his free choice, and Timon cannot bear the thought of being merely an imitator of the cynic. As in this subject the effect could only be produced by an accumulation of similar features, in the variety of the shades an amazing degree of understanding has been displayed by Shakspeare. What a powerfully diversified concert of flatteries and empty testimonies of devotedness! It is highly amusing to see the suitors, whom the ruined circumstances of their patron had dispersed, immediately flock to him again when they learn that he had been revisited by fortune. In the speeches of Timon, after he is undeceived, all the hostile figures of language are exhausted,—it is a dictionary of eloquent imprecations\*.

---

and Timandra are not in the train of Timon, but of Alcibiades. He is not so desirous of being distinguished for magnificence, as of being eminent for courteous and beneficent actions: he solicits distinction, but it is by doing good.' Johnson has remarked that the attachment of his servants in his declining fortunes could be produced by nothing but *real virtue* and disinterested kindness. I cannot therefore think that Shakspeare meant to stigmatize the generosity of Timon as that of a *fool*, or that he meant his misanthropy to convey to us any notion of 'the vanity of wishing to be singular.'

\* Schlegel.

## PERSONS REPRESENTED.

---

**TIMON**, *a noble Athenian.*

**LUCIUS**,

**LUCULLUS**,

**SEMPRONIUS**,

**VENTIDIUS**, *one of Timon's false Friends.*

**APEMANTUS**, *a churlish Philosopher.*

**ALCIBIADES**, *an Athenian General.*

**FLAVIUS**, *Steward to Timon.*

**FLAMINIUS**,

**LUCILIUS**,

**SERVILIUS**,

**CAPHIS**,

**PHILOTUS**,

**TITUS**,

**LUCIUS**,

**HORTENSIUS**,

*Two Servants of Varro, and the Servant of Isidore ; t  
of Timon's Creditors.*

**CUPID and Maskers.** *Three Strangers.*

**Poet, Painter, Jeweller, and Merchant.**

**An old Athenian. A Page. A Fool.**

**PHRYNIA**,

**TIMANDRA**,

*Mistresses to Alcibiades.*

**Other Lords, Senators, Officers, Soldiers, Thieves, a  
Attendants.**

**SCENE**—*Athens ; and the Woods adjoining.*

# TIMON OF ATHENS.

---

## ACT I.

SCENE I. Athens. *A Hall in Timon's House.*

*Enter Poet, Painter, Jeweller, Merchant, and  
Others, at several Doors.*

*Poet.*

GOOD day, sir.

*Pain.* I am glad you are well<sup>1</sup>.

*Poet.* I have not seen you long; How goes the world?

*Pain.* It wears, sir, as it grows.

*Poet.* Ay, that's well known:  
But what particular rarity? what strange,  
Which manifold record not matches<sup>2</sup>? See,  
Magick of bounty! all these spirits thy power  
Hath conjur'd to attend. I know the merchant.

*Pain.* I know them both; t'other's a jeweller.

*Mer.* O, 'tis a worthy lord!

<sup>1</sup> It would be less abrupt and more metrical to begin the play thus :—

‘ *Poet.* Good day, sir.

‘ *Pain.* Good sir, I'm glad you're well.’

<sup>2</sup> The Poet merely means to ask if any thing extraordinary or out of the common course of things has lately happened; and is prevented from waiting for an answer by observing so many conjured by Timon's bounty to attend.

*Jew.* Nay, that's most fix'd.

*Mer.* A most incomparable man; breath'd, as it were,

To an untirable and continue goodness:  
He passes<sup>3</sup>.

*Jew.* I have a jewel here.

*Mer.* O, pray, let's see't: For the Lord Timon, sir?

*Jew.* If he will touch the estimate<sup>4</sup>: But, for that——

*Poet*<sup>5</sup>. *When we for recompense have prais'd the vile,*

*It stains the glory in that happy verse*

*Which aptly sings the good.*

*Mer.* 'Tis a good form.

[*Looking at the Jewel.*]

*Jew.* And rich: here is a water, look you.

*Pain.* You are rapt, sir, in some work, some dedication

To the great lord.

*Poet.* A thing slipp'd idly from me.

Our poesy is a gum, which oozes<sup>6</sup>

From whence 'tis nourished: The fire i' the flint

Shows not, till it be struck; our gentle flame

3 ' ————— breath'd, as it were,  
To an untirable and continue goodness:  
He passes.'

*Breath'd* is exercised, inured by constant practice, so tri not to be wearied. To *breathe* a horse is to exercise him course: *continue* for continued course. He *passes*, i. e. or goes beyond common bounds.

' Why this *passes*, Master Ford.'

*Merry Wives of W*

<sup>4</sup> *Touch the estimate*, that is, come up to the price.

<sup>5</sup> We must here suppose the poet busy in reciti own work; and that these three lines are the intro poem addressed to Timon.

<sup>6</sup> The old copies read:—

' Our poesie is a *gowne* which uses.'

Provokes itself, and, like the current, flies  
Each bound it chafes<sup>7</sup>. What have you there?

*Pain.* A picture, sir.—And when comes your  
book forth?

*Poet.* Upon the heels of my presentment<sup>8</sup>, sir.  
Let's see your piece.

*Pain.* 'Tis a good piece.

*Poet.* So 'tis: this comes off well<sup>9</sup> and excellent.

*Pain.* Indifferent.

*Poet.* Admirable: How this grace  
Speaks his own standing<sup>10</sup>! what a mental power  
This eye shoots forth! how big imagination  
Moves in this lip! to the dumbness of the gesture  
One might interpret<sup>11</sup>.

*Pain.* It is a pretty mocking of the life.  
Here is a touch; Is't good?

*Poet.* I'll say of it,  
It tutors nature: artificial strife<sup>12</sup>  
Lives in these touches, livelier than life.

<sup>7</sup> It is not certain whether this word is *chafes* or *chases* in the folio. I think the former is the true reading. The poetaster means that the vein of a poet flows spontaneously, like the current of a river, and flies from each bound that chafes it in its course, as scorning all impediment, and requiring no excitement. In Julius Cæsar we have:—

'The troubled Tiber *chafing* with her shores.'

<sup>8</sup> i. e. as soon as my book has been presented to Timon.

<sup>9</sup> This *comes off well* apparently means this is *cleverly done*, or this piece is *well executed*. The phrase is used in Measure for Measure ironically. See vol ii. p. 23, note 12.

<sup>10</sup> How the graceful attitude of this figure proclaims that it stands firm on its centre, or gives evidence in favour of its own fixure. *Grace* is introduced as bearing witness to propriety.

<sup>11</sup> One might venture to supply words to such intelligible action. Such significant gesture ascertains the sentiments that should accompany it. So in Cymbeline, Act ii. Sc. 4:—

'—— never saw I pictures

So likely to report themselves.'

<sup>12</sup> i. e. the contest of art with nature. This was a very common mode of expressing the excellence of a painter. Shakspeare has it again more clearly expressed in his Venus and Adonis:—

'His *art with nature's workmanship at strife*.'



*Enter certain Senators, and pass over.*

*Pain.* How this lord's follow'd!

*Poet.* The senators of Athens:—Happy men!

*Pain.* Look, more!

*Poet.* You see this confluence, this great flood  
of visitors <sup>13</sup>.

I have, in this rough work, shap'd out a man,  
Whom this beneath world <sup>14</sup> doth embrace and hug  
With amplest entertainment: My free drift  
Halts not particularly <sup>15</sup>, but moves itself  
In a wide sea of wax <sup>16</sup>: no levell'd malice  
Infects one comma in the course I hold;  
But flies an eagle flight, bold, and forth on,  
Leaving no tract behind.

*Pain.* How shall I understand you?

*Poet.* I'll unbolt <sup>17</sup> to you.

You see how all conditions, how all minds  
(As well of glib and slippery creatures, as  
Of grave and austere quality), tender down  
Their services to Lord Timon: his large fortune,  
Upon his good and gracious nature hanging,  
Subdues and properties <sup>18</sup> to his love and tendance  
All sorts of hearts; yea, from the glass-fac'd flat-  
terer <sup>19</sup>

To Apemantus, that few things loves better

<sup>13</sup> 'Mane salutantum totis vomit ædibus undam.'

<sup>14</sup> So in *Measure for Measure* we have, 'This under generation;' and in *King Richard III.* the *lower world*.

<sup>15</sup> My design does not stop at any particular character.

<sup>16</sup> An allusion to the Roman practice of writing with a style on tablets, covered with wax: a custom which also prevailed in England until about the close of the fourteenth century.

<sup>17</sup> i. e. open, explain.

<sup>18</sup> i. e. *subjects and appropriates*.

<sup>19</sup> One who shows by reflection the looks of his patron. The poet was mistaken in the character of Apemantus; but seeing that he paid frequent visits to Timon, he naturally concluded that he was equally courteous with his other guests.

Than to abhor himself: even he drops down  
The knee before him, and returns in peace.  
Most rich in Timon's nod.

*Pain.* I saw them speak together.

*Poet.* Sir, I have upon a high and pleasant hill,  
Feign'd Fortune to be thron'd: The base o'the mount  
Is rank'd with all deserts, all kind of natures,  
That labour on the bosom of this sphere  
To propagate their states<sup>20</sup>: amongst them all,  
Whose eyes are on this sovereign lady fix'd,  
One do I personate of Lord Timon's frame,  
Whom Fortune with her ivory hand wafts to her:  
Whose present grace to present slaves and servants  
Translates his rivals.

*Pain.* 'Tis conceiv'd to scope<sup>21</sup>.  
This throne, this Fortune, and this hill, methinks,  
With one man beckon'd from the rest below,  
Bowing his head against the steepy mount  
To climb his happiness, would be well express'd  
In our condition<sup>22</sup>.

*Poet.* Nay, sir, but hear me on:  
All those which were his fellows but of late  
(Some better than his value), on the moment  
Follow his strides, his lobbies fill with tendance,  
Rain sacrificial whisperings in his ear<sup>23</sup>,

<sup>20</sup> i. e. to *improve* or *promote* their conditions. See vol. ii. p. 14, note 6.

<sup>21</sup> i. e. extensively imagined, largely conceived.

<sup>22</sup> i. e. in our *art*, in painting. *Condition* was used for *profession*, *quality*; *façon de faire*. See vol. i. p. 145, note 14.

<sup>23</sup> *Whisperings* of officious servility, the *incense* of the worshipping parasite to the patron as a god. Gray has excellently expressed in his *Elegy* these sacrificial offerings to the great from the poetic tribe:—

‘To heap the shrine of luxury and pride  
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.’

Make sacred even his stirrop, and through him  
Drink the free air<sup>24</sup>.

*Pain.* Ay, marry, what of these?

*Poet.* When Fortune, in her shift and change of  
mood,

Spurns down her late belov'd, all his dependants,  
Which labour'd after him to the mountain's top,  
Even on their knees and hands, let him slip down,  
Not one accompanying his declining foot.

*Pain.* 'Tis common:

A thousand moral paintings I can show,  
That shall demonstrate these quick blows of fortune  
More pregnantly than words. Yet you do well,  
To show Lord Timon, that mean eyes<sup>25</sup> have seen  
The foot above the head.

*Trumpets sound. Enter TIMON, attended; the Servant of VENTIDIUS talking with him.*

*Tim.* Imprison'd is he, say you?

*Ven. Serv.* Ay, my good lord: five talents is his  
debt;

His means most short, his creditors most strait:  
Your honourable letter he desires  
To those have shut him up; which failing to him,  
Periods<sup>26</sup> his comfort.

*Tim.* Noble Ventidius! Well;

<sup>24</sup> • To *drink the air*, like the *haustos ætherios* of Virgil, is merely a poetic phrase for *draw the air*, or *breathe*. To 'drink the free air,' therefore, 'through another,' is to breathe freely at his will only, so as to depend on him for the privilege of life; not even to breathe freely without his permission.

<sup>25</sup> i. e. inferior spectators.

<sup>26</sup> To *period* is perhaps a verb of Shakspeare's coinage. It is used by Heywood, after him, in *A Maidenhead Well Lost*, 1634:—

'How easy could I *period* all my care.'

And in *The Country Girl*, by T. B. 1647:—

'To *period* our vain grieving.'

I am not of that feather, to shake off  
My friend when he must need me<sup>27</sup>. I do know him  
A gentleman, that well deserves a help,  
Which he shall have : I'll pay the debt, and free him.

*Ven. Serv.* Your lordship ever binds him.

*Tim.* Commend me to him : I will send his ransom ;

And, being enfranchis'd, bid him come to me :—

'Tis not enough to help the feeble up,  
But to support him after<sup>28</sup>.—Fare you well.

*Ven. Serv.* All happiness to your honour<sup>29</sup> !

[*Exit.*

*Enter an old Athenian.*

*Old Ath.* Lord Timon, hear me speak.

*Tim.* Freely, good father.

*Old Ath.* Thou hast a servant nam'd Lucilius.

*Tim.* I have so : What of him ?

*Old Ath.* Most noble Timon, call the man before thee.

*Tim.* Attends he here, or no ?—Lucilius !

*Enter LUCILIUS.*

*Luc.* Here, at your lordship's service.

*Old Ath.* This fellow here, Lord Timon, this thy creature,

By night frequents my house. I am a man  
That from my first have been inclin'd to thrift ;

<sup>27</sup> Should we not read ' When he *most needs* me ?'

<sup>28</sup> Johnson says this thought is better expressed by Dr. Madden in his *Elegy on Archbishop Boulter* :—

' More than they ask'd he gave ; and deem'd it mean  
Only to help the poor—to beg again.'

It is said that Dr. Madden gave Johnson ten guineas for correcting this poem.

<sup>29</sup> See note on King Richard III. Act iii. Sc. 2, note 3, p. 78.

And my estate deserves an heir more rais'd,  
Than one which holds a trencher.

*Tim.* Well; what further?

*Old Ath.* One only daughter have I, no kin else,  
On whom I may confer what I have got:  
The maid is fair, o'the youngest for a bride,  
And I have bred her at my dearest cost,  
In qualities of the best. This man of thine  
Attempts her love: I pr'ythee, noble lord,  
Join with me to forbid him her resort;  
Myself have spoke in vain.

*Tim.* The man is honest.

*Old Ath.* Therefore he will be, Timon<sup>30</sup>:  
His honesty rewards him in itself,  
It must not bear my daughter.

*Tim.* Does she love him?

*Old Ath.* She is young, and apt:  
Our own precedent passions do instruct us  
What levity's in youth.

*Tim.* [To LUCILIUS.] Love you the maid?

*Luc.* Ay, my good lord, and she accepts of it.

*Old Ath.* If in her marriage my consent be missing,  
I call the gods to witness, I will choose

<sup>30</sup> It appears to me that a word is omitted in this line. Perhaps we should read:—

Therefore he will be [rewarded], Timon;  
His honesty rewards him in itself,  
It must not bear my daughter.

It is true that Shakspeare often uses elliptical phrases, and this has been thought to mean:—‘ You say the man is honest; therefore he will continue to be so, and is sure of being sufficiently rewarded by the consciousness of virtue; he does not need the additional blessing of a beautiful and accomplished wife.’ But ‘ it must not *bear* my daughter’ means ‘ His honesty is its own reward, it must not *carry* my daughter.’ A similar expression occurs in Othello:—

‘ What a full fortune does the thick-lips owe  
If he can *carry* her thus.’

Mine heir from forth the beggars of the world,  
And dispossess her all.

*Tim.* How shall she be endow'd,  
If she be mated with an equal husband?

*Old Ath.* Three talents, on the present; in future,  
all.

*Tim.* This gentleman of mine hath serv'd me long;  
To build his fortune, I will strain a little,  
For 'tis a bond in men. Give him thy daughter:  
What you bestow, in him I'll counterpoise,  
And make him weigh with her.

*Old Ath.* Most noble lord,  
Pawn me to this your honour, she is his.

*Tim.* My hand to thee; mine honour on my  
promise.

*Luc.* Humbly I thank your lordship: Never may  
That state or fortune fall into my keeping,  
Which is not ow'd to you<sup>31</sup>!

[*Exeunt LUCILIUS and old Athenian.*]

*Poet.* Vouchsafe my labour, and long live your  
lordship!

*Tim.* I thank you; you shall hear from me anon;  
Go not away.—What have you there, my friend?

*Pain.* A piece of painting, which I do beseech  
Your lordship to accept.

*Tim.* Painting is welcome.  
The painting is almost the natural man;  
For since dishonour trafficks with man's nature,  
He is but outside: These pencil'd figures are

<sup>31</sup> 'Let me never henceforth consider any thing that I possess but as *owed* or due to you; held for your service, and at your disposal.' So Lady Macbeth says to Duncan:—

'Your servants ever

Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs in compt,  
To make their audit at your highness' pleasure,  
Still to return *your own*.'

Even such as they give out<sup>32</sup>. I like your work;  
And you shall find, I like it: wait attendance  
Till you hear further from me.

*Pain.* The gods preserve you!

*Tim.* Well fare you, gentlemen: Give me your  
hand;

We must needs dine together.—Sir, your jewel  
Hath suffer'd under praise.

*Jew.* What, my lord? dispraise?

*Tim.* A meer satiety of commendations.  
If I should pay you for't as 'tis extoll'd,  
It would unclaw<sup>33</sup> me quite.

*Jew.* My lord, 'tis rated  
As those, which sell, would give: But you well know,  
Things of like value, differing in the owners,  
Are prized by their masters<sup>34</sup>: believ't, dear lord,  
You mend the jewel by wearing it.

*Tim.* Well mock'd.

*Mer.* No, my good lord; he speaks the common  
tongue,  
Which all men speak with him.

*Tim.* Look, who comes here. Will you be chid?

*Enter APEMANTUS*<sup>35</sup>.

*Jew.* We will bear, with your lordship.

*Mer.* He'll spare none.

*Tim.* Good morrow to thee, gentle Apemantus!

<sup>32</sup> Pictures have no hypocrisy; they are what they profess to be.

<sup>33</sup> To *unclaw* a man is to draw out the whole mass of his fortunes. To *unclaw* being to unwind a ball of thread.

<sup>34</sup> Are rated according to the esteem in which their possessor is held.

<sup>35</sup> See this character of a cynic finely drawn by Lucian, in his Auction of the Philosophers; and how well Shakspeare has copied it.

*Apem.* Till I be gentle, stay thou for thy good morrow ;

When thou art Timon's dog, and these knaves honest<sup>36</sup>.

*Tim.* Why dost thou call them knaves? thou know'st them not.

*Apem.* Are they not Athenians?

*Tim.* Yes.

*Apem.* Then I repent not.

*Jew.* You know me, Apemantus.

*Apem.* Thou knowest, I do; I call'd thee by thy name.

*Tim.* Thou art proud, Apemantus.

*Apem.* Of nothing so much, as that I am not like Timon.

*Tim.* Whither art going?

*Apem.* To knock out an honest Athenian's brains.

*Tim.* That's a deed thou'lt die for.

*Apem.* Right; if doing nothing be death by the law.

*Tim.* How likest thou this picture, Apemantus?

*Apem.* The best for the innocence.

*Tim.* Wrought he not well, that painted it?

*Apem.* He wrought better, that made the painter; and yet he's but a filthy piece of work.

*Pain.* You are a dog.

*Apem.* Thy mother's of my generation; What's she, if I be a dog?

*Tim.* Wilt dine with me, Apemantus?

*Apem.* No; I eat not lords.

*Tim.* An thou shouldst, thou'dst anger ladies.

*Apem.* O, they eat lords; so they come by great bellies.

*Tim.* That's a lascivious apprehension.

<sup>36</sup> 'Stay for thy good morrow till I be gentle, which will happen at the same time when thou art Timon's dog, and these knaves honest.' i. e. never.



*Apem.* So thou apprehend'st it: Take it for thy labour.

*Tim.* How dost thou like this jewel, Apemantus?

*Apem.* Not so well as plain dealing<sup>37</sup>, which will not cost a man a doit.

*Tim.* What dost thou think 'tis worth?

*Apem.* Not worth my thinking.—How now, poet?

*Poet.* How now, philosopher?

*Apem.* Thou liest.

*Poet.* Art not one?

*Apem.* Yes.

*Poet.* Then I lie not.

*Apem.* Art not a poet?

*Poet.* Yes.

*Apem.* Then thou liest: look in thy last work, where thou hast feign'd him a worthy fellow.

*Poet.* That's not feign'd, he is so.

*Apem.* Yes, he is worthy of thee, and to pay thee for thy labour: He, that loves to be flattered, is worthy o'the flatterer. Heavens, that I were a lord!

*Tim.* What would'st do then, Apemantus?

*Apem.* Even as Apemantus does now, hate a lord with my heart.

*Tim.* What, thyself?

*Apem.* Ay.

*Tim.* Wherefore?

*Apem.* That I had no angry wit to be a lord<sup>38</sup>.—Art not thou a merchant?

<sup>37</sup> Alluding to the proverb: Plain dealing is a jewel, but they who use it die beggars.

<sup>38</sup> This line is corrupt undoubtedly, and none of the emendations or substitutions that have been proposed are satisfactory. Perhaps we should read 'That I had (*now* angry) *wish'd* to be a lord:' or, 'That I had (*so* angry) *will* to be a lord.' Malone propos'd to point the passage thus, 'That I had no angry wit.—To be a lord!' and explains it, 'That I *had* no wit [or discretion]

*Mer.* Ay, Apemantus.

*Apem.* Traffick confound thee, if the gods will not!

*Mer.* If traffick do it, the gods do it.

*Apem.* Traffick's thy god, and thy god confound thee!

*Trumpets sound. Enter a Servant.*

*Tim.* What trumpet's that?

*Serv.* 'Tis Alcibiades, and Some twenty horse, all of companionship<sup>39</sup>.

*Tim.* Pray, entertain them; give them guide to us.— [*Exeunt some Attendants.*  
You must needs dine with me:—Go not you hence, Till I have thank'd you; and, when dinner's done, Show me this piece.—I am joyful of your sights.—

*Enter ALCIBIADES, with his Company.*

Most welcome, sir! [*They salute.*

*Apem.* So, so; there!—  
Aches contract and starve your supple joints!—  
That there should be small love 'mongst these sweet knaves,  
And all this court'sy! The strain of man's bred out Into baboon and monkey<sup>40</sup>.

*Alcib.* Sir, you have sav'd my longing, and I feed Most hungrily on your sight.

*Tim.* Right welcome, sir:

*in my anger*, but was absurd enough to wish myself one of that set of men, whom I despise.' These are the best helps I can afford the reader towards a solution of this enigmatical passage, and it must be confessed they are feeble.

<sup>39</sup> i. e. Alcibiades' companions, or such as he consorts with and sets on a level with himself.

<sup>40</sup> Man is degenerated; his strain or lineage is worn down into a monkey.

Ere we depart<sup>41</sup>, we'll share a bounteous time  
In different pleasures. Pray you, let us in.

[*Exeunt all but APEMANTUS.*]

*Enter two Lords.*

1 *Lord.* What time a day is't, Apemantus?

*Apem.* Time to be honest.

1 *Lord.* That time serves still.

*Apem.* The most accursed thou<sup>42</sup>, that still omit'st it.

2 *Lord.* Thou art going to Lord Timon's feast.

*Apem.* Ay; to see meat fill knaves, and wine  
heat fools.

2 *Lord.* Fare thee well, fare thee well.

*Apem.* Thou art a fool, to bid me farewell twice.

2 *Lord.* Why, Apemantus?

*Apem.* Shouldst have kept one to thyself, for I  
mean to give thee none.

1 *Lord.* Hang thyself.

*Apem.* No, I will do nothing at thy bidding;  
make thy requests to thy friend.

2 *Lord.* Away, unpeaceable dog, or I'll spurn  
thee hence.

*Apem.* I will fly, like a dog, the heels of the ass.  
[*Exit.*]

1 *Lord.* He's opposite to humanity. Come, shall  
we in,

And taste Lord Timon's bounty? he outgoes  
The very heart of kindness.

2 *Lord.* He pours it out; Plutus, the god of gold,

<sup>41</sup> It has been before observed that to *depart* and to *part* were  
anciently synonymous. See vol. ii. p. 329, note 7. So in King  
John, Act ii. Sc. 2:—

'Hath willingly *departed* with a part.'

<sup>42</sup> Ritson says we should read:—

'The *more* accursed thou.'

So in The Two Gentlemen of Verona:—

'The *more* degenerate and base art thou.'

Is but his steward: no meed<sup>43</sup>, but he repays  
 Sevenfold above itself; no gift to him,  
 But breeds the giver a return exceeding  
 All use of quittance<sup>44</sup>.

1 *Lord*. The noblest mind he carries,  
 That ever govern'd man.

2 *Lord*. Long may he live in fortunes! Shall we in?

1 *Lord*. I'll keep you company. [*Exeunt*.

## SCENE II.

*The same. A Room of State in Timon's House.*

*Hautboys playing loud musick. A great banquet served in; FLAVIUS and others attending; then enter TIMON, ALCIBIADES, LUCIUS, LUCULUS, SEMPRONIUS, and other Athenian Senators, with VENTIDIUS, and Attendants. Then comes dropping after all, APEMANTUS, discontentedly.*

*Ven.* Most honour'd Timon, 't hath pleas'd the  
 gods to remember

My father's age, and call him to long peace.

He is gone happy, and has left me rich:

Then, as in grateful virtue I am bound

To your free heart, I do return those talents,

Doubled, with thanks, and service, from whose help  
 I deriv'd liberty.

*Tim.* O, by no means,

Honest Ventidius: you mistake my love;

I gave it freely ever; and there's none

Can truly say, he gives, if he receives:

If our betters play at that game, we must not dare

To imitate them; Faults that are rich, are fair<sup>1</sup>.

<sup>43</sup> *Meed* here means *desert*.

<sup>44</sup> i. e. all the customary returns made in discharge of obligations.

<sup>1</sup> 'The faults of rich persons, and which contribute to the increase of riches, wear a plausible appearance, and as the world goes are thought fair; but they are faults notwithstanding.'

*Ven.* A noble spirit.

[*They all stand ceremoniously looking on*  
TIMON.

*Tim.* Nay, my lords, ceremony  
Was but devis'd at first, to set a gloss  
On faint deeds, hollow welcomes,  
Recanting goodness, sorry ere 'tis shown;  
But where there is true friendship, there needs none.  
Pray, sit; more welcome are ye to my fortunes,  
Than my fortunes to me. [*They sit.*

*1 Lord.* My lord, we always have confess'd it.

*Apem.* Ho, ho, confess'd it? hang'd it<sup>2</sup>, have you  
not?

*Tim.* O, Apemantus! you are welcome.

*Apem.* No,  
You shall not make me welcome:  
I come to have thee thrust me out of doors.

*Tim.* Fye, thou art a churl: you have got a humour  
there  
Does not become a man, 'tis much to blame:—  
They say, my lords, *ira furor brevis est*,  
But yond' man's ever angry<sup>3</sup>.  
Go, let him have a table by himself;  
For he does neither affect company,  
Nor is he fit for it, indeed.

*Apem.* Let me stay at thine apperil<sup>4</sup>, Timon;  
I come to observe; I give thee warning on't.

<sup>2</sup> There seems to be some allusion to a common proverbial saying of Shakspeare's time, 'Confess and be hanged.' See *Othello*, Act iv. Sc. 1.

<sup>3</sup> The old copy reads 'Yond' man's *very* angry.'

<sup>4</sup> Steevens and Malone dismissed *apperil* from the text, and inserted *own peril*: but Mr. Gifford has shown that the word occurs several times in Ben Jonson:—

'Sir, I will bail you at mine own *apperil*.'

*Devil is an Ass.*

See Ben Jonson, vol. v. p. 137; vol. vi. p. 117, and p. 159.

*Tim.* I take no heed of thee; thou art an Athenian; therefore welcome: I myself would have no power: pr'ythee, let my meat make thee silent<sup>5</sup>.

*Apem.* I scorn thy meat; 'twould choke me, for<sup>6</sup>  
I should

Ne'er flatter thee.—O you gods! what a number  
Of men eat Timon, and he sees them not!

It grieves me, to see so many dip their meat  
In one man's blood; and all the madness is,  
He cheers them up too<sup>7</sup>.

I wonder, men dare trust themselves with men:  
Methinks they should invite them without knives<sup>8</sup>;  
Good for their meat, and safer for their lives.

There's much example for't; the fellow, that  
Sits next him now, parts bread with him, and pledges  
The breath of him in a divided draught,  
Is the readiest man to kill him: it has been prov'd.  
If I

Were a huge man, I should fear to drink at meals;  
Lest they should spy my windpipe's dangerous notes<sup>9</sup>:  
Great men should drink with harness<sup>10</sup> on their  
throats.

<sup>5</sup> 'I myself would have no power to make thee silent, but I wish thou wouldst let my meat stop your mouth.'

<sup>6</sup> *For* in the sense of *cause* or *because*.

<sup>7</sup> 'It grieves me to see so many feed luxuriously, or *sauce their meat* at the expense of one man, whose very *blood* (means of living) must at length be exhausted by them; and yet he preposterously encourages them to proceed in his destruction.'

<sup>8</sup> It was the custom in old times for every guest to bring his own knife, which he occasionally whetted on a stone that hung behind the door. One of these whetstones was formerly to be seen in Parkinson's Museum. It is scarcely necessary to observe that they were strangers to the use of *forks*.

<sup>9</sup> 'The windpipe's notes' were the indications in the throat of its situation when in the act of drinking; it should be remembered that our ancestors' throats were uncovered. Perhaps, as Steevens observes, a quibble is intended on *windpipe* and *notes*.

<sup>10</sup> i. e. armour.

**Tim.** My lord, in heart<sup>11</sup>; and let the health go round.

**2 Lord.** Let it flow this way, my good lord.

**Apem.** Flow this way!

A brave fellow!—he keeps his tides well. Timon<sup>12</sup>, Those healths will make thee, and thy state, look ill. Here's that, which is too weak to be a sinner, Honest water, which ne'er left man i'the mire: This, and my food, are equals; there's no odds. Feasts are too proud to give thanks to the gods.

APEMANTUS'S GRACE.

*Immortal gods, I crave no pelf;  
I pray for no man, but myself:  
Grant I may never prove so fond<sup>13</sup>,  
To trust man on his oath or bond;  
Or a harlot, for her weeping;  
Or a dog, that seems a sleeping:  
Or a keeper, with my freedom;  
Or my friends, if I should need 'em.  
Amen. So fall to't:  
Rich men sin, and I eat root.*

[*Eats and drinks.*

Much good dich thy good heart, Apemantus!

**Tim.** Captain Alcibiades, your heart's in the field now.

**Alcib.** My heart is ever at your service, my lord.

<sup>11</sup> 'My lord's health in *sincerity*.' So in Chaucer's *Knights Tale*:—

'And was all his in chere, as his in *herte*.'

<sup>12</sup> This speech, except the concluding couplet, is printed as prose in the old copy, nor could it be exhibited as verse without transposing the word Timon, which follows *look ill*, to its present place. I think with Malone that many of the speeches in this play, which are now exhibited in a loose and imperfect kind of metre, were intended by Shakspeare for prose, in which form they are exhibited in the old copy.

<sup>13</sup> Foolish.

*Tim.* You had rather be at a breakfast of enemies, than a dinner of friends.

*Alcib.* So they were bleeding new, my lord, there's no meat like them; I could wish my best friend at such a feast.

*Apem.* 'Would all those flatterers were thine enemies then; that then thou might'st kill 'em, and bid me to 'em.

1 *Lord.* Might we but have that happiness, my lord, that you would once use our hearts, whereby we might express some part of our zeals, we should think ourselves for ever perfect<sup>14</sup>.

*Tim.* O, no doubt, my good friends, but the gods themselves have provided that I shall have much help from you: How had you been my friends else? why have you that charitable<sup>15</sup> title from thousands, did you not chiefly belong to my heart? I have told more of you to myself, than you can with modesty speak in your own behalf; and thus far I confirm you. O, you gods, think I, what need we have any friends, if we should never have need of them? they were the most needless creatures living, should we ne'er have use for them: and would most resemble sweet instruments hung up in cases, that keep their sounds to themselves. Why, I have often wished myself poorer, that I might come nearer to you. We are born to do benefits: and what better or properer can we call our own, than the riches of our friends? O, what a precious comfort 'tis to have so many, like brothers, commanding one another's fortunes! O joy, e'en made away ere

<sup>14</sup> i. e. arrived at the perfection of happiness.

<sup>15</sup> Why are you distinguished from thousands by that title of *dearment*, was there not a particular connection and intercourse of tenderness between you and me? Thus Milton:—

' Relations dear, and all the *charities*  
Of father, son, and brother.'



it can be born<sup>16</sup>! Mine eyes cannot hold out water, methinks: to forget their faults, I drink to you.

*Apem.* Thou weapest to make them drink, Timon.

*2 Lord.* Joy had the like conception in our eyes, And, at that instant, like a babe sprung up.

*Apem.* Ho, ho! I laugh to think that babe a bastard.

*3 Lord.* I promise you, my lord, you mov'd me much.

*Apem.* Much<sup>17</sup>! [Tucket sounded.

*Tim.* What means that trump?—How now?

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* Please you, my lord, there are certain ladies most desirous of admittance.

*Tim.* Ladies? what are their wills?

*Serv.* There comes with them a forerunner, my lord, which bears that office, to signify their pleasures.

*Tim.* I pray, let them be admitted.

*Enter CUPID.*

*Cup.* Hail to thee, worthy Timon;—and to all That of his bounties taste!—The five best senses Acknowledge thee their patron; and come freely To gratulate thy plenteous bosom: The ear, Taste, touch, smell, all pleas'd from thy table rise; They only now come but to feast thine eyes.

*Tim.* They are welcome all; let them have kind admittance:

Musick, make their welcome. [Exit CUPID.

*1 Lord.* You see, my lord, how ample you are beloved.

<sup>16</sup> 'O joy! e'en made away [i. e. destroyed, turned to tears] ere it can be born.' So in *Romeo and Juliet*:—

'These violent delights have violent ends,  
And in their triumphs die.'

<sup>17</sup> Much! was a common ironical expression of doubt or suspicion. See vol. iii. p. 100, note 13.

Which was not half so beautiful and kind;  
 You have added worth unto't, and lively lustre,  
 And entertain'd me with mine own device;  
 I am to thank you for it.

1 *Lady*. My lord, you take us even at the best<sup>20</sup>.

*Apem*. 'Faith, for the worst is filthy; and would not hold taking, I doubt me.

*Tim*. Ladies, there is an idle banquet<sup>21</sup>  
 Attends you: Please you to dispose yourselves.

*All Lad*. Most thankfully, my lord.

[*Exeunt CUPID, and Ladies*.]

*Tim*. Flavius,—

*Flav*. My lord.

*Tim*. The little casket bring me hither.

*Flav*. Yes, my lord.—More jewels yet!

There is no crossing him in his humour; [*Aside*.  
 Else I should tell him,—Well,—i'faith, I should,  
 When all's spent, he'd be cross'd<sup>22</sup> then, an he  
 could.

'Tis pity, bounty had not eyes behind;  
 That man might ne'er be wretched for his mind<sup>23</sup>.

[*Exit, and returns with the casket*.]

1 *Lord*. Where be our men?

*Serv*. Here, my lord, in readiness.

2 *Lord*. Our horses.

*Tim*. O, my friends,

I have one word to say to you: Look, my good lord,

<sup>20</sup> i. e. 'you have conceived the fairest of us,' or 'you think favourably of our performance, and make the *best* of it.'

<sup>21</sup> So in *Romeo and Juliet*:—

'We have a *foolish trifling* supper towards.'

<sup>22</sup> An equivoque is here intended, in which *cross'd* means have his hand crossed with money, or have money in his possession, and to be *cross'd* or *thwarted*. So in *As You Like It*, 'Yet I should bear no *cross*, if I did bear you.' Many coins being marked with a *cross* on the reverse. See vol. ii. p. 318, note 3.

<sup>23</sup> 'Tis pity bounty [i. e. profusion] has not eyes behind [to see the miseries that follow it]. That man might not become wretched for his nobleness of soul.'

I must entreat you honour me so much,  
As to advance<sup>24</sup> this jewel; accept and wear it,  
Kind my lord.

1 *Lord*. I am so far already in your gifts,—  
*All*. So are we all.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* My lord, there are certain nobles of the  
senate  
Newly alighted, and come to visit you.

*Tim.* They are fairly welcome.

*Flav.* I beseech your honour,  
Vouchsafe me a word; it does concern you near.

*Tim.* Near? why then another time I'll hear thee:  
I pr'ythee, let us be provided<sup>25</sup>  
To show them entertainment.

*Flav.* I scarce know how.  
[*Aside.*

*Enter another Servant.*

2 *Serv.* May it please your honour, the Lord  
Lucius,  
Out of his free love, hath presented to you  
Four milk-white horses, trapp'd in silver.

*Tim.* I shall accept them fairly: let the presents

*Enter a third Servant.*

Be worthily entertain'd.—How now, what news?

3 *Serv.* Please you, my lord, that honourable  
gentleman, Lord Lucullus, entreats your company  
to-morrow to hunt with him; and has sent your  
honour two brace of greyhounds.

<sup>24</sup> i. e. prefer it, raise it to honour by wearing it. The Jeweller says to Timon in the preceding scene, 'You mend the jewel by wearing it.'

<sup>25</sup> Steevens, to complete the measure, proposes to read:—  
'I pr'ythee, let us be provided straight.'

*Tim.* I'll hunt with him; And let them be receiv'd,  
Not without fair reward.

*Flav.* [*Aside.*] What will this come to?  
He commands us to provide, and give  
Great gifts, and all out of an empty coffer.  
Nor will he know his purse; or yield me this,  
To show him what a beggar his heart is,  
Being of no power to make his wishes good;  
His promises fly so beyond his state,  
That what he speaks is all in debt, he owes  
For every word; he is so kind, that he now  
Pays interest for't; his land's put to their books.  
Well, 'would I were gently put out of office,  
Before I were, forc'd out!  
Happier is he that has no friend to feed,  
Than such as do even enemies exceed.  
I bleed inwardly for my lord. [*Exit.*

*Tim.* You do yourselves  
Much wrong, you bate too much of your own  
merits:—

Here, my lord, a trifle of our love.

*2 Lord.* With more than common thanks I will  
receive it.

*3 Lord.* O, he is the very soul of bounty!

*Tim.* And now I remember, my lord, you gave  
Good words the other day of a bay courser  
I rode on: it is yours, because you lik'd it.

*2 Lord.* I beseech you, pardon me, my lord, in that.

*Tim.* You may take my word, my lord; I know,  
no man

Can justly praise, but what he does affect:  
I weigh my friend's affection with mine own;  
I'll tell you true. I'll call on you.

*All Lords.* None so welcome.

*Tim.* I take all and your several visitations

So kind to heart, 'tis not enough to give;  
 Methinks, I could deal<sup>26</sup> kingdoms to my friends,  
 And ne'er be weary.—Alcibiades,  
 Thou art a soldier, therefore seldom rich,  
 It comes in charity to thee: for all thy living  
 Is 'mongst the dead: and all the lands thou hast  
 Lie in a pitch'd field.

*Alcib.* Ay, defiled land, my lord.

*1 Lord.* We are so virtuously bound,——

*Tim.* And so

Am I to you.

*2 Lord.* So infinitely endeared,——

*Tim.* All to you<sup>27</sup>.—Lights, more lights.

*1 Lord.* The best of happiness,  
 Honour, and fortunes, keep with you, Lord Timon!

*Tim.* Ready for his friends.

[*Exeunt* ALCIBIADES, Lords, &c.]

*Apem.* What a coil's here!

Serving of becks<sup>28</sup>, and jutting out of bums!  
 I doubt whether their legs<sup>29</sup> be worth the sums  
 That are given for 'em. Friendship's full of dregs:  
 Methinks, false hearts should never have sound legs.  
 Thus honest fools lay out their wealth on court'sies.

*Tim.* Now, Apemantus, if thou wert not sullen,  
 I'd be good to thee.

*Apem.* No, I'll nothing: for, if I should be brib'd

<sup>26</sup> i. e. could dispense them on every side with an ungrudging distribution.

<sup>27</sup> That is, 'all good wishes to you,' or 'all happiness attend you.'

<sup>28</sup> A *beck* is a *nod* or salutation with the head. Steevens says that '*beck* has four distinct significations,' but they will resolve themselves into *two*. *Beck*, a rivulet, or little river; and *beck* a *motion* or *sign* with the head; *signa capitis voluntatem ostendens*. This last may be either a nod of salutation, of assent or dissent, or finally of command.

<sup>29</sup> He plays upon the word *leg*, as it signifies a limb, and a *bow* or *act of obeisance*.

too, there would be none left to rail upon thee; and then thou would'st sin the faster. Thou givest long, Timon, I fear me, thou wilt give away thyself in paper<sup>30</sup> shortly: What need these feasts, pomp and vain glories?

*Tim.* Nay, as you begin to rail on society one I am sworn, not to give regard to you. Farewell and come with better musick. [*Exit*

*Apem.* So;—thou'lt not hear me now,—thou shalt not then, I'll lock thy heaven<sup>31</sup> from thee. O, that men's ears should be To counsel deaf, but not to flattery! [*Exit*

## ACT II.

### SCENE I. Athens. A Room in a Senator's House

*Enter a Senator, with papers in his hand.*

*Sen.* And late, five thousand to Varro; and Isidore

He owes nine thousand; besides my former sum, Which makes it five and twenty.—Still in motion Of raging waste? It cannot hold; it will not. If I want gold, steal but a beggar's dog, And give it Timon, why, the dog coins gold:

<sup>30</sup> Warburton explained this 'be ruined by his securities entered into.' Dr. Farmer would read *proper*, i. e. I suppose, *propria persona*. Steevens supports this reading by a quotation from Roy's Satire on Cardinal Wolsey:—

————— their order  
Is to have nothing in *proper*,  
But to use all thynges in commune.'

<sup>31</sup> By his *heaven* he means *good advice*; the only thing by which he could be saved.

If I would sell my horse, and buy twenty more  
 Better than he, why, give my horse to Timon,  
 Ask nothing, give it him, it foals me<sup>1</sup>, straight,  
 And able horses : No porter at his gate<sup>2</sup>;  
 But rather one that smiles, and still invites  
 All that pass by. It cannot hold; no reason  
 Can sound his state in safety<sup>3</sup>. Caphis, ho!  
 Caphis, I say!

*Enter CAPHIS.*

*Caph.* Here, sir; What is your pleasure?

*Sen.* Get on your cloak, and haste you to Lord  
 Timon;

Impórtune him for my monies; be not ceas'd<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The commentators have made difficulties about this passage, which appears to me quite plain and intelligible without a comment. 'If I give my horse to Timon it immediately foals, i. e. produces me several able horses.' We have, as Malone observes, the same sentiment, differently expressed, before:—

' ————— no meed but he repays  
 Sevenfold above itself; no gift to him  
 But *breeds* the giver a return exceeding  
 All use of quittance.'

<sup>2</sup> *Sternness* was the characteristic of a porter. There appeared at Kenilworth Castle [1575] 'a porter tall of parson, big of lim, and *stearn of countinauns*.' And in Decker's play of *A Knight's Conjuring*, &c. 'You mistake, if you imagine that Plutoe's *porter* is like one of those big fellows that stand like gyants at lordes gates, &c.—Yet hee's *surly* as those key-turners are.' The word *one*, in the second line, does not refer to porter, but means a person. 'He has no stern forbidding porter at his gate to keep people out, but a person who smiles and invites them in.'

<sup>3</sup> Johnson altered this to '*found* his state in safety.' But the reading of the folio is evidently *sound*, which I think will bear explanation thus:—'No reason can *proclaim* his state in safety, or not dangerous. So in *King Henry VIII.* Act v. Sc. 2:—

'Pray heaven he *sound* not my disgrace!'

Again in *Julius Cæsar*, Act i. Sc. 2:—

'Why should that name be *sounded* more than yours?'

<sup>4</sup> Be not *stayed* or *stopped*:—

'Why should Tiberius' liberty be *ceased*?'

*Claudius Tiberius Nero*, 1607.

With slight denial ; nor then silenc'd, when—  
*Commend me to your master*—and the cap  
 Plays in the right hand, thus :—but tell him, sirrah,  
 My uses cry to me, I must serve my turn  
 Out of mine own ; his days and times are past,  
 And my reliances on his fracted dates  
 Have smit my credit ; I love, and honour him ;  
 But must not break my back, to heal his finger :  
 Immediate are my needs ; and my relief  
 Must not be toss'd and turn'd to me in words,  
 But find supply immediate. Get you gone :  
 Put on a most importunate aspect,  
 A visage of demand ; for, I do fear,  
 When every feather sticks in his own wing,  
 Lord Timon will be left a naked gull<sup>5</sup>,  
 Which<sup>6</sup> flashes now a phoenix. Get you gone.

*Caph.* I go, sir.

*Sen.* I go, sir?—take the bonds along with you,  
 And have the dates in compt.

*Caph.*

I will, sir.

*Sen.*

Go.

[*Exeunt.*

<sup>5</sup> This passage has been thus explained by Roger Wilbraham, Esq. in his Glossary of words used in Cheshire:—‘ *Gull*, s. a *naked gull* ; so are called all nestling birds in quite an unfledged state. They have a yellowish cast ; and the word is, I believe, derived from the A. S. *geole*, or the Sui. Got. *gul*, yellow, Somn. and Ihre. The commentators, not aware of the meaning of the term *naked gull*, blunder in their attempts to explain those words in *Timon of Athens*.’—*Archæologia*, vol. xix. Mr. Boswell observes that in the *Blacke Booke*, 1604, sig. C. 3. a young heir is termed a *gull-finch* ; and that it is probably used with the same meaning in *When You See Me You Know Me*, by Sam. Rowley, 1633, sig. E. 2. verso, ‘ The angels has flown about to night, and two *gulls* are light into my hands.’

<sup>6</sup> *Which* for *who*. The pronoun relative applied to *things* is frequently used for the pronoun relative applied to *persons* by old writers, and does not seem to have been thought a grammatical error. It is still preserved in the Lord’s prayer.



## SCENE II.

*The same. A Hall in Timon's House.*

*Enter FLAVIUS, with many Bills in his hand.*

*Flav.* No care, no stop! so senseless of expense,  
That he will neither know how to maintain it,  
Nor cease his flow of riot: Takes no account  
How things go from him; nor resumes no care  
Of what is to continue; Never mind  
Was to be so unwise, to be so kind<sup>1</sup>.  
What shall be done? He will not hear, till feel:  
I must be round with him now he comes from hunting.  
Fye, fye, fye, fye!

*Enter CAPHIS, and the Servants of ISIDORE and  
VARRO.*

*Caph.* Good even<sup>2</sup>, Varro: What,  
You come for money?

*Var. Serv.* Is't not your business too?

*Caph.* It is;—And yours too, Isidore?

*Isid. Serv.* It is so.

*Caph.* 'Would we were all discharg'd!

*Var. Serv.* I fear it.

*Caph.* Here comes the lord.

*Enter TIMON, ALCIBIADES, and Lords, &c.*

*Tim.* So soon as dinner's done, we'll forth again<sup>3</sup>,  
My Alcibiades.—With me? What's your will?

<sup>1</sup> This is elliptically expressed:—

‘ ——— Never mind

Was [made] to be unwise [in order] to be so kind.’

Conversation, as Johnson observes, affords many examples of similar lax expression.

<sup>2</sup> Good even, or good den, was the usual salutation from noon, the moment that good morrow became improper. See *Romeo and Juliet*, Act ii. Sc. 4.

<sup>3</sup> i. e. to hunting; in our author's time it was the custom to

*Caph.* My lord, here is a note of certain dues.

*Tim.* Dues? Whence are you?

*Caph.* Of Athens, here, my lord.

*Tim.* Go to my steward.

*Caph.* Please it your lordship, he hath put me off  
To the succession of new days this month:

My master is awak'd by great occasion,  
To call upon his own; and humbly prays you,  
That with your other noble parts you'll suit<sup>4</sup>,  
In giving him his right.

*Tim.* Mine honest friend,  
I pr'ythee, but repair to me next morning.

*Caph.* Nay, good my lord,——

*Tim.* Contain thyself, good friend.

*Var. Serv.* One Varro's servant, my good lord,——

*Isid. Serv.* From Isidore;

He humbly prays your speedy payment,——

*Caph.* If you did know, my lord, my master's  
wants,——

*Var. Serv.* 'Twas due on forfeiture, my lord, six  
weeks,

And past,——

*Isid. Serv.* Your steward puts me off, my lord;  
And I am sent expressly to your lordship.

*Tim.* Give me breath,——

I do beseech you, good my lords, keep on;

[*Exeunt* ALCIBIADES and Lords.

I'll wait upon you instantly.—Come hither, pray  
you; [To FLAVIUS.

How goes the world, that I am thus encounter'd

hunt as well after dinner as before. Thus in *Tancred and Gismunda*, 1592, 'He means this *evening* in the park to hunt.' Queen Elizabeth, during her stay at Kenilworth Castle, she always hunted in the afternoon.

<sup>4</sup> i. e. that you will behave on this occasion in a manner consistent with your other noble qualities.

With clamorous demands of date-broke bonds<sup>5</sup>,  
And the detention of long-since-due debts,  
Against my honour?

*Flav.* Please you, gentlemen,  
The time is unagreeable to this business:  
Your importunacy cease, till after dinner;  
That I may make his lordship understand  
Wherefore you are not paid.

*Tim.* Do so, my friends:  
See them well entertain'd. [*Exit TIMON.*]

*Flav.* I pray, draw near.  
[*Exit FLAVIUS.*]

*Enter APEMANTUS and a Fool*<sup>6</sup>.

*Caph.* Stay, stay, here comes the fool with Apemantus; let's have some sport with 'em.

*Var. Serv.* Hang him, he'll abuse us.

*Isid. Serv.* A plague upon him, dog!

*Var. Serv.* How dost, fool?

*Apem.* Dost dialogue with thy shadow?

*Var. Serv.* I speak not to thee.

*Apem.* No; 'tis to thyself,—Come away.

[*To the Fool.*]

*Isid. Serv.* [*To VAR. Serv.*] There's the fool  
hangs on your back already.

*Apem.* No, thou stand'st single, thou art not on  
him yet.

<sup>5</sup> The old copy reads:—

‘ ——— of debt, broken bonds.’

The emendation, which was made by Malone, is well supported by corresponding passages in the poet. Thus at p. 32, ante:—

‘ And my reliances on his *fracted dates*.’

<sup>6</sup> Johnson thought that a scene or passage had been here lost, in which the audience were informed that the fool and the page that follows him belonged to Phrynia, Timandra, or some other courtesan; upon the knowledge of which depends the greater part of the ensuing jocularities.

*Caph.* Where's the fool now?

*Apem.* He last ask'd the question.—Poor rogues, and usurers' men! bawds between gold and want!

*All Serv.* What are we, Apemantus?

*Apem.* Asses.

*All Serv.* Why?

*Apem.* That you ask me what you are, and do not know yourselves.—Speak to 'em, fool.

*Fool.* How do you, gentlemen?

*All Serv.* Gramercies, good fool: How does your mistress?

*Fool.* She's e'en setting on water to scald such chickens as you are. 'Would, we could see you at Corinth<sup>7</sup>.

*Apem.* Good! gramercy.

*Enter Page.*

*Fool.* Look you, here comes my mistress' page.

*Page.* [*To the Fool.*] Why, how now, captain? what do you in this wise company?—How dost thou, Apemantus?

*Apem.* Would I had a rod in my mouth, that I might answer thee profitably.

*Page.* Pr'ythee, Apemantus, read me the superscription of these letters; I know not which is which.

*Apem.* Canst not read?

*Page.* No.

<sup>7</sup> The reputation of the ladies of *Corinth* for gallantry caused the term to be anciently used for a house of ill repute. The *scalding*, to which the fool alludes, is the curative process for a certain disease, by means of a *tub*, which persons affected (according to Randle Holme, *Storehouse of Armory*, b. iii. p. 441), 'were put into, not to boyl up to an heighth, but to *parboyl*.' In the frontispiece to the Old Latin Comedy of *Cornelianum Dolium* this sweating tub is represented. It was anciently the practice to scald the feathers off poultry instead of plucking them.

*Apem.* There will little learning die then, that day thou art hanged. This is to Lord Timon; this to Alcibiades. Go: thou wast born a bastard, and thou'lt die a bawd.

*Page.* Thou wast whelped a dog; and thou shalt famish, a dog's death. Answer not, I am gone.

[*Exit Page.*

*Apem.* Even so thou out-run'st grace. Fool, I will go with you to Lord Timon's.

*Fool.* Will you leave me there?

*Apem.* If Timon stay at home.—You three serve three usurers?

*All Serv.* Ay; 'would they served us!

*Apem.* So would I, as good a trick as ever hang-man served thief.

*Fool.* Are you three usurers' men?

*All Serv.* Ay, fool.

*Fool.* I think, no usurer but has a fool to his servant: My mistress is one, and I am her fool. When men come to borrow of your masters, they approach sadly, and go away merry; but they enter my mistress' house merrily, and go away sadly: The reason of this?

*Var. Serv.* I could render one.

*Apem.* Do it then, that we may account thee a whoremaster, and a knave; which notwithstanding, thou shalt be no less esteemed.

*Var. Serv.* What is a whoremaster, fool?

*Fool.* A fool in good clothes, and something like thee. 'Tis a spirit: sometime, it appears like a lord; sometime, like a lawyer; sometime, like a philosopher, with two stones more than his artificial one<sup>8</sup>: He is very often like a knight; and,

<sup>8</sup> Meaning the celebrated object of all alchymical research, the philosopher's stone, at that time much talked of. Sir Thomas Smith was one of those who lost considerable sums in

generally in all shapes, that man goes up and down in, from fourscore to thirteen, this spirit walks in.

*Var. Serv.* Thou art not altogether a fool.

*Fool.* Nor thou altogether a wise man: as much foolery as I have, so much wit thou lackest.

*Apem.* That answer might have become Ape-mantus.

*All Serv.* Aside, aside; here comes Lord Timon.

*Re-enter TIMON and FLAVIUS.*

*Apem.* Come with me, fool, come.

*Fool.* I do not always follow lover, elder brother, and woman; sometime, the philosopher.

[*Exeunt APEMANTUS and Fool.*]

*Flav.* 'Pray you, walk near; I'll speak with you anon. [ *Exeunt Serv.* ]

*Tim.* You make me marvel: Wherefore, ere this time,

Had you not fully laid my state before me;  
That I might so have rated my expense,  
As I had leave of means?

*Flav.* You would not hear me,  
At many leisures I propos'd.

*Tim.* Go to:  
Perchance, some single vantages you took,  
When my indisposition put you back;  
And that unaptness made your minister<sup>9</sup>,  
Thus to excuse yourself.

*Flav.* O my good lord!  
At many times I brought in my accounts,  
Laid them before you; you would throw them off,

seeking of it. Sir Richard Steele was one of the last eminent men who entertained hopes of being successful in this pursuit. His laboratory was at Poplar.

<sup>9</sup> The construction is, 'And made that unaptness your minister.'

And say, you found them in mine honesty.  
 When, for some trifling present, you have bid me  
 Return so much<sup>10</sup>, I have shook my head, and wept;  
 Yea, 'gainst the authority of manners, pray'd you  
 To hold your hand more close; I did endure  
 Not seldom, nor no slight checks; when I have  
 Prompted you, in the ebb of your estate,  
 And your great flow of debts. My dear-lov'd lord,  
 Though you hear now (too late!) yet now's a time<sup>11</sup>,  
 The greatest of your having lacks a half  
 To pay your present debts.

*Tim.* Let all my land be sold.

*Flav.* 'Tis all engag'd, some forfeited and gone;  
 And what remains will hardly stop the mouth  
 Of present dues: the future comes apace:  
 What shall defend the interim? and at length  
 How goes our reckoning<sup>12</sup>?

*Tim.* To Lacedæmon did my land extend.

*Flav.* O my good lord, the world is but a word<sup>13</sup>;  
 Were it all yours to give it in a breath,  
 How quickly were it gone?

*Tim.* You tell me true.

*Flav.* If you suspect my husbandry, or falsehood,  
 Call me before the exactest auditors,  
 And set me on the proof. So the gods bless me,

<sup>10</sup> He does not mean so great a sum, but a certain sum.

<sup>11</sup> 'Though you now *at last* listen to my remonstrances, yet now your affairs are in such a state, that the whole of your remaining fortune will scarce pay half your debts: you are therefore wise too late.'

<sup>12</sup> 'How will you be able to subsist in the time intervening between the payment of the present demands (which your whole substance will hardly satisfy) and the claim of future dues, for which you have no fund whatsoever; and, finally, on the settlement of all accounts, in what a wretched plight will you be.'

<sup>13</sup> i. e. as the world itself may be comprised in a word, you might give it away in a breath.

When all our offices<sup>14</sup> have been oppress'd  
 With riotous feeders; when our vaults have wept  
 With drunken spilth of wine; when every room  
 Hath blaz'd with lights, and bray'd with minstrelsy;  
 I have retir'd me to a wasteful cock<sup>15</sup>,  
 And set mine eyes at flow.

*Tim.*

Pr'ythee, no more.

*Flav.* Heavens, have I said, the bounty of this lord!  
 How many prodigal bits have slaves, and peasants,  
 This night englutted! Who is not Timon's?  
 What heart, head, sword, force, means, but is Lord  
 Timon's?

Great Timon, noble, worthy, royal Timon?

Ah! when the means are gone that buy this praise,  
 The breath is gone whereof this praise is made:  
 Feast-won, fast-lost; one cloud of winter showers,  
 These flies are couch'd.

*Tim.*

Come, sermon me no further:  
 No villanous bounty yet hath pass'd my heart;

<sup>14</sup> Steevens asserted that *offices* here meant apartments allotted to culinary purposes, the reception of domestics, &c.; and that *feeders* meant *servants*. Malone contended that by *offices* was intended 'all rooms or places at which refreshments were prepared or served out;' as Steevens had explained it in *Othello*; and that *feeders* did not here mean *servants*. It must be confessed that the passage in *Othello*, 'All *offices* are open, and there is full liberty of feasting from this present hour of five until the bell has told eleven,' countenances Steevens's explanation; as does another passage, from *Shirley's Opportunitie*, cited by Mr. Boswell:—

'Let all the *offices* of entertainment  
 Be free and open.'

The *cellar* and the *buttery* are probably meant.

<sup>15</sup> A *wasteful cock* is possibly what we now call a *waste pipe*, a pipe which is continually running, and thereby prevents the overflow of cisterns, &c. by carrying off their superfluous water. This circumstance served to keep the idea of Timon's unceasing prodigality in the mind of the steward, while its remoteness was favourable to meditation.



Unwisely, not ignobly, have I given<sup>16</sup>.

Why dost thou weep? Canst thou the conscience  
lack,

To think I shall lack friends? Secure thy heart;

If I would broach the vessels of my love,

And try the argument<sup>17</sup> of hearts by borrowing,

Men, and men's fortunes, could I frankly use,

As I can bid thee speak.

*Flav.* Assurance bless your thoughts!

*Tim.* And, in some sort, these wants of mine are  
crown'd<sup>18</sup>,

That I account them blessings; for by these

Shall I try friends: You shall perceive, how you

Mistake my fortunes; I am wealthy in my friends.

Within there, ho!—Flaminius! Servilius!

*Enter FLAMINIUS, SERVILIUS, and other  
Servants.*

*Serv.* My lord, my lord,—

*Tim.* I will despatch you severally.—You, to  
Lord Lucius,—

To Lord Lucullus you; I hunted with his

Honour to-day;—You to Sempronius;

Commend me to their loves; and, I am proud, say,

That my occasions have found time to use them

<sup>16</sup> Every reader must rejoice in this circumstance of comfort which presents itself to Timon, who, although beggared through want of prudence, consoles himself with reflection that his ruin was not brought on by the pursuit of guilty pleasures.

*Steevens.*

<sup>17</sup> i. e. the *contents* of them. The *argument* of a book was 'a brief sum of the whole matter contained in it.' So in Hamlet the king asks concerning the play:—'Have you heard the *argument*? is there no offence in it?'

<sup>18</sup> i. e. dignified, adorned, made gracious.

'And yet no day without a deed to crown it.'

*King Henry VIII.*

Toward a supply of money : let the request  
Be fifty talents.

*Flam.* As you have said, my lord.

*Flav.* Lord Lucius, and Lord Lucullus? humph!  
[*Aside.*

*Tim.* Go you, sir [*To another Serv.*], to the  
senators

(Of whom, even to the state's best health, I have  
(Deserv'd this hearing), bid 'em send o' the instant  
A thousand talents to me.

*Flav.* I have been bold  
(For that I knew it the most general way<sup>19</sup>),  
To them to use your signet, and your name;  
But they do shake their heads, and I am here  
No richer in return.

*Tim.* Is't true? can it be?

*Flav.* They answer, in a joint and corporate voice,  
That now they are at fall<sup>20</sup>, want treasure, cannot  
Do what they would; are sorry—you are honour-  
able,—

But yet they could have wish'd—they know not—  
but

Something hath been amiss—a noble nature  
May catch a wrench—would all were well—'tis  
pity—

And so, intending<sup>21</sup> other serious matters,  
After distasteful looks, and these hard fractions,

<sup>19</sup> 'The most *general* way,' is the most compendious, to try many at a time.

<sup>20</sup> i. e. at an ebb.

<sup>21</sup> Johnson, Steevens, and Malone have explained *intending* here *regarding*, *turning their notice*, or *attending to*, &c.; but it certainly means *pretending*. See King Richard III. Sc. 5, note 9. Shakspeare uses *pretend* in many places for *intend*; and I have shown that he also uses *pretend* for *intend* in several instances.

With certain half-caps<sup>22</sup>, and cold-moving nods,  
They froze me into silence.

*Tim.* You gods, reward them!—  
I pr'ythee, man, look cheerly; These old fellows  
Have their ingratitude in them hereditary:  
Their blood is cak'd, 'tis cold, it seldom flows;  
'Tis lack of kindly warmth, they are not kind;  
And nature, as it grows again toward earth,  
Is fashion'd for the journey, dull, and heavy.—  
Go to Ventidius, [*To a Serv.*]—'Pr'ythee, [*To*  
FLAVIUS], be not sad,

Thou art true, and honest; ingeniously I speak,  
No blame belongs to thee;—[*To Serv.*] Ventidius  
lately

Buried his father; by whose death, he's stepp'd  
Into a great estate: when he was poor,  
Imprison'd, and in scarcity of friends,  
I clear'd him with five talents; Greet him from me;  
Bid him suppose, some good necessity  
Touches his friend, which craves to be remember'd  
With those five talents:—that had,—[*To FLAV.*]  
give it these fellows

To whom 'tis instant due. Ne'er speak, or think,  
That Timon's fortunes 'mong his friends can sink.

*Flav.* I would, I could not think it; That thought  
is bounty's foe;  
Being free<sup>23</sup> itself, it thinks all others so. [*Exeunt.*

<sup>22</sup> *Fractions* are broken hints, abrupt remarks. A *half-cap* is a cap slightly moved, not put off.

<sup>23</sup> Liberal, not parsimonious.

## ACT III.

SCENE I. Athens. *A Room in Lucullus's House.*

FLAMINIUS *waiting. Enter a Servant to him.*

*Serv.* I have told my lord of you, he is coming down to you.

*Flam.* I thank you, sir.

*Enter LUCULLUS.*

*Serv.* Here's my lord.

*Lucul.* [*Aside.*] One of Lord Timon's men? a gift, I warrant. Why, this hits right; I dreamt of a silver bason and ewer to-night. Flaminius, honest Flaminius; you are very respectfully<sup>1</sup> welcome, sir.—Fill me some wine.—[*Exit Servant.*]—And how does that honourable, complete, free-hearted gentleman of Athens, thy very bountiful good lord and master?

*Flam.* His health is well, sir.

*Lucul.* I am right glad that his health is well, sir: And what hast thou there under thy cloak, pretty Flaminius?

*Flam.* 'Faith, nothing but an empty box, sir; which, in my lord's behalf, I come to entreat your honour to supply; who, having great and instant occasion to use fifty talents, hath sent to your lordship to furnish him; nothing doubting your present assistance therein.

*Lucul.* La, la, la, la,—nothing doubting, says he? alas, good lord! a noble gentleman 'tis, if he would not keep so good a house. Many a time

<sup>1</sup> i. e. consideratively, regardfully. See vol. iii. p. 97, note 16.

and often I have dined with him, and told him on't; and come again to supper to him, of purpose to have him spend less: and yet he would embrace no counsel, take no warning by my coming. Every man has his fault, and honesty<sup>2</sup> is his; I have told him on't, but I could never get him from it.

*Re-enter Servant, with wine.*

*Serv.* Please your lordship, here is the wine.

*Lucul.* Flaminius, I have noted thee always wise. Here's to thee.

*Flam.* Your lordship speaks your pleasure.

*Lucul.* I have observed thee always for a towardly prompt spirit,—give thee thy due,—and one that knows what belongs to reason: and canst use the time well, if the time use thee well: good parts in thee.—Get you gone, sirrah.—[*To the Servant, who goes out.*—Draw nearer, honest Flaminius. Thy lord's a bountiful gentleman: but thou art wise; and thou knowest well enough, although thou comest to me, that this is no time to lend money; especially upon bare friendship, without security. Here's three solidares<sup>3</sup> for thee; good boy, wink at me, and say, thou saw'st me not. Fare thee well.

*Flam.* Is't possible, the world should so much differ;

And we alive, that liv'd<sup>4</sup>? Fly, damned baseness,  
To him that worships thee.

[*Throwing the money away.*

<sup>2</sup> *Honesty* here means *liberality*. 'That nobleness of spirit or *honesty* that free-born men have.'—*Baret*.

<sup>3</sup> Steevens says, 'I believe this coin is from the mint of the poet.' We are not to look for the name of a Greek coin here; but he probably formed it from *solidari*, or *soldi*, a small coin, which Florio makes equal to shillings in value.

<sup>4</sup> And we alive now who lived then. As much as to say, *is so short a time*.

*Lucul.* Ha! Now I see, thou art a fool, and fit for thy master. [*Exit LUCULLUS.*]

*Flam.* May these add to the number that may scald thee!

Let molten coin be thy damnation<sup>5</sup>,  
 Thou disease of a friend, and not himself<sup>6</sup>!  
 Has friendship such a faint and milky heart,  
 It turns in less than two nights? O you gods,  
 I feel my master's passion<sup>7</sup>! This slave  
 Unto his honour<sup>8</sup>, has my lord's meat in him:  
 Why should it thrive, and turn to nutriment,  
 When he is turn'd to poison?  
 O, may diseases only work upon't!  
 And, when he is sick to death, let not that part of  
 nature  
 Which my lord paid for, be of any power  
 To expel sickness, but prolong his hour<sup>9</sup>! [*Exit.*]

<sup>5</sup> One of the punishments invented for the covetous and avaricious in hell of old was to have melted gold poured down their throats. In the old Shepherd's Calendar Lazarus declares himself, to have seen covetous men and women in hell dipped in caldrons of molten metal. And in the old black letter ballad of The Dead Man's Song:—

‘ ——— Ladles full of melted gold  
 Were poured down their throats.’

Crassus was so punished by the Parthians.

<sup>6</sup> So in King Lear:—

‘ ——— my daughter,  
 Or rather a disease,’ &c.

<sup>7</sup> i. e. suffering, grief. Othello, when Desdemona weeps, says.

‘ ——— O well dissembled passion.’

<sup>8</sup> Some modern editions have changed *his honour* into *this hour*. I think the old reading which Steevens explains, ‘This slave (to the honour of his character) has,’ &c. not what is meant to be expressed, and should prefer the correction.

<sup>9</sup> i. e. prolong his *hour* of suffering. Thus Timon, in a future passage, says, ‘Live loath’d, and long!’ And in Coriolanus, Menenius says to the Roman sentinel, ‘Be that you are long; and your misery increase with your age.’

SCENE II. *The same. A public Place.*

*Enter LUCIUS, with three Strangers.*

*Luc.* Who, the Lord Timon? he is my very good friend, and an honourable gentleman.

*1 Stran.* We know<sup>1</sup> him for no less, though we are but strangers to him. But I can tell you one thing, my lord, and which I hear from common rumours; now Lord Timon's happy hours are done and past, and his estate shrinks from him.

*Luc.* Fye no, do not believe it; he cannot want for money.

*2 Stran.* But believe you this, my lord, that, not long ago, one of his men was with the Lord Lucullus, to borrow so many talents<sup>2</sup>; nay, urged extremely for't, and showed what necessity belonged to't, and yet was denied.

*Luc.* How?

*2 Stran.* I tell you, denied, my lord.

*Luc.* What a strange case was that? now, before the gods, I am ashamed on't. Denied that honourable man? there was very little honour showed in't. For my own part, I must needs confess, I have received some small kindnesses from him, as money, plate, jewels, and such like trifles, nothing comparing to his; yet had he mistook him<sup>3</sup>, and sent to me, I should ne'er have denied his occasion so many talents.

<sup>1</sup> Acknowledge.

<sup>2</sup> 'So many talents,' a common colloquial phrase for an indefinite number: the stranger apparently did not know the exact sum; and yet some editors have arbitrarily substituted 'fifty talents.'

<sup>3</sup> Lucius means to insinuate that it would have been a kind of mistake in Timon to apply to him, who had received but few favours from him in comparison to those bestowed on Lucullus.

*Enter SERVILIUS.*

*Ser.* See, by good hap, yonder's my lord; I have sweat to see his honour.—My honoured lord,—

[*To LUCIUS.*

*Luc.* Servilius! you are kindly met, sir. Fare thee well:—Commend me to thy honourable-virtuous lord, my very exquisite friend.

*Ser.* May it please your honour, my lord hath sent——

*Luc.* Ha! what has he sent? I am so much endeared to that lord; he's ever sending: How shall I thank him, thinkest thou? And what has he sent now?

*Ser.* He has only sent his present occasion now, my lord; requesting your lordship to supply his instant use with so many talents<sup>4</sup>.

*Luc.* I know, his lordship is but merry with me; He cannot want fifty-five hundred talents.

*Ser.* But in the mean time he wants less, my lord. If his occasion were not virtuous<sup>5</sup>, I should not urge it half so faithfully.

*Luc.* Dost thou speak seriously, Servilius?

*Ser.* Upon my soul, 'tis true, sir.

*Luc.* What a wicked beast was I, to disfurnish myself against such a good time, when I might have shown myself honourable! how unluckily it happened, that I should purchase the day before for a little part, and undo a great deal of honour<sup>6</sup>!

<sup>4</sup> Such is again the reading the old copy supplies; some modern editors have here again substituted 'fifty talents.' But this was the phraseology of the poet's age. In Julius Cæsar Lucilius says to his adversary:—

'There is *so much* that thou wilt kill me straight.'

<sup>5</sup> 'If he did not want it for a good use.'

<sup>6</sup> i. e. 'by purchasing what brought me but little honour, I have lost the more honourable opportunity of supplying the wants of my friend.'



—Servilius, now before the gods, I am not able to do't; the more beast, I say:—I was sending to use Lord Timon myself, these gentlemen can witness; but I would not, for the wealth of Athens, I had done it now. Commend me bountifully to his good lordship: and I hope, his honour will conceive the fairest of me, because I have no power to be kind: And tell him this from me, I count it one of my greatest afflictions, say, that I cannot pleasure such an honourable gentleman. Good Servilius, will you befriend me so far, as to use mine own words to him?

*Ser.* Yes, sir, I shall.

*Luc.* I will look you out a good turn, Servilius.—

[*Exit* SERVILIUS.]

True, as you said, Timon is shrunk, indeed;  
And he, that's once denied, will hardly speed.

[*Exit* LUCIUS.]

1 *Stran.* Do you observe this, Hostilius?

2 *Stran.* Ay, too well.

1 *Stran.* Why this

Is the world's soul; and just of the same piece  
Is every flatterer's spirit<sup>7</sup>. Who can call him  
His friend, that dips in the same dish? for, in  
My knowing, Timon has been this lord's father,  
And kept his credit with his purse;  
Supported his estate; nay, Timon's money  
Has paid his men their wages: He ne'er drinks,  
But Timon's silver treads upon his lip;  
And yet (O, see the monstrousness of man  
When he looks out in an ungrateful shape!)

<sup>7</sup> The old copy reads:—

'Is every flatterer's sport.'—

The emendation is Theobald's. I think with Malone that this speech was never intended for verse, though printed as such in the folio.

He does deny him, in respect of his<sup>8</sup>,  
What charitable men afford to beggars.

3 *Stran.* Religion groans at it.

1 *Stran.* For mine own part,  
I never tasted Timon in my life,  
Nor came any of his bounties over me,  
To mark me for his friend; yet, I protest,  
For his right noble mind, illustrious virtue,  
And honourable carriage,  
Had his necessity made use of me,  
I would have put my wealth into donation<sup>9</sup>,  
And the best half should have return'd to him,  
So much I love his heart: But, I perceive,  
Men must learn now with pity to dispense:  
For policy sits above conscience. [ *Exeunt.*

### SCENE III.

*The same. A Room in Sempronius's House.*

*Enter SEMPRONIUS, and a Servant of Timon's.*

*Sem.* Must he needs trouble me in't? Humph!  
'Bove all others?

He might have tried Lord Lucius, or Lucullus;  
And now Ventidius is wealthy too,  
Whom he redeem'd from prison: All these  
Owe their estates unto him.

*Serv.*

O my lord,

<sup>8</sup> i. e. 'in respect of his *fortune*.' What Lucius denies to Timon is in proportion to his fortune less than the usual alms given by good men to beggars.

<sup>9</sup> The commentators have made difficulties about this passage, of which the meaning appears to be—'Had he applied to me, I would have put my wealth into the form of a gift, and have sent him the best half of it.' The Stranger could not mean that he 'would have treated his wealth as a present originally received from Timon,' because he expressly declares that he never tasted his bounties.

They have all been touch'd<sup>1</sup>, and found base metal;  
                   for  
 They have all denied him.

*Sem.*                               How! have they denied him?  
 Has Ventidius and Lucullus denied him?  
 And does he send to me? Three? humph<sup>2</sup>!—  
 It shows but little love or judgment in him.  
 Must I be his last refuge? His friends, like phy-  
                   sicians,  
 Thrive<sup>3</sup>, give him over; Must I take the cure upon  
                   me?—  
 He has much disgrac'd me in't; I am angry at him,  
 That might have known my place: I see no sense  
                   for't,  
 But his occasions might have woo'd me first;

<sup>1</sup> Alluding to the trial of metals by the *touchstone*. Thus in King Richard III.:—

‘ O Buckingham, now do I play the *touch*,  
 To try if thou be current gold indeed.’

<sup>2</sup> This speech appears to be mutilated, and therefore unmetrical; the first part of it may perhaps bear modifying thus:—

‘ Ventidius, *and Lucius*, and Lucullus,  
 Have denied him, and does he send to me?  
 Three? humph!—  
 It shows,’ &c.

‘ I can only point out metrical dilapidations, which I profess myself unable to repair,’ says Steevens.

<sup>3</sup> Johnson proposes to read:—

‘ *Thrice*, give him over;’

but says, ‘ perhaps the old reading is the true;’ which Steevens illustrates by the following passage in Webster’s *Dutchess of Malfy*:—

‘ ——— Physicians thus,  
 With their hands full of money, use to give o’er  
 Their patients.’

The passage will then mean, ‘ His friends, like physicians, thrive by his bounty and fees, and either *relinquish and forsake him*, or give up his case as desperate.’ It is remarked by Malone that Webster has frequently imitated Shakspeare, and that this passage may be an imitation of that in the text.

For, in my conscience, I was the first man  
 That e'er received gift from him:  
 And does he think so backwardly of me now,  
 That I'll requite it last? No: So it may prove  
 An argument of laughter to the rest,  
 And I amongst the lords be thought a fool.  
 I had rather than the worth of thrice the sum,  
 He had sent to me first, but for my mind's sake;  
 I had such a courage to do him good. But now  
     return,  
 And with their faint reply this answer join;  
 Who bates mine honour, shall not know my coin.

[*Exit.*

*Serv.* Excellent! Your lordship's a goodly villain. The devil knew not what he did, when he made man politick; he crossed himself by't: and I cannot think, but, in the end, the villanies of man will set him clear<sup>4</sup>. How fairly this lord strives to appear foul! takes virtuous copies to be wicked; like those that, under hot ardent zeal, would set whole realms on fire<sup>5</sup>.

Of such a nature is his politick love.

<sup>4</sup> I take the sense of this passage to be, 'The devil knew not what he did when he made man *politick* (i. e. crafty, or full of cunning shifts); he *thwarted* himself by so doing, overreached himself: and I cannot think but in the end the villanies of man will (make the devil appear in comparison innocent) set him clear, and that they will change places; man becoming the tempter, not the tempted. So in *Cymbeline*, Posthumus says:

‘ ——— It is I

That all the abhorred things o' the earth *amend*,  
 By being worse than they.'

And in *Lear*:—

‘ Those wicked creatures yet do look well favour'd,  
 When others are more wicked.'

<sup>5</sup> Warburton thinks that this is levelled at the Puritans. 'Sempronius, like them, takes a virtuous semblance to be wicked, pretending that warm affection and generous jealousy of friendship, that is affronted if any other be applied to before it.'

This was my lord's best hope; now all are fled,  
 Save the gods only: Now his friends are dead,  
 Doors, that were ne'er acquainted with their wards  
 Many a bounteous year, must be employ'd  
 Now to guard sure their master.  
 And this is all a liberal course allows;  
 Who cannot keep his wealth, must keep his house<sup>6</sup>.  
 [Exit.]

## SCENE IV.

*The same. A Hall in Timon's House.*

*Enter two Servants of VARRO, and the Servant of LUCIUS, meeting TITUS, HORTENSIVS, and other Servants to TIMON'S Creditors, waiting his coming out.*

*Var. Serv.* Well met; good-morrow, Titus and Hortensius.

*Tit.* The like to you, kind Varro.

*Hor.* Lucius?

What, do we meet together?

*Luc. Serv.* Ay, and, I think,  
 One business does command us all; for mine  
 Is money.

*Tit.* So is theirs and ours.

*Enter PHILOTUS.*

*Luc. Serv.* And sir  
 Philotus too!

*Phi.* Good day at once.

*Luc. Serv.* Welcome, good brother.  
 What do you think the hour?

*Phi.* Labouring for nine.

<sup>6</sup> i. e. keep within doors for fear of duns. Thus in *Measure for Measure*, Act iii. Sc. 2:—'You will turn good husband now, Pompey, you will *keep the house*.'

*Luc. Serv.* So much?

*Phi.* Is not my lord seen yet?

*Luc. Serv.* Not yet.

*Phi.* I wonder on't; he was wont to shine at seven.

*Luc. Serv.* Ay, but the days are waxed shorter with him :

You must consider, that a prodigal course  
Is like the sun's<sup>1</sup>; but not, like his, recoverable.  
I fear,

'Tis deepest winter in Lord Timon's purse;  
That is, one may reach deep enough, and yet  
Find little<sup>2</sup>.

*Phi.* I am of your fear for that.

*Tit.* I'll show you how to observe a strange event.  
Your lord sends now for money.

*Hor.* Most true, he does.

*Tit.* And he wears jewels now of Timon's gift,  
For which you<sup>3</sup> wait for money.

*Hor.* It is against my heart.

*Luc. Serv.* Mark, how strange it shows,  
Timon in this should pay more than he owes :  
And e'en as if your lord should wear rich jewels,  
And send for money for 'em.

*Hor.* I am weary of this charge<sup>4</sup>, the gods can  
witness :

I know, my lord hath spent of Timon's wealth,  
And now ingratitude makes it worse than stealth.

*1 Var. Serv.* Yes, mine's three thousand crowns:  
What's yours?

*Luc. Serv.* Five thousand mine.

<sup>1</sup> i. e. like him in blaze and splendour.

'Soles occidere et redire possunt.' *Catull.*

<sup>2</sup> Still perhaps alluding to the effects of winter, during which some animals are obliged to seek their scanty provision through a depth of snow.

<sup>3</sup> The old copy reads, 'For which *I* wait for money.'

<sup>4</sup> i. e. this office or employment.

1 *Var. Serv.* 'Tis much deep: and it should seem  
by the sum,  
Your master's confidence was above mine;  
Else, surely, his had equall'd<sup>5</sup>.

*Enter* FLAMINIUS.

*Tit.* One of Lord Timon's men.

*Luc. Serv.* Flaminius! sir, a word: 'Pray, is my lord ready to come forth?

*Flam.* No, indeed, he is not.

*Tit.* We attend his lordship; 'pray, signify so much.

*Flam.* I need not tell him that; he knows, you are too diligent. *[Exit* FLAMINIUS.

*Enter* FLAVIUS *in a cloak, muffled.*

*Luc. Serv.* Ha! is not that his steward muffled so? He goes away in a cloud: call him, call him.

*Tit.* Do you hear, sir?

1 *Var. Serv.* By your leave, sir,——

*Flav.* What do you ask of me, my friend?

*Tit.* We wait for certain money here, sir.

*Flav.* Ay,

If money were as certain as your waiting,  
'Twere sure enough. Why then preferr'd you not  
Your sums and bills, when your false masters eat  
Of my lord's meat? Then they could smile, and fawn  
Upon his debts, and take down th' interest

<sup>5</sup> The commentators thought this simple passage required a comment; and the reader will be surprised to hear that it bears several constructions. It is obvious that the meaning is, 'it should seem by the sum your master lent, his confidence in Timon was greater than that of my master, else surely *my master's* loan had equalled his.' If there be any obscurity, it is because the relative pronoun *his* does not quite clearly refer to its immediate antecedent *mine*. I should not have thought the passage needed explanation, had it not been the subject of contention.

Into their gluttonous maws. You do yourselves  
but wrong,

To stir me up; let me pass quietly:  
Believe't, my lord and I have made an end;  
I have no more to reckon, he to spend.

*Luc. Serv.* Ay, but this answer will not serve.

*Flav.* If 'twill not serve,  
'Tis not so base as you; for you serve knaves.  
[Exit.

1 *Var. Serv.* How! what does his cashier'd worship mutter?

2 *Var. Serv.* No matter what; he's poor, and that's revenge enough. Who can speak broader than he that has no house to put his head in? such may rail against great buildings.

*Enter SERVILIUS.*

*Tit.* O, here's Servilius; now we shall know some answer.

*Ser.* If I might beseech you, gentlemen, to repair some other hour, I should derive much from it: for, take it on my soul, my lord leans wondrously to discontent. His comfortable temper has forsook him; he is much out of health, and keeps his chamber.

*Luc. Serv.* Many do keep their chambers, are not sick:

And, if it be so far beyond his health,  
Methinks, he should the sooner pay his debts,  
And make a clear way to the gods.

*Ser.* Good gods!

*Tit.* We cannot take this for an answer, sir.

*Flam.* [Within.] Servilius, help!—my lord! my lord!—



*Enter TIMON, in a rage; FLAMINIUS following.*

*Tim.* What, are my doors oppos'd against my passage?

Have I been ever free, and must my house  
Be my retentive enemy, my gaol?

The place, which I have feasted, does it now,  
Like all mankind, show me an iron heart?

*Luc. Serv.* Put in now, Titus.

*Tit.* My lord, here is my bill.

*Luc. Serv.* Here's mine.

*Hor. Serv.* And mine, my lord.

*Both Var. Serv.* And ours, my lord.

*Phi.* All our bills.

*Tim.* Knock me down with 'em<sup>6</sup>: cleave me to the girdle.

*Luc. Serv.* Alas! my lord,——

*Tim.* Cut my heart in sums.

*Tit.* Mine fifty talents.

*Tim.* Tell out my blood.

*Luc. Serv.* Five thousand crowns, my lord.

*Tim.* Five thousand drops pays that.—

What yours?—and yours?

1 *Var. Serv.* My lord,——

2 *Var. Serv.* My lord,——

*Tim.* Tear me, take me, and the gods fall upon you! *[Exit.*

*Hor.* 'Faith, I perceive our masters may throw their caps at their money; these debts may well be called desperate ones, for a madman owes 'em.

*[Exeunt.*

<sup>6</sup> Timon quibbles. They present their written *bills*; he catches at the word, and alludes to *bills* or battle-axes. The word is so played upon in *As You Like It*. See vol. iii. p. 117.

*Re-enter TIMON and FLAVIUS.*

*Tim.* They have e'en put my breath from me,  
the slaves :

Creditors !—devils.

*Flav.* My dear lord,——

*Tim.* What if it should be so ?

*Flav.* My lord,——

*Tim.* I'll have it so :—My steward !

*Flav.* Here, my lord.

*Tim.* So fitly ? Go, bid all my friends again,  
Lucius, Lucullus, and Sempronius ; all<sup>7</sup> :  
I'll once more feast the rascals.

*Flav.* O, my lord,  
You only speak from your distracted soul ;  
There is not so much left, to furnish out  
A moderate table.

*Tim.* Be't not in thy care ; go,  
I charge thee ; invite them all : let in the tide  
Of knaves once more ; my cook and I'll provide.  
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *The same. The Senate-House.*

*The Senate sitting. Enter ALCIBIADES, attended.*

1 *Sen.* My lord, you have my voice to it ; the fault's  
Bloody ; 'tis necessary he should die :  
Nothing emboldens sin so much as mercy.

2 *Sen.* Most true ; the law shall bruise him.

*Alcib.* Honour, health, and compassion to the  
senate !

<sup>7</sup> The first folio reads :—

' Lucius, Lucullus, and Sempronius, *Ullorxa* all.'

What is meant by this strange corruption it is perhaps now vain  
to conjecture. Malone retains this strange word ; and Steevens  
banters him pleasantly enough upon his pertinacious adherence  
to the text of the first folio.

1 *Sen.* Now, captain?

*Alcib.* I am an humble suitor to your virtues;  
For pity is the virtue of the law,  
And none but tyrants use it cruelly.  
It pleases time, and fortune, to lie heavy  
Upon a friend of mine, who, in hot blood,  
Hath stepp'd into the law, which is past depth  
To those that, without heed, do plunge into it.  
He is a man, setting his fate aside<sup>1</sup>,  
Of comely virtues:  
Nor did he soil the fact with cowardice  
(An honour in him which buys out his fault);  
But, with a noble fury, and fair spirit,  
Seeing his reputation touch'd to death,  
He did oppose his foe:  
And with such sober and unnoted passion  
He did behave<sup>2</sup> his anger, ere 'twas spent,  
As if he had but prov'd an argument.

<sup>1</sup> i. e. putting this action of his, which was predetermined by fate, out of the question.

<sup>2</sup> The folio reads:—

‘ And with such sober and unnoted passion  
He did *behoove* his anger ere 'twas spent.’

This Warburton changed for ‘*behave* his anger,’ which he explains *govern, manage* his anger. It is said the verb to *behoove* is only used impersonally with *it*; otherwise the old reading might mean, ‘he did so *fit* or *become* his anger, ere it was spent with such sober and unnoted [i. e. unmarked] passion, that it seemed as if,’ &c. Perhaps we might read:—

‘ And with such sober and unnoted passion  
He did *behood* [i. e. hide, conceal] his anger,’ &c.

Shakspeare uses to *hood* for to *hide* more than once. Thus in *Romeo and Juliet*, Act iii. Sc. 2:—

‘ ————— Come, civil night—  
*Hood* my unman'd blood bating in my cheeks  
With thy black mantle.’

And in the *Merchant of Venice*, Act ii. Sc. 2:—

‘ While grace is saying, *hood* mine eyes thus with my hat.’  
In defence of Warburton's reading it should be remarked, how-

1 *Sen.* You undergo too strict a paradox<sup>3</sup>,  
 Striving to make an ugly deed look fair :  
 Your words have took such pains, as if they labour'd

To bring manslaughter into form, set quarrelling  
 Upon the head of valour ; which, indeed,  
 Is valour misbegot, and came into the world  
 When sects and factions were newly born :  
 He's truly valiant, that can wisely suffer  
 The worst that man can breathe<sup>4</sup> ; and make his  
 wrongs

His outsides ; wear them like his raiment, carelessly ;  
 And ne'er prefer his injuries to his heart,  
 To bring it into danger.

If wrongs be evils, and enforce us kill,  
 What folly 'tis to hazard life for ill !

*Alcib.* My lord,——

1 *Sen.* You cannot make gross sins look clear ;  
 To revenge is no valour, but to bear.

*Alcib.* My lords, then, under favour, pardon me,  
 If I speak like a captain.—

Why do fond men expose themselves to battle,  
 And not endure all threatnings ? sleep upon it,  
 And let the foes quietly cut their throats,  
 Without repugnancy ? but if there be  
 Such valour in the bearing, what make we

ever, that *behave* is used in the same singular manner in Sir W. Davenant's *Just Italian*, 1630:—

‘ How well my stars *behave* their influence.’

And again:—

‘ —— You an Italian, sir, and thus  
*Behave* the knowledge of disgrace.

So Spenser, in his *Faerie Queene*, b. i. c. iii. :—

‘ But who his limbs with labour, and his *mind*  
*Behaves* with cares, cannot so easy miss.’

<sup>3</sup> You undertake a paradox too hard.

<sup>4</sup> i. e. utter.

Abroad<sup>5</sup>? why then, women are more valiant,  
That stay at home, if bearing carry it;  
And th' ass more captain than the lion; the felon<sup>6</sup>,  
Loaden with irons, wiser than the judge,  
If wisdom be in suffering. O my lords,  
As you are great, be pitifully good:  
Who cannot condemn rashness in cold blood?  
To kill, I grant, is sin's extremest gust<sup>7</sup>;  
But, in defence, by mercy<sup>8</sup>, 'tis most just.  
To be in anger is impiety;  
But who is man, that is not angry?  
Weigh but the crime with this.

2 *Sen.* You breathe in vain.

*Alcib.* In vain! his service done  
At Lacedæmon, and Byzantium,  
Were a sufficient briber for his life.

1 *Sen.* What's that?

*Alcib.* Why, I say, my lords, h'as done fair service,  
And slain in fight many of your enemies:  
How full of valour did he bear himself  
In the last conflict, and made plenteous wounds?

2 *Sen.* He has made too much plenty with 'em, he  
Is a sworn rioter<sup>9</sup>, h'as a sin that often  
Drowns him; and takes his valour prisoner:  
If there were no foes, that were enough alone  
To overcome him: in that beastly fury  
He has been known to commit outrages,

<sup>5</sup> What *do* we, or what have we to do in the field?—See vol. i. p. 260; and vol. ii. p. 364.

<sup>6</sup> The old copy reads '*fellow*.' The alteration was made at Johnson's suggestion, perhaps without necessity. *Fellow* is a common term of contempt.

<sup>7</sup> *Gust* here means rashness. We still say 'it was done in a *gust* of passion.'

<sup>8</sup> i. e. 'I call *mercy* herself to witness.'

<sup>9</sup> i. e. a man who practises riot as if he had made it an oath or duty.

And cherish factions: 'Tis inferr'd to us,  
His days are foul, and his drink dangerous.

1 *Sen.* He dies.

*Alcib.* Hard fate! he might have died in war.  
My lords, if not for any parts in him  
(Though his right arm might purchase his own time,  
And be in debt to none), yet, more to move you,  
Take my deserts to his, and join them both:  
And, for I know your reverend ages love  
Security, I'll pawn my victories, all<sup>10</sup>  
My honour to you, upon his good returns.  
If by this crime he owes the law his life,  
Why, let the war receive't in valiant gore;  
For law is strict, and war is nothing more.

1 *Sen.* We are for law, he dies; urge it no more,  
On height of our displeasure: Friend or brother,  
He forfeits his own blood, that spills another.

*Alcib.* Must it be so? it must not be. My lords,  
I do beseech you, know me.

2 *Sen.* How?

*Alcib.* Call me to your remembrances<sup>11</sup>.

3 *Sen.* What?

*Alcib.* I cannot think, but your age has forgot me;  
It could not else be, I should prove so base<sup>12</sup>,  
To sue, and be denied such common grace:  
My wounds ache at you.

1 *Sen.* Do you dare our anger?  
'Tis in few words, but spacious in effect;  
We banish thee for ever.

<sup>10</sup> He charges them obliquely with being usurers. Thus in a subsequent passage:—

' ————— banish usury,  
That makes the senate ugly.'

<sup>11</sup> *Remembrances* is here used as a word of five syllables. In the singular Shakspeare uses it as a word of four syllables only:

' And lasting in her sad remembrance.'

*Twelfth Night*, Act i. Sc. 1.

<sup>12</sup> *Base* for dishonoured.

*Alcib.*

Banish me?

Banish your dotage; banish usury,  
That makes the senate ugly.

1 *Sen.* If, after two days' shine, Athens contain thee,  
Attend our weightier judgment. And, not to swell  
our spirit<sup>13</sup>,

He shall be executed presently. [*Exeunt Senators.*]

*Alcib.* Now the gods keep you old enough; that  
you may live

Only in bone, that none may look on you!

I am worse than mad: I have kept back their foes,  
While they have told their money, and let out

Their coin upon large interest; I myself,

Rich only in large hurts;—All those, for this?

Is this the balsam, that the usuring senate

Pours into captains' wounds? ha! banishment?

It comes not ill; I hate not to be banish'd;

It is a cause worthy my spleen and fury,

That I may strike at Athens. I'll cheer up

My discontented troops, and lay for hearts.

'Tis honour, with most lands to be at odds<sup>14</sup>;

Soldiers should brook as little wrongs, as gods.

[*Exit.*]

<sup>13</sup> This, says Steevens, I believe, means 'not to put ourselves into any tumour of rage, take our definitive resolution.' So in King Henry VIII. Act iii. Sc. 1:—

'The hearts of princes kiss obedience,

So much they love it; but to stubborn spirits

They *swell* and grow as terrible as storms.'

I think we might read with advantage:—

'——— And not to *quell* our spirit.'

i. e. not to *repress* or *humble* it.

<sup>14</sup> To *lay* for hearts, is to endeavour to win the affections of the people. 'To *laie* for a thing before it come: *prætendo*.—*Baret.* 'Lay, for some pretty principality.'—*Devil is an Ass.* By 'Tis honour, with most lands to be at odds,' Alcibiades means, as *states* are now constituted, 'tis more honourable to be at odds with them, than to fight in their service. Some have thought the passage corrupt, and proposed to read '*hands*;' and others '*lords*.'

## SCENE VI.

*A magnificent Room in Timon's House.*

*Musick. Tables set out: Servants attending.*

*Enter divers Lords, at several doors.*

1 *Lord.* The good time of day to you, sir.

2 *Lord.* I also wish it to you. I think, this honourable lord did but try us this other day.

1 *Lord.* Upon that were my thoughts tiring<sup>1</sup>, when we encountered: I hope, it is not so low with him, as he made it seem in the trial of his several friends.

2 *Lord.* It should not be, by the persuasion of his new feasting.

1 *Lord.* I should think so: He hath sent me an earnest inviting, which many my near occasions did urge me to put off; but he hath conjured me beyond them, and I must needs appear.

2 *Lord.* In like manner was I in debt to my importunate business, but he would not hear my excuse. I am sorry, when he sent to borrow of me, that my provision was out.

1 *Lord.* I am sick of that grief too, as I understand how all things go.

2 *Lord.* Every man here's so. What would he have borrowed of you?

1 *Lord.* A thousand pieces.

2 *Lord.* A thousand pieces!

1 *Lord.* What of you?

3 *Lord.* He sent to me, sir,—Here he comes.

<sup>1</sup> 'Upon that were my thoughts *feeding* or most *anxiously employed*.' To *tire*, from the Saxon *Tiran*, to *tear*, is to *feed* as a bird of prey does by tearing its food with its beak. So in Shakespeare's *Venus and Adonis*:—

'Like as an empty eagle sharp by fast  
Tires with her beak on feathers, flesh, and bone.'



*Enter TIMON, and Attendants.*

*Tim.* With all my heart, gentlemen both :—And how fare you?

*1 Lord.* Ever at the best, hearing well of your lordship.

*2 Lord.* The swallow follows not summer more willing, than we your lordship.

*Tim.* [*Aside.*] Nor more willingly leaves winter ; such summer-birds are men.—Gentlemen, our dinner will not recompense this long stay : feast your ears with the musick awhile ; if they will fare so harshly on the trumpet's sound : we shall to't presently.

*1 Lord.* I hope, it remains not unkindly with your lordship, that I returned you an empty messenger.

*Tim.* O, sir, let it not trouble you.

*2 Lord.* My noble lord,——

*Tim.* Ah, my good friend ! what cheer?

[*The Banquet brought in.*]

*2 Lord.* My most honourable lord, I am e'en sick of shame, that, when your lordship this other day sent to me, I was so unfortunate a beggar.

*Tim.* Think not on't, sir.

*2 Lord.* If you had sent but two hours before,—

*Tim.* Let it not cumber your better remembrance<sup>2</sup>.—Come, bring in all together.

<sup>2</sup> i. e. 'your good memory.' Shakspeare and his contemporaries often use the comparative for the positive or superlative. Thus in *King John* :—

'Nay, but make haste the *better* foot before.'

And in *Macbeth* :—

'—— it hath cow'd my *better* part of man.'

Again :—

'—— go not my horse the *better*.'

So in Philemon Holland's translation of Pliny's *Nat. Hist.* b. ix.

2 *Lord.* All covered dishes!

1 *Lord.* Royal cheer, I warrant you.

3 *Lord.* Doubt not that, if money, and the season can yield it.

1 *Lord.* How do you? What's the news?

3 *Lord.* Alcibiades is banished: Hear you of it?

1 & 2 *Lord.* Alcibiades banished!

3 *Lord.* 'Tis so, be sure of it.

1 *Lord.* How? how?

2 *Lord.* I pray you, upon what?

*Tim.* My worthy friends, will you draw near?

3 *Lord.* I'll tell you more anon. Here's a noble feast toward<sup>3</sup>.

2 *Lord.* This is the old man still.

3 *Lord.* Will't hold? will't hold?

2 *Lord.* It does: but time will—and so—

3 *Lord.* I do conceive.

*Tim.* Each man to his stool, with that spur as he would to the lip of his mistress: your diet shall be in all places alike<sup>4</sup>. Make not a city feast of it, to let the meat cool ere we can agree upon the first place: Sit, sit. The gods require our thanks.

*You great benefactors, sprinkle our society with thankfulness. For your own gifts, make yourselves praised: but reserve still to give, lest your deities be despised. Lend to each man enough, that one need not lend to another: for, were your godheads to borrow of men, men would forsake the gods. Make the*

c. 46:—'Many are caught ought of their fellows hands, if they bestirre not themselves the better.' Thus also Virgil:—

'—— oblitos famæ melioris amantes.'

<sup>3</sup> i. e. near at hand, or in prospect. So in *Romeo and Juliet*:—

'We have a foolish trifling banquet towards.'

<sup>4</sup> 'In all places alike.' This alludes to the mode in which guests were formerly placed at table according to rank. See note on *The Winter's Tale*, vol. iv. p. 17.

*meat be beloved, more than the man that gives it. Let no assembly of twenty be without a score of villains: If there sit twelve women at the table, let a dozen of them be—as they are.—The rest of your lees<sup>5</sup>, O gods,—the senators of Athens, together with the common lag of people,—what is amiss in them, you gods, make suitable for destruction. For these my present friends,—as they are to me nothing, so in nothing bless them, and to nothing they are welcome.*

Uncover, dogs, and lap.

*[The dishes uncovered are full of warm water.*

*Some speak.* What does his lordship mean?

*Some other.* I know not.

*Tim.* May you a better feast never behold,  
You knot of mouth-friends! smoke, and lukewarm  
water

Is your perfection<sup>6</sup>. This is Timon's last;  
Who stuck and spangled you with flatteries,  
Washes it off, and sprinkles in your faces

*[Throwing water in their faces.*

Your reeking villany. Live loath'd, and long,  
Most smiling, smooth, detested parasites,  
Courteous destroyers, affable wolves, meek bears,  
You fools of fortune, trencher-friends, time's flies<sup>7</sup>,  
Cap and knee slaves, vapours, and minute-jacks<sup>8</sup>!

<sup>5</sup> Warburton and Mason say we should read *foes* instead of *fees*, which is the reading of the old copy. I have ventured to substitute *lees*, a more probable word to be misprinted *fees*, the long f and l being easily mistaken for each other. Timon means to call the senators the *lees* and *dregs* of the city, *Sordes et fax urbis*, on account of their vile propensities.

<sup>6</sup> i. e. the highest of your excellence.

<sup>7</sup> i. e. flies of a season. Thus before:—

‘ ——— one cloud of winter showers,  
These *flies* are couch'd.

<sup>8</sup> *Minute-jacks* are the same as *jacks* of the clock-house, auto-

Of man, and beast, the infinite malady  
Crust you quite o'er!—What, dost thou go?  
Soft, take thy physick first—thou too,—and thou;—  
    *[Throws the dishes at them, and drives them out.]*  
Stay, I will lend thee money, borrow none.—  
What, all in motion? Henceforth be no feast,  
Whereat a villain's not a welcome guest.  
Burn, house; sink, Athens! henceforth hated be  
Of Timon, man, and all humanity!                   *[Exit.]*

*Re-enter the Lords, with other Lords and Senators.*

**1. *Lord.* How now, my lords?**

**2 Lord.** Know you the quality of Lord Timon's  
fury?

**3 Lord.** Pish! did you see my cap?

**4 Lord.** I have lost my gown.

**3 Lord.** He's but a mad lord, and nought but humour sways him. He gave me a jewel the other day, and now he has beat it out of my hat:—Did you see my jewel?

**4 Lord.** Did you see my cap?

**2 Lord.** Here 'tis.

**4 Lord.** Here lies my gown.

**1 Lord.** Let's make no stay.

**2 *Lord.* Lord Timon's mad.**

**3 Lord.** I feel't upon my bones.

4 *Lord.* One day he gives us diamonds, next day  
stones <sup>10</sup>. [*Exeunt.*]

maton figures appended to clocks: but the term was used for 'time serving busy-bodies, who had their oar in every man's boat, or hand in every man's dish.' See King Richard III. Act iv. Sc. 2, p. 114.

<sup>9</sup> This and the next speech is spoken by the newly arrived lords.

<sup>10</sup> In the old MS. play of Timon *painted stones* are introduced as part of this mock banquet. It seems probable that Shakespeare was acquainted with this ancient drama. Timon has thrown nothing at his guests, but warm water and dishes.

## ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Without the Walls of Athens.**Enter* TIMON.

*Tim.* Let me look back upon thee, O thou wall,  
 That girdlest in those wolves! Dive in the earth,  
 And fence not Athens! Matrons, turn incontinent;  
 Obedience fail in children! slaves, and fools,  
 Pluck the grave wrinkled senate from the bench,  
 And minister in their steads! to general filths<sup>1</sup>  
 Convert o'the instant, green virginity!  
 Do't in your parents' eyes; bankrupts, hold fast;  
 Rather than render back, out with your knives,  
 And cut your trusters' throats! bound servants, steal!  
 Large handed robbers your grave masters are,  
 And pill by law: maid, to thy master's bed;  
 Thy mistress is o'the brothel! son of sixteen,  
 Pluck the lin'd crutch from the old limping sire,  
 With it beat out his brains! piety, and fear,  
 Religion to the gods, peace, justice, truth,  
 Domestick awe, night-rest, and neighbourhood,  
 Instruction, manners, mysteries, and trades,  
 Degrees, observances, customs, and laws,  
 Decline to your confounding contraries<sup>2</sup>,  
 And yet confusion live!—Plagues, incident to men,

<sup>1</sup> Steevens explains this 'common sewers,' which is quite ludicrous, unless he meant it metaphorically. *General filths* means *common strumpets*: filthiness and obscenity were synonymous with our ancestors.

<sup>2</sup> i. e. contrarieties, whose nature it is to waste or destroy each other.

‘————— as doth a galled rock

O'erhang and juttie his *confounded* base.'

King Henry V.

Your potent and infectious fevers heap  
 On Athens, ripe for stroke! thou cold sciatica,  
 Cripple our senators, that their limbs may halt  
 As lamely as their manners! lust and liberty<sup>3</sup>  
 Creep in the minds and marrows of our youth;  
 That 'gainst the stream of virtue they may strive,  
 And drown themselves in riot! itches, blains,  
 Sow all the Athenian bosoms; and their crop  
 Be general leprosy! breath infect breath;  
 That their society, as their friendship, may  
 Be merely poison! Nothing I'll bear from thee,  
 But nakedness, thou détestable town!  
 Take thou that too, with multiplying banns<sup>4</sup>!  
 Timon will to the woods; where he shall find  
 The unkindest beast more kinder than mankind.  
 The gods confound (hear me, you good gods all),  
 The Athenians both within and out that wall!  
 And grant, as Timon grows, his hate may grow  
 To the whole race of mankind, high, and low!  
 Amen. [Exit.]

## SCENE II.

Athens. *A Room in Timon's House.*

*Enter FLAVIUS, with two or three Servants.*

1 *Serv.* Hear you, master steward, where's our master?

Are we undone? cast off? nothing remaining?

*Flav.* Alack, my fellows, what should I say to you!  
 Let me be recorded by the righteous gods,  
 I am as poor as you.

<sup>3</sup> *Liberty* here means *licentiousness* or *libertinism*. So in the *Comedy of Errors* :—

‘ And many such like *liberties* of sin.’

<sup>4</sup> i. e. accumulated curses. *Multiplying* for *multiplied*, the active participle with a passive signification.

**1 Serv.**

## Such a house broke!

**So noble a master fallen! All gone! and not  
One friend, to take his fortune by the arm,  
And go along with him!**

**2 Serv.**

## As we do turn our backs

From our companion, thrown into his grave;  
So his familiars to his buried fortunes <sup>1</sup>  
Slink all away; leave their false vows with him,  
Like empty purses pick'd: and his poor self,  
A dedicated beggar to the air,  
With his disease of all-shunn'd poverty,  
Walks, like contempt, alone.—More of our fellows.

***Enter other Servants.***

**Flav.** All broken implements of a ruin'd house.

**3 *Serv.*** Yet do our hearts wear Timon's livery,  
That see I by our faces; we are fellows still,  
Serving alike in sorrow: Leak'd is our bark;  
And we, poor mates, stand on the dying deck,  
Hearing the surges threat: we must all part  
Into this sea of air.

**Flav.**

**Good fellows all,**

The latest of my wealth I'll share amongst you.  
Wherever we shall meet, for Timon's sake,  
Let's yet be fellows; let's shake our heads, and say,  
As 'twere a knell unto our master's fortunes,  
*We have seen better days.* Let each take some;

**[Giving them money.**

**Nay, put out all your hands. Not one word more:  
Thus part we rich in sorrow, parting poor<sup>2</sup>.**

[*Exeunt* Servants.]

**<sup>1</sup> ‘ So those who were familiar to his buried fortunes, who in the most ample manner participated them, sink all away,’ &c.**

<sup>2</sup> This conceit occurs again in *King Lear* :—

**'Fairest Cordelia, thou art most *rich*, being *poor*.'**

Johnson observes, that 'Nothing contributes more to the ex-

O, the fierce<sup>3</sup> wretchedness that glory brings us !  
 Who would not wish to be from wealth exempt,  
 Since riches point to misery and contempt ?  
 Who'd be so mock'd with glory ? or to live  
 But in a dream of friendship ?  
 To have his pomp, and all what state compounds,  
 But only painted, like his varnish'd friends ?  
 Poor honest lord, brought low by his own heart ;  
 Undone by goodness ! Strange, unusual blood<sup>4</sup>,  
 When man's worst sin is, he does too much good !  
 Who then dares to be half so kind again ?  
 For bounty, that makes gods, does still mar men.  
 My dearest lord,—bless'd, to be most accurs'd,  
 Rich, only to be wretched ;—thy great fortunes  
 Are made thy chief afflictions. Alas, kind lord !  
 He's flung in rage from this ungrateful seat  
 Of monstrous friends : nor has he with him to  
 Supply his life, or that which can command it.  
 I'll follow, and inquire him out :  
 I'll ever serve his mind with my best will ;  
 Whilst I have gold, I'll be his steward still. [*Exit.*]

altation of Timon's character than the zeal and fidelity of his servants ; nothing but real virtue can be honoured by domesticks ; nothing but impartial kindness can gain affection from dependants.'

<sup>3</sup> *Fierce* here means *vehement* ; as in *Love's Labour's Lost*, vol. ii. p. 411 :—

' With all the *fierce* endeavour of your wit.'

See King Henry VIII. Act i. Sc. 1, note 15.

<sup>4</sup> *Blood* is here used for *passion*, *propensity*, *affection*. Malone asserts that ' blood is used for natural propensity or disposition throughout these plays ;' but he has not given a single instance, while we have many passages where it can mean nothing but *passion* or *affection*. Thus in *Much Ado about Nothing*, vol. ii. p. 154 :—' Wisdom and *blood* combating in so tender a body, we have ten proofs to one that blood hath the victory.' And in *All's Well that Ends Well*, Act iii. Sc. 2 :—

' Now his important *blood* will nought deny  
 That she'll demand.'



SCENE III. *The Woods.**Enter* TIMON.

*Tim.* O blessed breeding sun, draw from the earth  
 Rotten humidity; below thy sister's orb<sup>1</sup>  
 Infect the air! Twinn'd brothers of one womb,—  
 Whose procreation, residence, and birth,  
 Scarce is dividant,—touch them with several fortunes;

The greater scorns the lesser. Not nature,  
 To whom all sores lay siege, can bear great fortune,  
 But by contempt of nature<sup>2</sup>:  
 Raise me this beggar, and deny't<sup>3</sup> that lord;  
 The senator shall bear contempt hereditary,  
 The beggar native honour.  
 It is the pasture lards the brother's sides,  
 The want that makes him lean<sup>4</sup>. Who dares, who  
 dares,

<sup>1</sup> That is, the moon's—this *sublunary* world.

<sup>2</sup> 'Brother, when his fortune is enlarged, will scorn brother: such is the general depravity of mankind. Not even beings besieged with misery can bear good fortune without contemning their fellow creatures, above whom accident has elevated them.' But is here used in its exceptive sense, and signifies *without*.

<sup>3</sup> This is the reading of the old copy. Steevens reads '*denude*.' It has been said that there is no antecedent to which '*deny it*' can be referred. I think that it clearly refers to *great fortune* in the preceding sentence, with which I have now connected it, by placing a colon instead of a period at nature. The construction will be, 'Raise me this beggar to *great fortune*, and deny *it* to that lord,' &c.

<sup>4</sup> The folio of 1623 reads:—

'It is the *pastour* lards the brother's sides,  
 The want that makes him *leave*.'

The second folio changes *leave* to *leane*. The probable meaning of the passage as it now stands is, 'Men are courted and flattered according to their riches.' It is the possessions of a man that makes sycophants '*enlards his fat-already pride*;' if he wants wherewith to pasture his flatterers, his vanity will be starved. The poet is still thinking of the rich and poor brother he had before mentioned.

In purity of manhood stand upright,  
 And say, *This man's*<sup>5</sup> *a flatterer?* if one be,  
 So are they all; for every grize<sup>6</sup> of fortune  
 Is smooth'd by that below: the learned pate  
 Ducks to the golden fool: All is oblique;  
 There's nothing level in our cursed natures,  
 But direct villany. Therefore, be abhorr'd  
 All feasts, societies, and throngs of men!  
 His semblable, yea, himself, Timon disdains:  
 Destruction fang<sup>7</sup> mankind!—Earth, yield me roots!  
 [Digging.]

Who seeks for better of thee, sauce his palate  
 With thy most operant poison! What is here?  
 Gold? yellow, glittering; precious gold? No, gods,  
 I am no idle votarist<sup>8</sup>. Roots, you clear heavens<sup>9</sup>!  
 Thus much of this, will make black, white; foul, fair;  
 Wrong, right; base, noble; old, young; coward,  
 valiant.

Ha, you gods! why this? What this, you gods?  
 Why this

Will lug your priests and servants from your sides<sup>10</sup>;  
 Pluck stout men's pillows from below their heads<sup>11</sup>:  
 This yellow slave  
 Will knit and break religions; bless the accurs'd;

<sup>5</sup> *This man* does not refer to any particular person, but to any supposed individual. So in *As You Like It*:—

‘Who can come in and say that I mean her,  
 When such a one as she such is her neighbours.’

<sup>6</sup> *Grize*, step or degree.

<sup>7</sup> i. e. seize, gripe.

<sup>8</sup> No insincere or inconstant supplicant: *gold* will not serve me instead of *roots*.

<sup>9</sup> You *clear* heavens, is you *pure* heavens. So in *Lear*:—

‘—— the *clearest* gods, who make them honours  
 Of men's impossibilities, have preserv'd thee.’

<sup>10</sup> Aristophanes, in his *Plutus*, makes the priest of Jupiter desert his service to live with *Plutus*.

<sup>11</sup> This alludes to an old custom of drawing away the pillow from under the heads of men, in their last agonies, to accelerate their departure.

Make the hoar leprosy ador'd; place thieves,  
 And give them title, knee, and approbation,  
 With senators on the bench: this is it,  
 That makes the wappen'd<sup>12</sup> widow wed again;  
 She, whom the spital-house, and ulcerous sores  
 Would cast the gorge at, this embalms and spices  
 To the April day again<sup>13</sup>. Come, damned earth,  
 Thou common whore of mankind, that put'st odds  
 Among the rout of nations, I will make thee  
 Do thy right nature<sup>14</sup>.—[*March afar off.*]—Ha! a  
 drum?—Thou'rt quick,  
 But yet I'll bury thee: Thou'lt go, strong thief,  
 When gouty keepers of thee cannot stand:—  
 Nay, stay thou out for earnest. [*Keeping some gold.*]

<sup>12</sup> It is not clear what is meant by *wappen'd* in this passage; perhaps *worn out, debilitated*. In Fletcher's *Two Noble Kinsmen* (which tradition says was written in conjunction with Shakspeare), we have *unwappered* in a contrary sense:—

‘————— we prevent  
 The loathsome misery of age, beguile  
 The gout, the rheum, that in lag hours attend  
 For gray approachers: we come toward the gods  
 Young and *unwapper'd*, not halting under crimes  
 Many and stale.’

Grose, in his provincial Glossary, cites *wapper'd* as a Gloucestershire word, and explains it ‘restless or fatigued [perhaps worn out with disease], as spoken of a sick person.’ Steevens cites a passage from Middleton's and Decker's *Roaring Girl*, in which *wappening* and *niggling* are said to be all one. *Niggling*, in cant language, was company keeping with a woman. *Wed* is used for *wedded*. ‘It is gold that induces some one to accept in marriage this “wappen'd widow,” that the inhabitants of a spital-house or those afflicted with ulcerous sores would cast the gorge at, i. e. reject with loathing, were she not gilded o'er by wealth.’

<sup>13</sup> ‘Restores to all the *freshness and sweetness of youth*.’ Youth is called by the old poets the ‘April of man's life.’ Young Fenton, in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, ‘smells April and May.’

<sup>14</sup> i. e. lie in the earth, where nature laid thee; *thou'rt quick*, means thou hast life and motion in thee.

*Enter* ALCIBIADES, *with drum and fife, in warlike manner*; PHRYNIA and TIMANDRA.

*Alcib.* What art thou there?  
Speak.

*Tim.* A beast, as thou art. The canker gnaw thy heart,  
For showing me again the eyes of man!

*Alcib.* What is thy name? Is man so hateful to thee,  
That art thyself a man?

*Tim.* I am *misanthropos*, and hate mankind.  
For thy part, I do wish thou wert a dog,  
That I might love thee something.

*Alcib.* I know thee well;  
But in thy fortunes am unlearn'd and strange.

*Tim.* I know thee too; and more, than that I know thee,  
I not desire to know. Follow thy drum;  
With man's blood paint the ground, gules, gules:  
Religious canons, civil laws are cruel;  
Then what should war be? This fell whore of thine  
Hath in her more destruction than thy sword,  
For all her cherubin look.

*Phr.* Thy lips rot off!

*Tim.* I will not kiss thee; then the rot returns  
To thine own lips again<sup>15</sup>.

*Alcib.* How came the noble Timon to this change?

*Tim.* As the moon does, by wanting light to give:  
But then renew I could not, like the moon;  
There were no suns to borrow of.

*Alcib.* Noble Timon,  
What friendship may I do thee?

<sup>15</sup> This alludes to the old erroneous prevalent opinion, that infection communicated to another left the infector free. 'I will not,' says Timon, 'take the rot from thy lips by kissing thee.' See the fourth satire of Donne.

*Tim.* None, but to  
Maintain my opinion.

*Alcib.* What is it, Timon?

*Tim.* Promise me friendship, but perform none: If  
Thou wilt not promise, the gods plague thee, for  
Thou art a man! if thou dost perform, confound thee,  
For thou'rt a man!

*Alcib.* I have heard in some sort of thy miseries.

*Tim.* Thou saw'st them, when I had prosperity.

*Alcib.* I see them now; then was a blessed time.

*Tim.* As thine is now, held with a brace of harlots.

*Timan.* Is this the Athenian minion, whom the  
world

Voic'd so regardfully?

*Tim.* Art thou Timandra?

*Timan.* Yes.

*Tim.* Be a whore still! they love thee not, that  
use thee;

Give them diseases, leaving with thee their lust.

Make use of thy salt hours: season the slaves

For tubs, and baths; bring down rose-cheeked youth

To the tub-fast, and the diet<sup>16</sup>.

*Timan.* Hang thee, monster!

*Alcib.* Pardon him, sweet Timandra; for his wits  
Are drown'd and lost in his calamities.—

I have but little gold of late, brave Timon,

The want whereof doth daily make revolt

In my penurious band: I have heard, and griev'd,

How cursed Athens, mindless of thy worth,

Forgetting thy great deeds, when neighbour states,

But for thy sword and fortune, trod upon them,—

*Tim.* I pr'ythee, beat thy drum, and get thee gone.

<sup>16</sup> See Act ii. Sc. 2, note 13. The *diet* was a customary term for the *regimen* prescribed in these cases. So in The Mastive, a Collection of Epigrams:—

'She took not *diet* nor the sweat in season.'

*Alcib.* I am thy friend, and pity thee, dear Timon.

*Tim.* How dost thou pity him, whom thou dost trouble?

I had rather be alone.

*Alcib.* Why, fare thee well:

Here's some gold for thee.

*Tim.* Keep't, I cannot eat it.

*Alcib.* When I have laid proud Athens on a heap,——

*Tim.* Warr'st thou 'gainst Athens?

*Alcib.* Ay, Timon, and have cause.

*Tim.* The gods confound them all i' thy conquest;  
and

Thee after, when thou hast conquer'd!

*Alcib.* Why me, Timon?

*Tim.* That,

By killing villains, thou wast born to conquer  
My country.

Put up thy gold; Go on,—here's gold,—go on;

Be as a planetary plague, when Jove

Will o'er some high-vic'd city hang his poison

In the sick air<sup>17</sup>: Let not thy sword skip one:

Pity not honour'd age for his white beard,

He's an usurer: Strike me the counterfeit matron;

It is her habit only that is honest,

Herself's a bawd: Let not the virgin's cheek

Make soft thy trenchant<sup>18</sup> sword; for those milk-  
paps,

That through the window-bars<sup>19</sup> bore at men's eyes,

<sup>17</sup> Warburton justly observes, that this passage is 'wonderfully sublime and picturesque.' The same image occurs in King Richard II.:

'Devouring pestilence hangs in our air.'

<sup>18</sup> Cutting.

<sup>19</sup> By *window-bars* the poet probably means 'the partlet, gorget, or kerchief, which women put about their neck, and pin down over their paps,' sometimes called a *niced*, and translated

Are not within the leaf of pity writ,  
But set them down horrible traitors: Spare not the  
babe,

Whose dimpled smiles from fools exhaust their mercy:  
Think it a bastard<sup>20</sup>, whom the oracle  
Hath doubtfully pronounc'd thy throat shall cut,  
And mince it sans remorse: Swear against objects<sup>21</sup>;  
Put armour on thine ears, and on thine eyes;  
Whose proof, nor yells of mothers, maids, nor babes,  
Nor sight of priests in holy vestments bleeding,  
Shall pierce a jot. There's gold to pay thy soldiers:  
Make large confusion; and, thy fury spent,  
Confounded be thyself! Speak not, be gone.

*Alcib.* Hast thou gold yet? I'll take the gold  
thou giv'st me,  
Not all thy counsel.

*Tim.* Dost thou, or durst thou not, heaven's curse  
upon thee!

*Phr. & Timan.* Give us some gold, good Timon:  
Hast thou more?

*Tim.* Enough to make a whore forswear her trade,  
And to make whores, a bawd<sup>22</sup>. Hold up, you sluts,  
Your aprons mountant: You are not oathable,—  
Although, I know, you'll swear, terribly swear,

Mamillare or fascia pectoralis; and described as made of fine linen: from its semitransparency arose the simile of *window* bars. This is the best explanation I have to offer. The late Mr. Boswell thought that *windows* were used to signify a *woman's breasts*, in a passage he has cited from Weaver's Plantagenet's Tragical Story, but it seems to me doubtful. I can hardly think the passage warrants Johnson's explanation, 'The virgin shows her bosom through the lattice of her chamber.'

<sup>20</sup> An allusion to the tale of Œdipus.

<sup>21</sup> i. e. against objects of charity and compassion. So in *Troilus* and *Cressida*, Ulysses says:—

'For Hector, in his blaze of wrath, subscribes  
To tender *objects*.'

<sup>22</sup> That is 'enough to make whores leave whoring, and a bawd leave making whores.'

Into strong shudders, and to heavenly agues,  
 The immortal gods that hear you,—spare your oaths,  
 I'll trust to your conditions<sup>23</sup>: Be whores still;  
 And he whose pious breath seeks to convert you,  
 Be strong in whore, allure him, burn him up;  
 Let your close fire predominate his smoke,  
 And be no turncoats: Yet may your pains, six  
     months,  
 Be quite contrary<sup>24</sup>: And thatch your poor thin roofs  
 With burdens of the dead;—some that were hang'd<sup>25</sup>,  
 No matter:—wear them, betray with them: whore  
     still;  
 Paint till a horse may mire upon your face:  
 A pox of wrinkles!

<sup>23</sup> *Conditions for dispositions.* See vol. iii. p. 15 and 123.

<sup>24</sup> The meaning of this passage appears to be as Steevens explains it—'Timon had been exhorting them to follow constantly their trade of debauchery, but he interrupts himself and imprecates upon them that for half the year their pains may be quite contrary, that they may suffer such punishment as is usually inflicted upon harlots. He then continues his exhortations.'

<sup>25</sup> The fashion of periwigs for women, which Stowe informs us 'were brought into England about the time of the massacre of Paris,' seems to have been a fertile source of satire. Stubbes, in his *Anatomy of Abuses*, says that it was dangerous for any child to wander, as nothing was more common than for women to entice such as had fine locks into private places, and there to cut them off. In *A Mad World my Masters*, 1608, the custom is decried as unnatural, 'To wear periwigs made of *another's hair*, is not this against kind?' So Drayton, in his *Mooncalf*:—

'And with large sums they stick not to procure  
*Hair from the dead*, yea, and the most unclean;  
 To help their pride they nothing will disdain.'

Shakspeare has reflected upon the custom in his sixty-eighth Sonnet:—

'Before the golden tresses of the dead,  
 The right of sepulchres, were shorn away  
 To live a second life on second head,  
 Ere beauty's dead fleece made another gay.'

Warner, in his *Albion's England*, 1602, b. ix. c. xlvii. is likewise very severe on this fashion.



*Phr. & Timan.* Well, more gold;—What then?—  
Believe't, that we'll do any thing for gold.

*Tim.* Consumptions sow  
In hollow bones of man; strike their sharp shins,  
And mar men's spurring. Crack the lawyer's voice,  
That he may never more false title plead,  
Nor sound his quilllets<sup>26</sup> shrilly: hoarse the flamen<sup>27</sup>,  
That scolds again the quality of flesh,  
And not believes himself: down with the nose,  
Down with it flat; take the bridge quite away  
Of him, that his particular to foresee,  
Smells from the general weal<sup>28</sup>: make curl'd pate  
ruffians bald;

And let the unscarr'd braggarts of the war  
Derive some pain from you: Plague all;  
That your activity may defeat and quell  
The source of all erection.—There's more gold:—  
Do you damn others, and let this damn you,  
And ditches grave<sup>29</sup> you all!

*Phr. & Timan.* More counsel with more money,  
bounteous Timon.

*Tim.* More whore, more mischief first; I have  
given you earnest.

<sup>26</sup> *Quilllets* are subtleties, nice and frivolous distinctions. See Hamlet, Act v. Sc. 1.

<sup>27</sup> The old copy reads '*hoar* the flamen,' which Steevens suggests may mean, give him the *hoary leprosy*. I have not scrupled to insert Upton's reading of *hoarse* into the text, because I think the whole construction of the speech shows that is the word the poet wrote. To afflict him with leprosy would not prevent his *scolding*, to deprive him of his voice by hoarseness might.

<sup>28</sup> To 'foresee his particular' is 'to provide for his private advantage, for which he leaves the right scent of public good.'

<sup>29</sup> To *grave* is to *bury*. The word is now obsolete, but was familiar to our old writers. Thus Chapman in his version of the fifteenth Iliad:—

' — the throtes of dogs shall *grave*  
His manless limbs.'

See vol. v. p. 64, note 11.

*Alcib.* Strike up the drum towards Athens. Farewell, Timon;

If I thrive well, I'll visit thee again.

*Tim.* If I hope well, I'll never see thee more.

*Alcib.* I never did thee harm.

*Tim.* Yes, thou spok'st well of me.

*Alcib.* Call'st thou that harm?

*Tim.* Men daily find it such. Get thee away, And take thy beagles with thee.

*Alcib.* We but offend him.—

Strike. [*Drum beats. Exeunt ALCIBIADES, PHRYNIA, and TIMANDRA.*]

*Tim.* That nature, being sick of man's unkindness, Should yet be hungry!—Common mother, thou, [*Digging.*]

Whose womb unmeasurable, and infinite breast<sup>30</sup>, Teems, and feeds all; whose self-same mettle, Whereof thy proud child, arrogant man, is puff'd, Engenders the black toad, and adder blue, The gilded newt, and eyeless venom'd worm<sup>31</sup>, With all the abhorred births below crisp<sup>32</sup> heaven Whereon Hyperion's quickening fire doth shine; Yield him, who all thy human sons doth hate,

<sup>30</sup> This image (as Warburton ingeniously supposes) would almost make one imagine that Shakspeare was acquainted with some personifications of nature similar to the ancient statues of Diana Ephesia Multimammia. Hesiod calls the earth Γαί' Ερυστερνος.

<sup>31</sup> The serpent which we, from the smallness of the eye, call the *blind-worm*, and the Latins *cæcilia*. So in Macbeth:—

'Adder's fork and *blind-worm's* sting.'

<sup>32</sup> Perhaps Shakspeare meant *curled* (which was synonymous with *crisp*) from the appearance of the clouds. In *The Tempest* Ariel talks of sitting 'on the *curl'd* clouds.' Chaucer, in his *House of Fame*, says:—

'Her heare that was *oundie* and *crips*.'

i. e. *wavy* and *curled*. Again, in *The Philosopher's Satires*, by Robert Anton:—

'Her face as beauteous as the *crisped* morn.'

From forth thy plenteous bosom, one poor root!  
 Ensear thy fertile and conception womb<sup>33</sup>,  
 Let it no more bring out ingrateful man!  
 Go, great with tigers, dragons, wolves, and bears;  
 Teem with new monsters, whom thy upward face  
 Hath to the marbled mansion all above<sup>34</sup>  
 Never presented!—O, a root,—Dear thanks!  
 Dry up thy marrows, vines, and plough-torn leas;  
 Whereof ingrateful man, with liquorish draughts,  
 And morsels unctuous, greases his pure mind,  
 That from it all consideration slips!

*Enter APEMANTUS.*

More man? Plague! plague!

*Apem.* I was directed hither: Men report,  
 Thou dost affect my manners, and dost use them.

*Tim.* 'Tis then, because thou dost not keep a dog  
 Whom I would imitate. Consumption catch thee!

*Apem.* This is in thee a nature but affected;  
 A poor unmanly melancholy, sprung  
 From change of fortune. Why this spade? this place?  
 This slavelike habit? and these looks of care?  
 Thy flatterers yet wear silk, drink wine, lie soft;  
 Hug their diseas'd perfumes<sup>35</sup>, and have forgot  
 That ever Timon was. Shame not these woods,  
 By putting on the cunning of a carper<sup>36</sup>.

<sup>33</sup> So in King Lear:—

'Dry up in her the organs of encrease.'

<sup>34</sup> Thus Milton, b. iii. l. 564:—

'Through the pure marble air.'

Again in Othello:—

'Now by yon marble heaven.'

<sup>35</sup> i. e. their diseased perfumed mistresses. Thus in Othello:—

'Tis such another fitchew; marry, a perfum'd one.'

<sup>36</sup> 'Cunning of a carper' is the fastidiousness of a critic. Shame not these woods, says Apemantus, by coming here to find fault. *Carping momuses* was a general term for ill-natured critics. Beatrice's sarcastic raillery is thus designated by Ursula in *Much Ado About Nothing*:—

'Why sure such carping is not commendable.'

Be thou a flatterer now, and seek to thrive  
 By that which has undone thee: hinge thy knee<sup>37</sup>,  
 And let his very breath, whom thou'lt observe,  
 Blow off thy cap; praise his most vicious strain,  
 And call it excellent: Thou wast told thus;  
 Thou gav'st thine ears, like tapsters, that bid welcome,  
 To knaves, and all approachers: 'Tis most just,  
 That thou turn rascal; hadst thou wealth again,  
 Rascals should have't. Do not assume my likeness.

*Tim.* Were I like thee, I'd throw away myself.

*Apem.* Thou hast cast away thyself, being like  
 thyself;

A madman so long, now a fool: What, think'st  
 That the bleak air, thy boisterous chamberlain,  
 Will put thy shirt on warm? Will these moss'd trees,  
 That have outliv'd the eagle<sup>38</sup>, page thy heels,  
 And skip when thou point'st out? Will the cold  
 brook,

Candied with ice, caudle thy morning taste,  
 To cure thy o'er-night's surfeit? call the creatures,—  
 Whose naked natures live in all the spite  
 Of wreakful heaven; whose bare unhoused trunks,  
 To the conflicting elements expos'd,  
 Answer mere nature<sup>39</sup>,—bid them flatter thee;  
 O! thou shalt find——

*Tim.* A fool of thee: Depart.

*Apem.* I love thee better now than e'er I did.

*Tim.* I hate thee worse.

*Apem.* Why?

*Tim.* Thou flatter'st misery.

*Apem.* I flatter not; but say, thou art a caitiff.

<sup>37</sup> 'To crook the pregnant *hinges* of the *knee*.' *Hamlet*.

<sup>38</sup> *Aquila Senectus* is a proverb. Tuberville, in his *Book of Falconry*, 1575, says that the great age of this bird has been ascertained from the circumstance of its always building its *eyrie* or nest in the same place.

<sup>39</sup> 'And with presented nakedness outface  
 The winds.' *King Lear*, Act ii. Sc. 3.

*im.* Why dost thou seek me out?

*pem.* To vex thee.

*im.* Always a villain's office, or a fool's.  
t please thyself in't?

*pem.* Ay.

*im.* What! a knave too?

*pem.* If thou didst put this sour cold habit on  
castigate thy pride, 'twere well: but thou  
t it enforcedly; thou'dst courtier be again,  
t thou not beggar. Willing misery  
lives incertain pomp, is crown'd before<sup>40</sup>:  
one is filling still, never complete;  
other, at high wish: Best state, contentless,  
h a distracted and most wretched being,  
rse than the worst, content.

u should'st desire to die, being miserable.

*im.* Not by his breath<sup>41</sup>; that is more miserable.  
u art a slave, whom Fortune's tender arm  
h favour never clasp'd; but bred a dog.  
lst thou, like us, from our first swath<sup>42</sup>, pro-  
ceeded

To have wishes *crowned* is to have them *completed*, to be  
nt. The highest fortunes, if contentless, have a wretched  
, worse than that of the most abject fortune accompanied  
ntent.

By his *breath* means by his *voice*, i. e. his *suffrage*.

i. e. from infancy, from the first *swathe-band* with which a  
born infant is enveloped. 'There is in this speech a sullen  
ntiness and malignant dignity, suitable at once to the lord  
he manhater. The impatience with which he bears to have  
luxury reproached by one that never had luxury within his  
, is natural and graceful.' JOHNSON. *O si sic omnia*. In  
onception and expression of this note (says Mr. Pye) we  
the mind and the pen of the author; a collection of such  
by Johnson would have been indeed a commentary worthy  
ritic and the poet. Johnson has adduced a passage some-  
resembling this from a letter written by the unfortunate  
rite of Elizabeth, the Earl of Essex, just before his execu-  
' I had none but divines to call upon me, to whom I said,  
ambition could have entered into their narrow hearts, they

The sweet degrees that this brief world affords  
 To such as may the passive drugs of it<sup>43</sup>  
 Freely command, thou would'st have plung'd thyself  
 In general riot; melted down thy youth  
 In different beds of lust; and never learn'd  
 The icy precepts of respect<sup>44</sup>, but follow'd  
 The sugar'd game before thee. But myself,  
 Who had the world as my confectionary;  
 The mouths, the tongues, the eyes, and hearts of men  
 At duty, more than I could frame employment<sup>45</sup>;  
 That numberless upon me stuck, as leaves  
 Do on the oak, have with one winter's brush  
 Fell from their boughs, and left me open, bare  
 For every storm that blows<sup>46</sup>;—I, to bear this,

would not have been so humble; or if my delights had been once tasted by them, they would not have been so precise.' The rest of this admirable letter is, as Johnson justly observes, 'too serious and solemn to be inserted here without irreverence.' It was very likely to make a deep impression upon Shakspeare's mind. But indeed no one can read it without emotion. Johnson copied his extract from Birch's *Memoirs of Queen Elizabeth*, and has erroneously printed *deceivers* for *divines*.

<sup>43</sup> The old copy reads 'the passive *drugges* of it.' *Drug*, or *drugge*, is only a variation of the orthography of *drudge*, as appears by Baret's *Alvearie*, 'A drivell *drudge*, or kitchin-slave,' edit. 1573: 'A drivell *drugge*, or kitchin-slave,' edit. 1581. Huloet has it 'A *drudge* or *drugge*, a servant which doth all the vile service.'

<sup>44</sup> The cold admonitions of cautious prudence. *Respect* is *regardful consideration*:—

‘ ——— Reason and *respect*

Makes livers pale, and lustihood deject.'

*Troilus and Cressida.*

See vol. iii. p. 97, note 16.

<sup>45</sup> i. e. more than I could frame employment *for*.

<sup>46</sup> 'O summer friendship,  
 Whose flatt'ring leaves that shadow'd us in our  
 Prosperity, with the least gust drop off  
 In the autumn of adversity.'

*Massinger's Maid of Honour.*

Somewhat of the same imagery is found in Shakspeare's seventy-third Sonnet:—

That never knew but better, is some burden :  
 Thy nature did commence in sufferance, time  
 Hath made thee hard in't. Why should'st thou hate  
 men ?

They never flatter'd thee: What hast thou given?  
 If thou wilt curse,—thy father, that poor rag,  
 Must be thy subject: who, in spite, put stuff  
 To some she beggar, and compounded thee  
 Poor rogue hereditary. Hence ! be gone!—  
 If thou hadst not been born the worst of men,  
 Thou hadst been a knave, and flatterer<sup>47</sup>.

*Apem.* Art thou proud yet ?

*Tim.* Ay, that I am not thee.

*Apem.* I, that I was

No prodigal.

*Tim.* I, that I am one now ;  
 Were all the wealth I have, shut up in thee,  
 I'd give thee leave to hang it. Get thee gone.—  
 That the whole life of Athens were in this !

Thus would I eat it. [*Eating a root.*

*Apem.* Here ; I will mend thy feast.  
 [*Offering him something.*

*Tim.* First mend my company, take away thyself.

*Apem.* So I shall mend mine own, by the lack of  
 thine.

' That time of year thou dost in me behold,  
 When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang  
 Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,  
 Bare ruin'd choirs in which the poor birds sing.'

<sup>47</sup> Dryden has quoted two verses of Virgil to show how well he could have written satires. Shakspeare has here given a specimen of the same power, by a line bitter beyond all bitterness, in which Timon tells Apemantus that he had not virtue enough for the vices which he condemns. Dr. Warburton explains *worst* by *lowest*, which somewhat weakens the sense, and yet leaves it sufficiently vigorous.

I have heard Mr. Burke commend the subtlety of discrimination with which Shakspeare distinguishes the present character of Timon from that of Apemantus, whom, to vulgar eyes, he would seem to resemble. JOHNSON.

**Tim.** 'Tis not well mended so, it is but botch'd; If not, I would it were.

**Apem.** What would'st thou have to Athens?

**Tim.** Thee thither in a whirlwind. If thou wilt, Tell them there I have gold; look, so I have.

**Apem.** Here is no use for gold.

**Tim.** The best, and truest:  
For here it sleeps, and does no hired harm.

**Apem.** Where ly'st o'nights, Timon?

**Tim.** Under that's above me.  
Where feed'st thou o'days, Apemantus?

**Apem.** Where my stomach finds meat; or, rather, where I eat it.

**Tim.** 'Would poison were obedient, and knew my mind!

**Apem.** Where would'st thou send it?

**Tim.** To sauce thy dishes.

**Apem.** The middle of humanity thou never knewest, but the extremity of both ends: When thou wast in thy guilt, and thy perfume, they mocked thee for too much curiosity<sup>48</sup>; in thy rags thou knowest none, but art despised for the contrary. There's a medlar for thee, eat it.

**Tim.** On what I hate, I feed not.

**Apem.** Dost hate a medlar?

**Tim.** Ay, though it look like thee.

**Apem.** An thou hadst hated medlers sooner, thou should'st have loved thyself better now. What man didst thou ever know unthrift, that was beloved after his means?

**Tim.** Who, without those means thou talkest of, didst thou ever know beloved?

<sup>48</sup> *Curiosity* is scrupulous exactness, *finical niceness*. Baret explains it *picked diligence*, *Accuratus corporis cultus*. A waiting gentlewoman should flee *affection* or *curiosity*, (i. e. *affectation* or *overniceness*).—*Castiglione's Courtier*, by Sir Thomas Hobby, 1556. It sometimes means scrupulous anxiety, precision.



*Apem.* Myself.

*Tim.* I understand thee; thou hadst some means keep a dog.

*Apem.* What things in the world canst thou nearest compare to thy flatterers?

*Tim.* Women nearest; but men, men are the kings themselves. What would'st thou do with the world, Apemantus, if it lay in thy power?

*Apem.* Give it the beasts, to be rid of the men.

*Tim.* Would'st thou have thyself fall in the confusion of men, and remain a beast with the beasts?

*Apem.* Ay, Timon.

*Tim.* A beastly ambition, which the gods grant thee to attain to! If thou wert the lion, the fox would beguile thee: if thou wert the lamb, the fox would eat thee: if thou wert the fox, the lion would respect thee, when, peradventure, thou wert accused by the ass: if thou wert the ass, thy dulness would torment thee; and still thou livedst but as a breakfast to the wolf: if thou wert the wolf, thy greediness would afflict thee, and oft thou should'st hazard thy life for thy dinner: wert thou the unicorn, pride and wrath would confound thee, and make thine own self the conquest of thy fury<sup>49</sup>: wert thou a bear, thou wouldst be kill'd by the horse: wert thou a horse, thou would'st be seized by the leopard: wert thou a leopard, thou wert german to the lion<sup>50</sup>, and the spots of thy kindred were jurors on thy life: all thy safety were remotion<sup>51</sup>, and thy defence, absence. What beast could'st thou be, that

<sup>49</sup> Alluding to the unicorn's being sometimes overcome from striking his horn into a tree in his furious pursuit of an enemy. See Gesner's History of Animals, and Julius Cæsar, Act ii. Sc. 1, line 24.

<sup>50</sup> This seems to imply that the lion 'bears, like the Turk, no other near the throne.'

<sup>51</sup> Both Steevens and Malone are wrong in their explanation

were not subject to a beast? and what a beast art thou already, that seest not thy loss in transformation?

*Apem.* If thou could'st please me with speaking to me, thou might'st have hit upon it here: The commonwealth of Athens is become a forest of beasts.

*Tim.* How has the ass broke the wall, that thou art out of the city?

*Apem.* Yonder comes a poet, and a painter: The plague of company light upon thee! I will fear to catch it, and give way: When I know not what else to do, I'll see thee again.

*Tim.* When there is nothing living but thee, thou shalt be welcome. I had rather be a beggar's dog, than Apemantus.

*Apem.* Thou art the cap<sup>52</sup> of all the fools alive.

*Tim.* 'Would thou wert clean enough to spit upon.

*Apem.* A plague on thee, thou art too bad to curse.

*Tim.* All villains, that do stand by thee, are pure<sup>53</sup>.

*Apem.* There is no leprosy but what thou speak'st.

*Tim.* If I name thee,—

I'll beat thee,—but I should infect my hands.

*Apem.* I would, my tongue could rot them off!

*Tim.* Away, thou issue of a mangy dog!

Choler does kill me, that thou art alive;

I swoon to see thee.

*Apem.* 'Would thou would'st burst!

*Tim.*

Away,

Thou tedious rogue! I am sorry, I shall lose

A stone by thee.

[*Throws a stone at him.*]

*Apem.* Beast!

of *remotion* here; which is neither 'removing from place to place,' nor 'remoteness;' but '*removing away, removing afar off.*'  
*Remotio.*

<sup>52</sup> i. e. the top, the principal.

<sup>53</sup> See Act iii. Sc. 4, note 4.

*Tim.*

Slave!

*Apem.*

Toad!

*Tim.*

Rogue, rogue, rogue!

[APEMANTUS *retreats backward, as going.*

I am sick of this false world; and will love nought  
But even the mere necessities upon it.

Then, Timon, presently prepare thy grave;  
Lie where the light foam of the sea may beat  
Thy grave-stone daily: make thine epitaph,  
That death in me at others' lives may laugh.  
O thou sweet king-killer, and dear divorce

[*Looking on the gold.*

'Twixt natural son and sire<sup>54</sup>! thou bright defiler  
Of Hymen's purest bed! thou valiant Mars!  
Thou ever young, fresh, lov'd, and delicate wooer,  
Whose blush doth thaw the consecrated snow  
That lies on Dian's lap<sup>55</sup>! thou visible god,  
That solder'st close impossibilities,  
And mak'st them kiss! that speak'st with every  
tongue,

To every purpose! O thou touch<sup>56</sup> of hearts!  
Think, thy slave man rebels; and by thy virtue  
Set them into confounding odds, that beasts  
May have the world in empire!

*Apem.*

'Would 'twere so;—

But not till I am dead!—I'll say thou hast gold:  
Thou wilt be throng'd to shortly.

*Tim.*

Throng'd to?

*Apem.*

Ay.

*Tim.* Thy back, I pr'ythee.

54

Διὰ τῆτον ἐκ ἀδελφός

Διὰ τῆτον ἐ τοκῆς.

*Anacreon.*

<sup>55</sup> Warburton remarks that the imagery here is exquisitely beautiful and sublime.

<sup>56</sup> Touch for touchstone:—

' O Buckingham, now do I play the *touch*,  
To try if thou be'st current gold.'

*Apem.*

Live, and love thy misery!

*Tim.* Long live so, and so die!—I am quit.—

[*Exit APEMANTUS.*

More things like men?—Eat, Timon, and abhor them.

*Enter Thieves*<sup>57</sup>.

1 *Thief.* Where should he have this gold? It is some poor fragment, some slender ort of his remainder: The mere want of gold, and the falling-from of his friends, drove him into this melancholy.

2 *Thief.* It is noised, he hath a mass of treasure.

3 *Thief.* Let us make the assay upon him; if he care not for't, he will supply us easily; If he covetously reserve it, how shall's get it?

2 *Thief.* True; for he bears it not about him, 'tis hid.

1 *Thief.* Is not this he?

*Thieves.* Where?

2 *Thief.* 'Tis his description.

3 *Thief.* He; I know him.

*Thieves.* Save thee, Timon.

*Tim.* Now, thieves?

*Thieves.* Soldiers, not thieves.

*Tim.* Both too; and women's sons.

*Thieves.* We are not thieves, but men that much do want.

*Tim.* Your greatest want is, you want much of men<sup>58</sup>.

<sup>57</sup> The old copy reads 'Enter the *Banditti*.'

<sup>58</sup> The old copy reads:—

'Your greatest want is, you want much of *meat*.'

Theobald proposed 'you want much of *meet*,' i. e. much of what you *ought to be*, much of the qualities *befitting* you as human creatures. Steevens says, perhaps we should read:—

'Your greatest want is, you want much of *me*.'

Your greatest want is that you expect supplies from me, of whom you can reasonably expect nothing. Your necessities are

Why should you want? Behold, the earth hath roots;  
 Within this mile break forth a hundred springs:  
 The oaks bear mast, the briars scarlet hips:  
 The bounteous housewife, nature, on each bush  
 Lays her full mess before you. Want? why want?

1 *Thief*. We cannot live on grass, on berries, water,  
 As beasts, and birds, and fishes.

*Tim*. Nor on the beasts themselves, the birds, and  
 fishes;

You must eat men. Yet thanks I must you con<sup>59</sup>,  
 That you are thieves profess'd; that you work not  
 In holier shapes: for there is boundless theft  
 In limited<sup>60</sup> professions. Rascal thieves,

indeed desperate, when you apply to one in my situation. Dr.  
 Farmer would point the passage differently, thus:—

‘Your greatest want is, you want much. Of meat  
 Why should you want,’ &c.

Johnson thinks the old reading is the true one, saying that  
 ‘Timon tells them their *greatest want is*, that, like other men,  
 they *want much of meat*; then telling them where meat may be  
 had, he asks, *Want? why want?*’ I have adopted Hanmer’s  
 reading, which is surely the true one, being exactly in the spirit  
 of Timon’s sarcastic bitterness, and supported by what he subse-  
 quently says: after telling them where food may be had which  
 will sustain nature, the thieves say ‘We cannot live on grass, on  
 berries, and on water.’ Timon replies, ‘Nor on the beasts, the  
 birds, and fishes; *you must eat men*.’ There is a double meaning  
 implied in *you want much of men*, which is obvious, and much in  
 Shakspeare’s manner. The fact is, that before I was aware that  
 Hanmer had proposed this reading, I had adopted it, from a con-  
 viction that it was what the sense of the passage as well as the  
 context required. I have thought it my duty to lay before the  
 reader the proposed emendations of others, that he may judge  
 for himself.

<sup>59</sup> See vol. iii. p. 305, note 13.

<sup>60</sup> *Limited* professions are *allowed* professions. Thus in Mac-  
 beth:—

‘I’ll make so bold to call, for ’tis my *limited* service.’

I will request the reader to correct my explanation of *limited* in  
 Macbeth, vol. iv. p. 251, note 9, where I have unintentionally  
 allowed the old glossarial explanation to stand, which interprets  
 it *appointed*.

Here's gold: Go, suck the subtle blood of the grape  
 Till the high fever seeth your blood to froth,  
 And so 'scape hanging: trust not the physician;  
 His antidotes are poison, and he slays  
 More than you rob: take wealth and lives together;  
 Do villany, do, since you profess to do't,  
 Like workmen. I'll example you with thievery:  
 The sun's a thief, and with his great attraction  
 Robs the vast sea: the moon's an arrant thief,  
 And her pale fire she snatches from the sun:  
 The sea's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves  
 The moon into salt tears<sup>61</sup>: the earth's a thief,  
 That feeds and breeds by a composture<sup>62</sup> stol'n  
 From general excrement: each thing's a thief;  
 The laws, your curb and whip, in their rough power  
 Have uncheck'd theft. Love not yourselves: away;  
 Rob one another. There's more gold: Cut throats;  
 All that you meet are thieves: To Athens, go,  
 Break open shops; for nothing can you steal,  
 But thieves do lose it: Steal not less, for this  
 I give you; and gold confound you howsoever!  
 Amen. [TIMON retires to his Cave.

<sup>61</sup> The moon is called the *moist* star in Hamlet, and the poet in the last scene of *The Tempest* has shown that he was acquainted with her influence on the *tides*. The *watery beams* of the moon are spoken of in *Romeo and Juliet*. The sea is therefore said to *resolve* her into *salt tears*, in allusion to the flow of the tides, and perhaps of her influence upon the weather, which she is said to govern. There is an allusion to the lachrymose nature of the planet in the following apposite passage in *King Richard III.*:—

‘That I, being govern’d by the *wat’ry moon*,

May bring forth plenteous *tears* to drown the world.’

In the play of *Albumazar*, the original of which is *Lo Astrologo*, by Baptista Porta, printed at Venice in 1606, there is a passage which contains similar examples of thievery, beginning ‘The world’s a theatre of theft,’ &c. And the ode of Anacreon, which seems to have furnished the first idea of all similar passages, had been Englished by John Southern, from the French of Ronsard, previous to 1589.

<sup>62</sup> i. e. compost, manure,

3 *Thief*. He has almost charmed me from my profession, by persuading me to it.

1 *Thief*. 'Tis in the malice of mankind, that he thus advises us; not to have us thrive in our mystery.

2 *Thief*. I'll believe him as an enemy, and give over my trade.

1 *Thief*. Let us first see peace in Athens: There is no time so miserable, but a man may be true<sup>63</sup>.

[*Exeunt Thieves.*]

*Enter FLAVIUS.*

*Flav.* O you gods!  
Is yon despis'd and ruinous man my lord?  
Full of decay and failing? O monument  
And wonder of good deeds evilly bestow'd!  
What an alteration of honour<sup>64</sup> has  
Desperate want made!  
What viler thing upon the earth, than friends,  
Who can bring noblest minds to basest ends!  
How rarely<sup>65</sup> does it meet with this time's guise,  
When man was wish'd<sup>66</sup> to love his enemies:  
Grant, I may ever love, and rather woo  
Those that would mischief me, than those that do!  
He has caught me in his eye: I will present  
My honest grief unto him; and, as my lord,  
Still serve him with my life.—My dearest master!

<sup>63</sup> 'There is no hour in a man's life so wretched but he always has it in his power to become *true*, i. e. honest.'

<sup>64</sup> An alteration of honour, is an alteration of an honourable state to a state of disgrace.

<sup>65</sup> How rarely, i. e. how admirably. So in *Much Ado About Nothing*, Act iii. Sc. 1, 'how rarely featur'd.'

<sup>66</sup> i. e. desired. See vol. ii. p. 159, note 4. *Friends* and *enemies* here mean those who *profess friendship* and *profess enmity*. The proverb 'Defend me from my *friends*, and from my *enemies* I will defend myself,' is a sufficient comment on this passage.

TIMON comes forward from his Cave.

*Tim.* Away! what art thou?

*Flav.* Have you forgot me, sir?

*Tim.* Why dost ask that? I have forgot all men;  
Then, if thou grant'st thou'rt a man, I have forgot  
thee.

*Flav.* An honest poor servant of yours.

*Tim.* Then

I know thee not: I ne'er had honest man  
About me, I; all that I kept were knaves,  
To serve in meat to villains.

*Flav.* The gods are witness,  
Ne'er did poor steward wear a truer grief  
For his undone lord, than mine eyes for you.

*Tim.* What, dost thou weep?—Come nearer;—  
then I love thee,

Because thou art a woman, and disclaim'st  
Flinty mankind; whose eyes do never give<sup>67</sup>,  
But thorough lust, and laughter. Pity's sleeping;  
Strange times, that weep with laughing, not with  
weeping!

*Flav.* I beg of you to know me, good my lord,  
To accept my grief, and, whilst this poor wealth lasts,  
To entertain me as your steward still.

*Tim.* Had I a steward so true, so just, and now  
So comfortable? It almost turns  
My dangerous nature mild<sup>68</sup>. Let me behold

<sup>67</sup> To give is to yield, to give way to tears.

<sup>68</sup> The old copy reads:—

‘ ——— It almost turns

My dangerous nature wild.’

The emendation is Warburton's. Timon's *dangerous* nature is his *savage wildness*, a species of *frenzy* induced by the baseness and ingratitude of the world. So in Antony and Cleopatra:—

‘ The *ingratitude* of this Seleucus does

Even make me *wild*.’

It would be idle to talk of turning a ‘ dangerous nature wild;’



Thy face.—Surely this man was born of woman.—  
 Forgive my general and exceptless rashness,  
 You perpetual-sober gods! I do proclaim  
 One honest man,—mistake me not,—but one;  
 No more, I pray,—and he is a steward.—  
 How fain would I have hated all mankind,  
 And thou redeem'st thyself: But all, save thee,  
 I fell with curses.

Methinks thou art more honest now, than wise;  
 For, by oppressing and betraying me,  
 Thou might'st have sooner got another service:  
 For many so arrive at second masters,  
 Upon their first lord's neck. But tell me true  
 (For I must ever doubt, though ne'er so sure),  
 Is not thy kindness subtle, covetous,  
 If not<sup>69</sup> a usuring kindness; and as rich men deal gifts,  
 Expecting in return twenty for one?

*Flav.* No, my most worthy master, in whose breast  
 Doubt and suspect, alas, are plac'd too late:  
 You should have fear'd false times, when you did  
 feast:

Suspect still comes where an estate is least.  
 That which I show, heaven knows, is merely love,  
 Duty and zeal to your unmatched mind,  
 Care of your food and living: and, believe it,  
 My most honour'd lord,  
 For any benefit that points to me,  
 Either in hope, or present, I'd exchange  
 For this one wish, That you had power and wealth  
 To requite me, by making rich yourself.

*Tim.* Look thee, 'tis so!—Thou singly honest man,

the kindness and fidelity of Timon's steward was more likely to soften and compose him; and he does indeed show himself more *mild* and gentle to Flavius in consequence, being moved by the tears of his affectionate servant.

<sup>69</sup> I think with Mr. Tyrwhitt that *If not* has slipped in here by an error of the compositor, caught from the *Is not* of the preceding line. Both sense and metre would be better without it.



*Pain.* Certain: Alcibiades reports it; Phrynia and Timandra had gold of him: he likewise enriched poor straggling soldiers with great quantity: 'Tis said, he gave unto his steward a mighty sum.

*Poet.* Then this breaking of his has been but a try for his friends.

*Pain.* Nothing else; you shall see him a palm in Athens again, and flourish with the highest. Therefore, 'tis not amiss, we tender our loves to him, in this supposed distress of his: it will show honestly in us; and is very likely to load our purposes with what they travel for, if it be a just and true report that goes of his having.

*Poet.* What have you now to present unto him?

*Pain.* Nothing at this time but my visitation: only I will promise him an excellent piece.

*Poet.* I must serve him so too; tell him of an intent that's coming toward him.

*Pain.* Good as the best. Promising is the very air o'the time: it opens the eyes of expectation; performance is ever the duller for his act; and, but in the plainer and simpler kind of people, the deed of saying<sup>2</sup> is quite out of use. To promise is most courtly and fashionable: performance is a kind of will or testament, which argues a great sickness in his judgment that makes it

*Tim.* Excellent workman! Thou canst not paint a man so bad as is thyself.

*Poet.* I am thinking, what I shall say I have provided for him: It must be a personating<sup>3</sup> of himself: a satire against the softness of prosperity;

<sup>2</sup> The doing of that we have said we would do. Thus in Hamlet:—

‘As he in his peculiar act and force  
May give his *saying deed*.’

<sup>3</sup> *Personating* for *representing* simply. The subject of this projected satire was Timon's case, not his person.

with a discovery of the infinite flatteries, that follow youth and opulency.

*Tim.* Must thou needs stand for a villain in thine own work? Wilt thou whip thine own faults in other men? Do so, I have gold for thee.

*Poet.* Nay, let's seek him:  
Then do we sin against our own estate,  
When we may profit meet, and come too late.

*Pain.* True;  
When the day serves, before black-corner'd night<sup>4</sup>,  
Find what thou want'st by free and offer'd light.  
Come.

*Tim.* I'll meet you at the turn. What a god's gold,  
That he is worship'd in a baser temple,  
Than where swine feed!  
'Tis thou that rigg'st the bark, and plough'st the  
foam;

Settlest admired reverence in a slave:  
To thee be worship! and thy saints for aye  
Be crown'd with plagues, that thee alone obey!  
'Fit I do meet them. [Advancing.]

*Poet.* Hail, worthy Timon!

*Pain.* Our late noble master.

*Tim.* Have I once liv'd to see two honest men?

*Poet.* Sir,  
Having often of your open bounty tasted,

<sup>4</sup> 'Black-corner'd night.' Many conjectures have been offered about this passage, which appears to me a corruption of the text. Some have proposed to read *black-coned*, alluding to the conical form of the earth's shadow; others *black-crown'd*, and *black-cover'd*. It appears to me that it should be *black-curtain'd*. We have 'the blanket of the dark' in *Macbeth*, 'Night's *black mantle*' in the Third Part of *King Henry VI.* and the First Part of the same drama:—

' ————— night is fled,

Whose *pitchy mantle* overveil'd the earth.'

I cannot think with Steevens that 'Night as obscure as a *dark corner*' is meant.

ring you were retir'd, your friends fall'n off,  
 ose thankless natures—O abhorred spirits!  
 all the whips of heaven are large enough—  
 at! to you!

ose starlike nobleness gave life and influence  
 heir whole being! I'm rapt, and cannot cover  
 monstrous bulk of this ingratitude  
 h any size of words.

*im.* Let it go naked, men may see't the better:  
 t, that are honest, by being what you are,  
 e them best seen, and known.

*ain.* He, and myself,  
 e travell'd in the great shower of your gifts,  
 l sweetly felt it.

*im.* Ay, you are honest men.

*ain.* We are hither come to offer you our service.

*im.* Most honest men! Why, how shall I requite  
 you?

you eat roots, and drink cold water? no.

*oth.* What we can do, we'll do, to do you ser-  
 vice.

*im.* You are honest men: You have heard that  
 I have gold:

sure you have: speak truth; you are honest men.

*ain.* So it is said, my noble lord: but therefore  
 e not my friend, nor I.

*im.* Good honest men:—Thou draw'st a coun-  
 terfeit<sup>5</sup>

in all Athens: thou art, indeed, the best;  
 i counterfeit'st most lively.

*ain.* So, so, my lord.

*im.* Even so, sir, as I say:—And, for thy fiction,  
 [To the Poet.

, thy verse swells with stuff so fine and smooth,  
 should be remembered that a portrait was called a coun-

That thou art even natural in thine art.—

But, for all this, my honest natur'd friends,  
I must needs say you have a little fault:

Marry, 'tis not monstrous in you; neither wish I,  
You take much pains to mend.

*Both.* Beseech your honour,  
To make it known to us.

*Tim.* You'll take it ill.

*Both.* Most thankfully, my lord.

*Tim.* Will you, indeed?

*Both.* Doubt it not, worthy lord.

*Tim.* There's ne'er a one of you but trusts a knave,  
That mightily deceives you.

*Both.* Do we, my lord?

*Tim.* Ay, and you hear him cog, see him dis-  
semble,

Know his gross patchery, love him, feed him,  
Keep in your bosom: yet remain assur'd,  
That he's a made-up villain<sup>6</sup>.

*Pain.* I know none such, my lord.

*Poet.* Nor I.

*Tim.* Look you, I love you well; I'll give you gold,  
Rid me these villains from your companies:  
Hang them, or stab them, drown them in a draught<sup>7</sup>,  
Confound them by some course, and come to me,  
I'll give you gold enough.

*Both.* Name them, my lord, let's know them.

*Tim.* You that way, and you this, but two in  
company:—

Each man apart, all single and alone,  
Yet an arch villain keeps him company<sup>8</sup>.

<sup>6</sup> i. e. a complete, a finished villain.

<sup>7</sup> i. e. a jakes.

<sup>8</sup> The plain and simple meaning of this is 'where each of you is, a villain must be in his company, because you are both of you arch villains,' therefore a villain goes with you everywhere. Thus in *Promos and Cassandra*, 1578, 'Go, and a knave with thee.'

If, where thou art, two villains shall not be,  
[*To the Painter.*

Come not near him.—If thou wouldst not reside  
[*To the Poet.*

But where one villain is, then him abandon.—  
Hence! pack! there's gold, ye came for gold, ye  
slaves:

You have done work for me, there's payment:  
Hence<sup>9</sup>!

You are an alchymist, make gold of that:—  
Out, rascal dogs!

[*Exit, beating and driving them out.*

## SCENE II. *The same.*

*Enter FLAVIUS, and two Senators.*

*Flav.* It is in vain that you would speak with  
Timon;

For he is set so only to himself,  
That nothing but himself, which looks like man,  
Is friendly with him.

*1 Sen.* Bring us to his cave:  
It is our part, and promise to the Athenians,  
To speak with Timon.

*2 Sen.* At all times alike  
Men are not still the same: 'Twas time, and griefs,  
That fram'd him thus: time, with his fairer hand,  
Offering the fortunes of his former days,  
The former man may make him: Bring us to him,  
And chance it as it may.

*Flav.* Here is his cave.—  
Peace and content be here! Lord Timon! Timon!  
Look out, and speak to friends: The Athenians,  
By two of their most reverend senate, greet thee:  
Speak to them, noble Timon.

<sup>9</sup> The word done is omitted by accident in the old copy. This line is addressed to the painter, the next to the poet.

*Enter TIMON.*

*Tim.* Thou sun, that comfort'st, burn!—Speak,  
and be hang'd :

For each true word, a blister ! and each false  
Be as a caut'ring to the root o'the tongue,  
Consuming it with speaking !

1 *Sen.* Worthy Timon—

*Tim.* Of none but such as you, and you of Timon.

2 *Sen.* The senators of Athens greet thee, Timon.

*Tim.* I thank them ; and would send them back  
the plague,  
Could I but catch it for them.

1 *Sen.* O, forget  
What we are sorry for ourselves in thee.  
The senators, with one consent of love<sup>1</sup>,  
Entreat thee back to Athens ; who have thought  
On special dignities, which vacant lie  
For thy best use and wearing.

2 *Sen.* They confess,  
Toward thee, forgetfulness too general, gross :  
Which<sup>2</sup> now the publick body,—which doth seldom  
Play the recanter,—feeling in itself  
A lack of Timon's aid, hath sense withal  
Of its own fall<sup>3</sup>, restraining aid to Timon ;  
And send forth us, to make their sorrowed render<sup>4</sup>,

<sup>1</sup> With one *united voice* of affection. So in Sternhold's version of the hundredth Psalm.—

‘ With one *consent* let all the earth.’

<sup>2</sup> Which should be *and*. It is now vain to inquire whether the mistake be attributable to the poet or to a careless transcriber or printer, but in such a glaring error as this, it is but charitable to suppose of the last.

<sup>3</sup> The Athenians have a sense of *the danger* of their own fall by the arms of Alcibiades, by their *withholding* aid that should have been given to Timon.

<sup>4</sup> *Render* is *confession*. So in *Cymbeline*, Act iv. Sc. 4 :—

‘ ————— may drive us to a *render*

Where we have liv'd.’



Together with a recompense more fruitful  
 Than their offence can weigh down by the dram;  
 Ay, even such heaps and sums of love and wealth,  
 As shall to thee blot out what wrongs were theirs,  
 And write in thee the figures of their love,  
 Ever to read them thine.

*Tim.* You witch me in it;  
 Surprise me to the very brink of tears :  
 Lend me a fool's heart, and a woman's eyes,  
 And I'll bewEEP these comforts, worthy senators.

1 *Sen.* Therefore, so please thee to return with us,  
 And of our Athens (thine, and ours) to take  
 The captainship, thou shalt be met with thanks,  
 Allow'd<sup>5</sup> with absolute power, and thy good name  
 Live with authority :—so soon we shall drive back  
 Of Alcibiades the approaches wild ;  
 Who, like a boar too savage, doth root up  
 His country's peace<sup>6</sup>.

2 *Sen.* And shakes his threat'ning sword  
 Against the walls of Athens.

1 *Sen.* Therefore, Timon,—

*Tim.* Well, sir, I will; therefore, I will, sir;  
 Thus,—  
 If Alcibiades kill my countrymen,  
 Let Alcibiades know this of Timon,  
 That—Timon cares not. But if he sack fair Athens,  
 And take our goodly aged men by the beards,  
 Giving our holy virgins to the stain  
 Of contumelious, beastly, mad-brain'd war ;  
 Then, let him know,—and tell him, Timon speaks it,

<sup>5</sup> *Allowed* here signifies *confirmed*. 'To *approove* or *confirme*. *Ratum habere aliquid.*' *Baret*. This word is generally used by our old writers in the sense of *approved*, and I am doubtful whether it has been rightly explained in other places of these dramas by *licensed*. An *allowed* fool, I think, means an *approved* fool, a *confirmed* fool. See vol. i. p. 223, vol. ii. p. 396.

<sup>6</sup> This image may have been caught from Psalm lxxx. 13.

In pity of our aged, and our youth,  
 I cannot choose but tell him, that—I care not,  
 And let him tak't at worst; for their knives care not,  
 While you have throats to answer; for myself,  
 There's not a whittle<sup>7</sup> in the unruly camp,  
 But I do prize it at my love, before  
 The reverend'st throat in Athens. So I leave you  
 To the protection of the prosperous gods<sup>8</sup>,  
 As thieves to keepers.

*Flav.* Stay not, all's in vain.

*Tim.* Why, I was writing of my epitaph,  
 It will be seen to-morrow; My long sickness  
 Of health<sup>9</sup>, and living, now begins to mend,  
 And nothing brings me all things. Go, live still;  
 Be Alcibiades your plague, you his,  
 And last so long enough!

*1 Sen.* We speak in vain.

*Tim.* But yet I love my country; and am not  
 One that rejoices in the common wreck,  
 As common bruit<sup>10</sup> doth put it.

*1 Sen.* That's well spoke.

*Tim.* Commend me to my loving countrymen,—

*1 Sen.* These words become your lips as they pass  
 through them.

*2 Sen.* And enter in our ears, like great triumphers  
 In their applauding gates.

<sup>7</sup> A *whittle* is a clasp knife. The word is still provincially in use.

<sup>8</sup> 'The *prosperous* gods' undoubtedly here mean the *propitious* or *favourable* gods, *Dii secundi*. Thus in *Othello*, Act i. Sc. 3:—

'To my unfolding lend your *prosperous* ear.'

In which passage the quarto of 1622 reads 'a *gracious* ear.' So in *The Winter's Tale*, Act ii. Sc. 3:—

'——— Sir, be *prosperous*

In more than this deed doth require.'

<sup>9</sup> He means 'the disease of life begins to promise me a period.'

<sup>10</sup> Report, rumour.

*Tim.* Commend me to them ;  
 And tell them, that, to ease them of their griefs,  
 Their fears of hostile strokes, their aches, losses,  
 Their pangs of love<sup>11</sup>, with other incident throes  
 That nature's fragile vessel doth sustain  
 In life's uncertain voyage, I will some kindness do  
 them :

I'll teach them to prevent wild Alcibiades' wrath.

2 *Sen.* I like this well, he will return again.

*Tim.* I have a tree, which grows here in my close,  
 That mine own use invites me to cut down,  
 And shortly must I fell it; Tell my friends,  
 Tell Athens, in the sequence of degree,  
 From high to low throughout, that whoso please  
 To stop affliction, let him take his haste,  
 Come hither, ere my tree hath felt the axe,  
 And hang himself<sup>12</sup>:—I pray you, do my greeting.

*Flav.* Trouble him no further, thus you still shall  
 find him.

*Tim.* Come not to me again: but say to Athens,  
 Timon hath made his everlasting mansion  
 Upon the beached verge of the salt flood;  
 Whom once a day with his embossed froth<sup>13</sup>  
 The turbulent surge shall cover; thither come,

<sup>11</sup> Compare this part of Timon's speech with part of the celebrated soliloquy in Hamlet.

<sup>12</sup> This was suggested by a passage in Plutarch's Life of Antony, where it is said Timon addressed the people of Athens in similar terms from the public tribune in the market place. See also The Palace of Pleasure, vol. i. Nov. 28.

<sup>13</sup> The first folio reads *who*. It was altered to *which* in the second folio. Malone reads *whom*, saying it refers to *Timon*, and not to his grave; as appears from The Palace of Pleasure:—'By his last will he ordained himselfe to be interred upon the sea shore, that the waves and surges might beate and vexe his dead carcas.'

*Embossed froth* is *foaming, puffed or blown up froth*. See vol. iii. p. 342, note 7. Among our ancestors 'a boss or a bubble of water when it raineth, or the pot seetheth,' were used indifferently.

And let my grave-stone be your oracle.—  
 Lips, let sour words go by, and language end :  
 What is amiss, plague and infection mend !  
 Graves only be men's works ; and death, their gain !  
 Sun, hide thy beams ! Timon hath done his reign.

[*Exit* TIMON.]

1 *Sen.* His discontents are unremoveably  
 Coupled to nature.

2 *Sen.* Our hope in him is dead : let us return,  
 And strain what other means is left unto us  
 In our dear<sup>14</sup> peril.

1 *Sen.* It requires swift foot. [*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III. *The Walls of Athens.*

*Enter Two Senators, and a Messenger.*

1 *Sen.* Thou hast painfully discover'd ; are his files  
 As full as thy report ?

*Mess.* I have spoke the least :  
 Besides, his expedition promises  
 Present approach.

2 *Sen.* We stand much hazard, if they bring not  
 Timon.

*Mess.* I met a courier, one mine ancient friend :—  
 Whom, though in general part we were oppos'd,  
 Yet our old love made a particular force,  
 And made us speak like friends<sup>1</sup> :—this man was  
 riding

<sup>14</sup> So in *Twelfth Night*, Act v. Sc. 1, vol. i. p. 382 :—

' Whom thou in terms so bloody and so dear  
 Hast made thy enemies.'

See note on that passage. Again, in *Love's Labour's Lost*, vol. ii. p. 411 :—

' Deaf'd with the clamour of their own *dear* groans.'

<sup>1</sup> This passage Steevens, with great reason, considers corrupt, the awkward repetition of the verb *made*, and the obscurity of the whole, countenances his opinion. Might we not read :—

' Yet our old love *had* a particular force,  
 . And made us speak like friends.'

From Alcibiades to Timon's cave,  
With letters of entreaty, which imported  
His fellowship i'the cause against your city,  
In part for his sake mov'd.

*Enter Senators from TIMON.*

1 *Sen.* Here come our brothers.

3 *Sen.* No talk of Timon, nothing of him expect.—  
The enemies' drum is heard, and fearful scouring  
Doth choke the air with dust: in and prepare;  
Ours is the fall, I fear, our foes, the snare. [*Exeunt,*

#### SCENE IV.

*The Woods. Timon's Cave, and a Tombstone seen.*

*Enter a Soldier, seeking Timon.*

*Sol.* By all description this should be the place.  
Who's here? speak, ho!—No answer?—What is  
this?

Timon is dead, who hath outstretch'd his span:  
Some beast rear'd this<sup>1</sup>; there does not live a man.  
Dead, sure; and this his grave.—

What's on this tomb I cannot read; the character  
I'll take with wax.

Our captain hath in every figure skill;  
An ag'd interpreter, though young in days:  
Before proud Athens he's set down by this,  
Whose fall the mark of his ambition is. [*Exit,*

<sup>1</sup> The old copy has 'Some beast *read* this.' The emendation is Warburton's. It is evident that the soldier, when he first sees Timon's everlasting dwelling, does not know it to be a *tomb*. He concludes Timon must be dead, because he receives no answer. It is evident that when he utters the words *some beast*, &c. he has not seen the inscription. 'What can this be? (says the soldier) Timon is certainly dead: Some beast must have rear'd this; a man could not *live* in it. Yes, he is dead sure enough, and *this must be his tomb*; What is this writing upon it?'

SCENE V. *Before the Walls of Athens.*

*Trumpets sound. Enter ALCIBIADES, and Forces.*

*Alcib.* Sound to this coward and lascivious town  
Our terrible approach. *[A parley sounded.]*

*Enter Senators on the Walls.*

Till now you have gone on, and fill'd the time  
With all licentious measure, making your wills  
The scope of justice ; till now, myself, and such  
As slept within the shadow of your power,  
Have wander'd with our travers'd arms<sup>1</sup>, and  
breath'd

Our sufferance vainly : Now the time is flush<sup>2</sup>,  
When crouching marrow, in the bearer strong,  
Cries, of itself, *No more* : now breathless wrong  
Shall sit and pant in your great chairs of ease ;  
And pury insolence shall break his wind,  
With fear and horrid flight.

1 *Sen.* Noble and young,  
When thy first griefs were but a mere conceit,  
Ere thou hadst power, or we had cause of fear,  
We sent to thee ; to give thy rages balm,  
To wipe out our ingratitude with loves  
Above their quantity<sup>3</sup>.

2 *Sen.* So did we woo  
Transformed Timon to our city's love,  
By humble message, and by promis'd means<sup>4</sup> ;

<sup>1</sup> *Travers'd arms* are arms crossed. The image occurs in *The Tempest* :—

‘ His arms in this sad knot.’

<sup>2</sup> Flush is *mature*, ripe, or come to full perfection.

<sup>3</sup> *Their* refers to *griefs*. ‘ To give thy rages balm’ must be considered as parenthetical.

<sup>4</sup> i. e. by promising him a competent subsistence.



With those that have offended : like a shepherd,  
Approach the fold, and cull the infected forth,  
But kill not all together.

2 *Sen.* What thou wilt,  
Thou rather shalt enforce it with thy smile,  
Than hew to't with thy sword.

1 *Sen.* Set but thy foot  
Against our rampir'd gates, and they shall ope ;  
So thou wilt send thy gentle heart before,  
To say, thou'lt enter friendly.

2 *Sen.* Throw thy glove ;  
Or any token of thine honour else,  
That thou wilt use the wars as thy redress,  
And not as our confusion, all thy powers  
Shall make their harbour in our town, till we  
Have seal'd thy full desire.

*Alcib.* Then there's my glove ;  
Descend, and open your uncharged ports<sup>9</sup> ;  
Those enemies of Timon's, and mine own,  
Whom you yourself shall set out for reproof,  
Fall, and no more : and,—to atone<sup>10</sup> your fears  
With my more noble meaning,—not a man  
Shall pass his quarter, or offend the stream  
Of regular justice in your city's bounds,  
But shall be remedied, to your public laws  
At heaviest answer<sup>11</sup>.

<sup>9</sup> i. e. *Unattacked gates*.

<sup>10</sup> i. e. to *reconcile* them to it. The general sense of this word in Shakspeare. Thus in *Cymbeline* :—' I was glad I did *atone* my countryman and you.'

<sup>11</sup> All attempts to extract a meaning from this passage as it stands must be vain. We should certainly read :—

' But shall be *remitted* to your public laws  
At heaviest answer.'

It is evident that the context requires a word of this import *remanded* might serve. The comma at *remedied* is not in the old copy. *Remedied to*, as Steevens observes, is nonsense. Johnson's explanation will then serve, ' Not a soldier shall quit his station or commit any violence, but he shall answer it regularly to the law.'



*Both.*

'Tis most nobly spoken.

*Alcib.* Descend, and keep your words.

*The Senators descend, and open the Gates.*

*Enter a Soldier.*

*Sol.* My noble general, Timon is dead:

Entomb'd upon the very hem o'the sea:

And on his gravestone, this insculpture; which

With wax I brought away, whose soft impression

Interprets for my poor ignorance.

*Alcib.* [Reads.] *Here lies a wretched corse, of  
wretched soul bereft:*

*Seek not my name: A plague consume you wicked  
caitiffs left!*

*Here lie I Timon; who, alive, all living men did  
hate:*

*Pass by, and curse thy fill; but pass, and stay not  
here thy gait*<sup>12</sup>.

These well express in thee thy latter spirits:

Though thou abhorr'dst in us our human griefs,

Scorn'dst our brains flow<sup>13</sup>, and those our droplets  
which

From niggard nature fall, yet rich conceit

Taught thee to make vast Neptune weep for aye

On thy low grave, on faults forgiven. Dead

Is noble Timon; of whose memory

Hereafter more.—Bring me into your city,

<sup>12</sup> This epitaph is formed out of two distinct epitaphs in North's Plutarch. The first couplet is there said to have been composed by Timon himself; the second by the poet Callimachus. The epithet *caitiffs* was probably suggested by another epitaph, to be found in Kendal's Flowers of Epigrammes, 1577, and in the Palace of Pleasure, vol. i. Nov. 28.

<sup>13</sup> So in Drayton's Miracles of Moses:—

'But he from rocks that fountains can command,  
Cannot yet stay the fountains of his brain.'

And I will use the olive with my sword :  
Make war breed peace ; make peace stint<sup>14</sup> war ;  
make each  
Prescribe to other, as each other's leech<sup>15</sup>.  
Let our drums strike. [*Exeunt.*

<sup>14</sup> Stop.

<sup>15</sup> Physician.

---

THE play of TIMON is a domestick tragedy, and therefore strongly fastens on the attention of the reader. In the plan there is not much art, but the incidents are natural, and the characters various and exact. The catastrophe affords a very powerful warning against that ostentatious liberality, which scatters bounty, but confers no benefits ; and buys flattery, but not friendship.

In this tragedy are many passages perplexed, obscure, and probably corrupt, which I have endeavoured to rectify, or explain with due diligence ; but having only one copy, cannot promise myself that my endeavours shall be much applauded.

JOHNSON.

# CORIOLANUS.



*Volunna.* Even he, your wife, this lady, and myself,  
Are suitors to you.

ACT v. Sc. 3.

---

FROM THE CHISWICK PRESS.

1826.



# Coriolanus.



## PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

IN this play the narration of Plutarch, in the Life of Coriolanus, is very exactly followed; and it has been observed that the poet shows consummate skill in knowing how to seize the true poetical point of view of the historical circumstances, without changing them in the least degree. His noble Roman is indeed worthy of the name, and his mob such as a Roman mob doubtless were; such as every great city has possessed from the time of the polished Athenians to that of modern Paris, where such scenes have been exhibited by a people collectively considered the politest on earth, as shows that 'the many headed multitude' have the same turbulent spirit, when there is an exciting cause, in all ages.

Shakspeare has extracted amusement from this popular humour, and with the aid of the pleasant satirical vein of Menenius has relieved the serious part of the play with some mirthful scenes, in which it is certain the people's folly is not spared.

The character of Coriolanus, as drawn by Plutarch, was happily suited to the drama, and in the hands of Shakspeare could not fail of exciting the highest interest and sympathy in the spectator. He is made of that stern unbending stuff which usually enters into the composition of a hero: accustomed to conquest and triumph, his inflexible spirit could not stoop to solicit by flattering condescension what it felt that its worthy services ought to command:

' ————— he was  
A noble servant to them; but he could not  
Carry his honours even: —————  
————— commanding peace  
Even with the same austerity and garb  
As he controll'd the war.'

He hated flattery; and his sovereign contempt for the people arose from having witnessed their pusillanimity; though he loved 'the bubble reputation,' and would have grappled with fate for honour, he hated the breath of vulgar applause as 'the reek o' the rotten fens.'

He knew that his actions must command the good opinion of

men; but his modesty shrunk from their open declaration it: he could not bear to hear 'his nothings monstered:'

' — Pray you, no more: my mother,  
Who has a charter to extol her blood,  
When she does praise me, grieves me.'

But yet his pride was his greatest characteristic:

' Which out of daily fortune ever taints  
The happy man.'

This it was that made him seek distinction from the ordinary herd of popular heroes; his honour must be won by difficult and daring enterprise, and worn in silence. It was this pride which was his overthrow; and from which the moral of the piece is to be drawn. He had thrown himself with the noble and confiding magnanimity of a hero into the hands of an enemy, knowing that the truly brave are ever generous; but two suns cannot shine in one hemisphere; Tullus Aufidius found he was darkened by his light, and he exclaims:—

' — He bears himself more proudlier  
Even to my person than I thought he would  
When I did first embrace him: Yet his nature  
In that's no changeling.'

The closeness with which Shakspeare has followed his original, Sir Thomas North's translation of Plutarch, will be observed upon comparison of the following passage, with the parallel scene in the play, describing Coriolanus's flight to Antium, and his reception by Aufidius. 'It was even twilight when he entered the city of Antium, and many people met him in the streets, but no man knew him. So he went immediately to Tullus Aufidius' house; and when he came thither he got him up straight to the chimney hearth, and sat him down, and spoke not a word to any man, his face all muffled over. They of the house spying him, wondered what he should be, and yet they durst not bid him rise. For ill favouredly muffled and disguised as he was, yet there appeared a certain majesty in his countenance and in his silence: whereupon they went to Tullus who was at supper, to tell him of the strange disguising of this man. Tullus rose presently from the board, and, coming towards him, asked him what he was, and wherefore he came. Then Martius unmuffled himself, and, after he had paused awhile, making no answer, he said unto himself, "If thou knowest me not yet, Tullus, and seeing me, dost not perhaps believe me to be the man I am indeed, I must of necessity discover myself to be that I am. I am Caius Martius, who have done to thyself particularly, and to all the Volces general

great hurt and mischief, which I cannot deny for my surname of Coriolanus that I bear. For I never had other benefit of the true and painful service I have done, and the extreme dangers I have been in, but this surname: a good memory and witness of the malice and displeasure thou shouldest bear me. Indeed the name only remaineth with me; for the rest, the envy and cruelty of the people of Rome have taken from me, by the sufferance of the dastardly nobility and magistrates, who have forsaken me, and let me be banished by the people. This extremity hath now driven me to come as a poor suitor, to take thy chimney-hearth, not of any hope I have to save my life thereby. For if I feared death, I would not have come hither to put myself in hazard; but pricked forward with desire to be revenged of them that have thus banished me, which now I do begin, by putting my person in the hands of their enemies. Wherefore if thou hast any heart to be wreaked of the injuries thy enemies have done thee, speed thee now, and let my misery serve thy turn, and so use it as my service may be a benefit to the Volces; promising thee that I will fight with better good will for all you, than I did when I was against you, knowing that they fight more valiantly who know the force of the enemy, than such as have never proved it. And if it be so that thou dare not, and that thou art weary to prove fortune any more, then am I also weary to live any longer. And it were no wisdom in thee to save the life of him who hath been heretofore thy mortal enemy, and whose service now can nothing help or pleasure thee.”—Tullus, hearing what he said, was a marvellous glad man, and, taking him by the hand, he said to him, “Stand up, O Martius, and be of good cheer, for in proffering thyself unto us, thou doest us great honour: and by this means thou mayest hope also of greater things at all Volces’ hands.” So he feasted him for that time, and entertained him in the honourablest manner he could, talking with him of no other matter at that present; but within a few days after they fell to consultation together in what sort they should begin their wars.’

In the scene of the meeting of Coriolanus with his wife and mother, when they come to supplicate him to spare Rome, Shakespeare has adhered very closely to his original. He felt that it was sufficient to give it merely a dramatic form. The speech of Volumnia, as we have observed in a note, is almost in the very words of the old translator of Plutarch.

The time comprehended in the play is about four years; commencing with the secession to the Mons Sacer, in the year of Rome 262, and ending with the death of Coriolanus, A. U. C. 266.

Malone conjectures it to have been written in the year 1610.

## PERSONS REPRESENTED.

---

CAIUS MARCIUS CORIOLANUS, *a noble Roman.*

TITUS LARTIUS, } *Generals against the Volcians.*  
COMINIUS, }

MENENIUS AGRIPPA, *Friend to Coriolanus.*

SICINIUS VELUTUS, } *Tribunes of the People.*  
JUNIUS BRUTUS, }

Young MARCIUS, *Son to Coriolanus.*

A Roman Herald.

TULLUS AUFIDIUS, *General of the Volcians.*

Lieutenant to Aufidius.

Conspirators *with* Aufidius.

A Citizen of Antium.

Two Volcian Guards.

VOLUMNIA, *Mother to Coriolanus.*

VIRGILIA, *Wife to Coriolanus.*

VALERIA, *Friend to Virgilia.*

Gentlewoman, *attending* Virgilia.

Roman *and* Volcian Senators, Patricians, Ædiles, Lic  
Soldiers, Citizens, Messenger, Servants to Aufidius,  
*other* Attendants.

SCENE—*partly in Rome; and partly in the Territory*  
*the Volcians and Antiates.*



# CORIOLANUS.

---

## ACT I.

### SCENE I. Rome. A Street.

*Enter a Company of mutinous Citizens, with Staves, Clubs, and other Weapons.*

1 Citizen.

**BEFORE** we proceed any further, hear me speak.

*Cit.* Speak, speak. [*Several speaking at once.*

1 *Cit.* You are all resolved rather to die, than to famish?

*Cit.* Resolved, resolved.

1 *Cit.* First you know, Caius Marcius is chief enemy to the people.

*Cit.* We know't, we know't.

1 *Cit.* Let us kill him, and we'll have corn at our own price. Is't a verdict?

*Cit.* No more talking on't; let it be done: away, away.

2 *Cit.* One word, good citizens.

1 *Cit.* We are accounted poor citizens; the patricians, good<sup>1</sup>: What authority surfeits on, would relieve us; If they would yield us but the superfluity, while it were wholesome, we might guess,

<sup>1</sup> Good, in a commercial sense. As in *Eastward Hoe*:—

' ——— known good men, well monied.'

Again in the *Merchant of Venice*:—

' Antonio's a good man.'

they relieved us humanely; but they think, we are too dear: the leanness that afflicts us, the object of our misery, is as an inventory to particularize their abundance: our sufferance is a gain to them.—Let us revenge this with our pikes, ere we become rakes<sup>2</sup>: for the gods know, I speak this in hunger for bread, not in thirst for revenge.

2 *Cit.* Would you proceed especially against Caius Marcius?

*Cit.* Against him first; he's a very dog to the commonalty.

2 *Cit.* Consider you what services he has done for his country?

1 *Cit.* Very well; and could be content to give him good report for't, but that he pays himself with being proud.

2 *Cit.* Nay, but speak not maliciously.

1 *Cit.* I say unto you, what he hath done famously, he did it to that end: though soft conscienc'd men can be content to say, it was for his country, he did it to please his mother, and to be partly proud; which he is, even to the altitude of his virtue.

2 *Cit.* What he cannot help in his nature, you account a vice in him: You must in no way say, he is covetous.

1 *Cit.* If I must not, I need not be barren of accusations; he hath faults, with surplus, to tire in repetition. [*Shouts within.*] What shouts are these? The other side o'the city is risen: Why stay we prating here? To the Capitol.

<sup>2</sup> It should be remembered that 'as lean as a rake' is an old proverbial expression. There is, as Warburton observes, a miserable joke intended:—'Let us now revenge this with *forks*, before we become *rakes*;' a *pike*, or *pike-fork*, being the ancient term for a *pitchfork*. The origin of the proverb is doubtless 'as lean as a *rache* or *ræcc*' (pronounced *rate*), and signifying a *greyhound*. See vol. iii. p. 344, note 7.

*Cit.* Come, come.

1 *Cit.* Soft; who comes here?

*Enter MENENIUS AGRIPPA.*

2 *Cit.* Worthy Menenius Agrippa; one that hath always loved the people.

1 *Cit.* He's one honest enough; 'Would, all the rest were so!

*Men.* What work's, my countrymen, in hand?

Where go you

With bats and clubs? The matter? Speak, I pray you.

1 *Cit.* Our business is not unknown to the senate; they have had inkling, this fortnight, what we intend to do, which now we'll show 'em in deeds. They say, poor suitors have strong breaths; they shall know, we have strong arms too.

*Men.* Why, masters, my good friends, mine honest neighbours,

Will you undo yourselves?

1 *Cit.* We cannot, sir, we are undone already.

*Men.* I tell you, friends, most charitable care Have the patricians of you. For your wants, Your suffering in this dearth, you may as well Strike at the heaven with your staves, as lift them Against the Roman state; whose course will on The way it takes, cracking ten thousand curbs Of more strong link asunder, than can ever Appear in your impediment<sup>3</sup>: For the dearth, The gods, not the patricians, make it; and Your knees to them, not arms, must help. Alack, You are transported by calamity Thither where more attends you; and you slander The helms o'the state, who care for you like fathers, When you curse them as enemies.

<sup>3</sup> Thus in Othello:—

‘I have made my way through more impediments  
Than twenty times your stop.’

1 *Cit.* Care for us!—True, indeed!—They ne’er cared for us yet. Suffer us to famish, and their store-houses crammed with grain; make edicts for usury, to support usurers: repeal daily any wholesome act established against the rich; and provide more piercing statutes daily to chain up and restrain the poor. If the wars eat us not up, they will; and there’s all the love they bear us.

*Men.* Either you must  
Confess yourselves wondrous malicious,  
Or be accus’d of folly. I shall tell you  
A pretty tale; it may be, you have heard it;  
But, since it serves my purpose, I will venture  
To stale’t<sup>4</sup> a little more.

1 *Cit.* Well, I’ll hear it, sir: yet you must not think to fob off our disgrace<sup>5</sup> with a tale: but, an’t please you, deliver.

*Men.* There was a time, when all the body’s  
members  
Rebell’d against the belly; thus accus’d it:—  
That only like a gulf it did remain  
I’ the midst o’ the body, idle and inactive,

<sup>4</sup> ‘The old copies have “*scale’t* a little more;” for which Theobald judiciously proposed *stale*. To this Warburton objects petulantly enough, it must be confessed, because to *scale* signifies to *weigh*; so indeed it does, and many other things; none of which, however, bear any relation to the text. Steevens too prefers *scale*, which he proves from a variety of authorities to mean ‘scatter, disperse, spread:’ to make any of them, however, suit his purpose, he is obliged to give an unfaithful version of the text. “Though some of you have heard the story, I will *spread* it yet wider, and diffuse it among the rest.” There is nothing of this in Shakspeare; and indeed I cannot avoid looking upon the whole of his long note as a feeble attempt to justify a palpable error of the press, at the cost of taste and sense.’

*Gifford’s Massinger*, vol. i. p. 204, ed. 1813.

In confirmation of Mr. Gifford’s opinion it may be observed that *to stale* is used in the same sense in Julius Cæsar, Act i. Sc. ii.:—

‘Were I a common laugher, or did use  
*To stale* with ordinary oaths my love.’

<sup>5</sup> *Disgraces* are hardships, injuries.

Still cupboarding the viand, never bearing  
Like labour with the rest; where<sup>6</sup> the other instruments

Did see, and hear, devise, instruct, walk, feel,  
And, mutually participate, did minister  
Unto the appetite and affection common  
Of the whole body. The belly answered,—

1 *Cit.* Well, sir, what answer made the belly?

*Men.* Sir, I shall tell you.—With a kind of smile,  
Which ne'er came from the lungs, but even thus  
(For, look you, I may make the belly smile<sup>7</sup>,  
As well as speak), it tauntingly replied  
To the discontented members, the mutinous parts  
That envied his receipt; even so most fitly<sup>8</sup>  
As you malign our senators, for that  
They are not such as you.

1 *Cit.* Your belly's answer: What?

*Men.* The kingly-crowned head, the vigilant eye,  
The counsellor heart<sup>9</sup>, the arm our soldier,  
Our steed the leg, the tongue our trumpeter,  
With other muniments and petty helps  
In this our fabrick, if that they——

1 *Cit.* What then?—

*Men.* 'Fore me, this fellow speaks!—what then?  
what then?

Should by the cormorant belly be restrain'd,  
Who is the sink o' the body,——

<sup>6</sup> *Where* for *whereas*.

<sup>7</sup> 'And so the belly, all this notwithstanding, *laughed* at their folly and sayed,' &c.—*North's Plutarch*, p. 240, ed. 1579.

<sup>8</sup> i. e. *exactly*.

<sup>9</sup> The heart was anciently esteemed the seat of the understanding. See the next note. There has been strange confusion in the appropriation of some parts of this dialogue in all editions, even to the last by Mr. Boswell. Not to encumber the page, I must request the reader to compare this with the former editions, and have no doubt he will approve the transposition of names which has been here made.

1 *Cit.* Well, what then?  
The former agents, if they did complain,  
What could the belly answer?

*Men.* I will tell you;  
If you'll bestow a small (of what you have little),  
Patience, a while, you'll hear the belly's answer.

1 *Cit.* You are long about it.

*Men.* Note me this, good friend;  
Your most grave belly was deliberate,  
Not rash like his accusers, and thus answer'd.  
*True is it, my incorporate friends, quoth he,  
That I receive the general food at first,  
Which you do live upon: and fit it is;  
Because I am the store-house, and the shop  
Of the whole body: But if you do remember,  
I send it through the rivers of your blood,  
Even to the court, the heart,—to the seat o' the brain*<sup>10</sup>;

<sup>10</sup> Shakspeare uses *seat* for *throne*. 'I send it (says the belly) through the blood, even to the *royal residence*, the heart, in which the kingly crowned understanding *sits enthroned*.' The poet, besides the relation in Plutarch, had seen a similar fable in Camden's Remaines; Camden copied it from John of Salisbury De Nugis Curialium, b. vi. c. 24. Mr. Douce, in a very curious note, has shown the high antiquity of this apologue, 'which is to be found in several ancient collections of Æsopian Fables: there may be, therefore, as much reason for supposing it the invention of Æsop, as there is for making him the parent of many others. The first writer who has introduced Menenius as reciting the fable is Dionysius of Halicarnassus, book vi. Then follow Livy, lib. ii.; Plutarch, in his life of Coriolanus; Florus, lib. i. c. 23; each of whom gives it in his own manner.' Mr. Douce observed that 'our English Pliny, Bartholomew Glanville, informs us from Aristotle, that the substance of the brain being cold, it is placed before the well of heat, which is the heart; and that small veins proceed from the heart, of which is made a marvellous caul wherein the brain is wrapped.' De Propr. Rer. lib. v. c. 3. The same authority tells us that in the heart is 'all business and knowing.' A very curious imitation of this passage in Shakspeare has been pointed out by Mr. Douce in 'The Curtaine-Drawer of the World, by W. Parkes,' 1612, 4to.

*And, through the cranks<sup>11</sup> and offices of man,  
The strongest nerves, and small inferior veins,  
From me receive that natural competency  
Whereby they live: And though that all at once,  
You, my good friends (this says the belly), mark  
me,—*

*1 Cit.* Ay, sir; well, well.

*Men.* *Though all at once cannot  
See what I do deliver out to each;  
Yet I can make my audit up, that all  
From me do back receive the flower of all,  
And leave me but the bran. What say you to't?*

*1 Cit.* It was an answer: How apply you this?

*Men.* The senators of Rome are this good belly,  
And you the mutinous members: For examine  
Their counsels, and their cares; digest things rightly,  
Touching the weal of the common; you shall find,  
No public benefit which you receive,  
But it proceeds, or comes, from them to you,  
And no way from yourselves.—What do you think?  
You the great toe of this assembly?—

*1 Cit.* I the great toe? Why the great toe?

*Men.* For that being one o' the lowest, basest,  
poorest,  
Of this most wise rebellion, thou go'st foremost:  
Thou rascal, that art worst in blood to run<sup>12</sup>,  
Lead'st first to win some vantage.—  
But make you ready your stiff bats and clubs;

<sup>11</sup> *Cranks* are windings; the meandering ducts of the human body.

<sup>12</sup> *Rascal* and *in blood* are terms of the forest, both here used equivocally. The meaning seems to be, 'thou worthless scoundrel, though thou art in the worst plight for running of all this herd of plebeians, like a deer not *in blood*, thou takest the lead in this tumult in order to obtain some private advantage to thyself.' 'Worst in blood' has a secondary meaning of *lowest in condition*. The modern editions have erroneously a comma at blood, which obscures the sense.

Rome and her rats are at the point of battle,  
The one side must have bale<sup>13</sup>. Hail, noble Marcius!

*Enter CAIUS MARCIUS.*

*Mar.* Thanks.—What's the matter, you dissentionous rogues,  
That rubbing the poor itch of your opinion,  
Make yourselves scabs?

*1 Cit.* We have ever your good word.

*Mar.* He that will give good words to thee, will  
flatter

Beneath abhorring.—What would you have, you  
curs,

That like nor peace, nor war? the one affrights you,  
The other makes you proud<sup>14</sup>. He that trusts you,  
Where he should find you lions, finds you hares;  
Where foxes, geese: You are no surer, no,  
Than is the coal of fire upon the ice,  
Or hailstone in the sun. Your virtue is,  
To make him worthy, whose offence subdues him,  
And curse that justice did it<sup>15</sup>. Who deserves  
greatness,

Deserves your hate: and your affections are  
A sick man's appetite, who desires most that  
Which would increase his evil. He that depends  
Upon your favours, swims with fins of lead,  
And hews down oaks with rushes. Hang ye! Trust  
ye?

<sup>13</sup> *Bale* is evil or mischief, harm or injury. The word is pure Saxon, and was becoming obsolete in Shakspeare's time.

<sup>14</sup> 'That like nor peace, nor war? the one affrights you,  
The other makes you proud.'  
Coriolanus does not use these two sentences consequentially; but first reproaches them with unsteadiness, then with their other occasional vices.

<sup>15</sup> 'Your virtue is to speak well of him whom his own offences have subjected to justice; and to rail at those laws by which he whom you praise was punished.'



With every minute you do change a mind;  
And call him noble that was now your hate,  
Him vile, that was your garland. What's the matter,  
That in these several places of the city  
You cry against the noble senate, who,  
Under the gods, keep you in awe, which else  
Would feed on one another?—What's their seeking?

*Men.* For corn at their own rates; whereof, they  
say,  
The city is well stor'd.

*Mar.* Hang 'em! They say?  
They'll sit by the fire, and presume to know  
What's done i' the Capitol: who's like to rise,  
Who thrives, and who declines: side factions, and  
give out  
Conjectural marriages; making parties strong,  
And feebling such as stand not in their liking,  
Below their cobbled shoes. They say, there's grain  
enough?

Would the nobility lay aside their ruth<sup>16</sup>,  
And let me use my sword, I'd make a quarry<sup>17</sup>  
With thousands of these quarter'd slaves, as high  
As I could pick<sup>18</sup> my lance.

*Men.* Nay, these are almost thoroughly persuaded;  
For though abundantly they lack discretion,  
Yet are they passing cowardly. But I beseech you,  
What says the other troop?

<sup>16</sup> i. e. pity, compassion.

<sup>17</sup> *Quarry* or *querre* signified slaughtered game of any kind, which was so denominated from being deposited in a square enclosed space in royal hunting. See note on *Macbeth*, vol. iv. p. 304.

<sup>18</sup> *Pick*, *peck*, or *picke*, i. e. *pitch*; still in provincial use. The fact is, that, in ancient language, to *pick* was used for to cast, throw, or hurl: to *pitch* was to set or fix any thing in a particular spot.

*Mar.* They are dissolved: Hang 'em!  
They said, they were an hungry; sigh'd forth pro-  
verbs;—

That, hunger broke stone walls; that, dogs must eat;  
That, meat was made for mouths; that, the gods  
sent not

Corn for the rich men only:—With these shreds  
They vented their complainings; which being an-  
swer'd,

And a petition granted them, a strange one  
(To break the heart of generosity<sup>19</sup>,  
And make bold power look pale), they threw their  
caps

As they would hang them on the horns o' the moon,  
Shouting their emulation<sup>20</sup>.

*Men.* What is granted them?

*Mar.* Five tribunes to defend their vulgar wisdoms,  
Of their own choice: One's Junius Brutus,  
Sicinius Velutus, and I know not—'Sdeath!  
The rabble should have first unroof'd the city,  
Ere so prevail'd with me: it will in time  
Win upon power, and throw forth greater themes  
For insurrection's arguing<sup>21</sup>.

*Men.* This is strange.

*Mar.* Go, get you home, you fragments!

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* Where's Caius Marcius?

*Mar.* Here: What's the matter?

*Mess.* The news is, sir, the Volces are in arms.

<sup>19</sup> *Generosity*, in the sense of its Latin original, for *nobleness*, *high birth*. Thus in *Measure for Measure*:—

'The *generous* and gravest citizens.'

See vol. ii. p. 92, note 4.

<sup>20</sup> *Emulation* is *factionous contention*. See *Troilus and Cressida*, Act ii. Sc. 2, note 25.

<sup>21</sup> For insurgents to debate upon.

*Mar.* I am glad on't; then we shall have means  
to vent

Our musty superfluity:—See, our best elders.

*Enter* COMINIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, *and other* Senators; JUNIUS BRUTUS, *and* SICINIUS VELUTUS.

*1 Sen.* Marcius, 'tis true, that you have lately  
told us;

The Volces are in arms.

*Mar.* They have a leader,  
Tullus Aufidius, that will put you to't.  
I sin in envying his nobility:  
And were I any thing but what I am,  
I would wish me only he.

*Com.* You have fought together.

*Mar.* Were half to half the world by the ears,  
and he

Upon my party, I'd revolt, to make  
Only my wars with him: he is a lion  
That I am proud to hunt.

*1 Sen.* Then, worthy Marcius,  
Attend upon Cominius to these wars.

*Com.* It is your former promise.

*Mar.* Sir, it is;  
And I am constant<sup>22</sup>.—Titus Lartius, thou  
Shalt see me once more strike at Tullus' face:  
What, art thou stiff? stand'st out?

*Tit.* No, Caius Marcius:  
I'll lean upon one crutch, and fight with the other,  
Ere stay behind this business.

*Men.* O, true bred!

*1 Sen.* Your company to the Capitol; where, I know,  
Our greatest friends attend us.

<sup>22</sup> i.e. immovable in my resolution. So in Julius Cæsar:—  
'But I am constant as the northern star.'

**Tit.** Lead you on :  
Follow, Cominius ; we must follow you ;  
Right worthy you priority<sup>23</sup>.

**Com.** Noble Lartius<sup>24</sup> !

**1 Sen.** Hence ! To your homes, be gone.

[*To the Citizens.*

**Mar.** Nay, let them follow :  
The Volces have much corn ; take these rats thither,  
To gnaw their garners :—Worshipful mutineers,  
Your valour puts<sup>25</sup> well forth : pray, follow.

[*Exeunt Senators, COM. MAR. TIT. and  
MENEN. Citizens steal away.*

**Sic.** Was ever man so proud as is this Marcius ?

**Bru.** He has no equal.

**Sic.** When we were chosen tribunes for the people,—

**Bru.** Mark'd you his lip, and eyes ?

**Sic.** Nay, but his taunts.

**Bru.** Being mov'd, he will not spare to gird<sup>26</sup> the gods.

**Sic.** Be-mock the modest moon.

**Bru.** The present wars devour him : he is grown  
Too proud to be so valiant<sup>27</sup>.

<sup>23</sup> You *being* right worthy of precedence.

<sup>24</sup> The old copy has *Marcus*.

<sup>25</sup> That is, You have in this mutiny shown fair blossoms of valour. So in King Henry VIII. :—

' ——— To day he *puts forth*

The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms,' &c.

<sup>26</sup> A *gird* is a cut, a sarcasm, or stroke of satire. See King Henry IV. Part II. Act i. Sc. 2, p. 262.

<sup>27</sup> 'The present wars' Shakspeare uses to express the pride of Coriolanus, grounded on his military prowess ; which kind of pride, Brutus says, *devours* him. In Troilus and Cressida, Act ii. Sc. 3, we have :—

' ——— He that's proud *eats up* himself.'

Perhaps the meaning of the latter member of the sentence is, 'He is grown too proud *of being* so valiant to be endured.' It is still a common expression to say, 'eat up with pride.'

*Sic.* Such a nature,  
 Tickled with good success, disdains the shadow  
 Which he treads on at noon: But I do wonder,  
 His insolence can brook to be commanded  
 Under Cominius.

*Bru.* Famé, at the which he aims,—  
 In whom already he is well grac'd,—cannot  
 Better be held, nor more attain'd, than by  
 A place below the first: for what miscarries  
 Shall be the general's fault, though he perform  
 To the utmost of a man; and giddy censure  
 Will then cry out of Marcius, *O, if he*  
*Had borne the business!*

*Sic.* Besides, if things go well,  
 Opinion, that so sticks on Marcius, shall  
 Of his demerits<sup>28</sup> rob Cominius.

*Bru.* Come:  
 Half all Cominius' honours are to Marcius,  
 Though Marcius earn'd them not; and all his faults  
 To Marcius shall be honours, though, indeed,  
 In aught he merit not.

*Sic.* Let's hence, and hear  
 How the despatch is made; and in what fashion,  
 More than in singularity<sup>29</sup>, he goes  
 Upon his present action.

*Bru.* Let's along. [*Exeunt.*]

<sup>28</sup> *Demerits* and *merits* had anciently the same meaning.

' ——— and my *demerits*

May speak,' &c.

*Othello.*

Thus in Cavendish's *Life of Wolsey*, p. 200, ed. 1825:—'I have not promoted and preferred you to condign preferments according to your *demerits*.'

<sup>29</sup> Perhaps the word *singularity* implies a sarcasm on Coriolanus, and the speaker means to say—after what fashion *beside that in which his own singularity of disposition invests him*, he goes into the field. So in *Twelfth Night*:—

' ——— Put thyself into the trick of *singularity*.'

SCENE II. Corioli. *The Senate-House.*

*Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS, and certain Senators.*

1 *Sen.* So, your opinion is, Aufidius,  
That they of Rome are enter'd in our counsels,  
And know how we proceed.

*Auf.* Is it not yours?  
What ever hath been thought on in this state<sup>1</sup>,  
That could be brought to bodily act ere Rome  
Had circumvention! 'Tis not four days gone,  
Since I heard thence; these are the words: I think,  
I have the letter here; yes, here it is: [*Reads.*  
*They have prest<sup>2</sup> a power, but it is not known  
Whether for east, or west: The dearth is great;  
The people mutinous: and it is rumour'd,  
Cominius, Marcius, your old enemy,  
(Who is of Rome worse hated than of you),  
And Titus Lartius, a most valiant Roman,  
These three lead on this preparation  
Whither 'tis bent: most likely, 'tis for you:  
Consider of it.*

1 *Sen.* Our army's in the field:  
We never yet made doubt but Rome was ready  
To answer us.

*Auf.* Nor did you think it folly,  
To keep your great pretences veil'd, till when  
They needs must show themselves; which in the  
hatching,

<sup>1</sup> The old copy reads:—

'What *have* been ever thought on in this state.'  
We must either suppose this an ellipsis for 'What *things* have,'  
&c. or read, with Steevens, *hath*, as in the text.

<sup>2</sup> i.e. *ready*; from the old French *prést*. Thus in the *Merchant of Venice*, Act i. Sc. 1:—

'——— say to me what I should do  
That in your knowledge may by me be done,  
And I am *prest* unto it.'

It seem'd, appear'd to Rome. By the discovery,  
We shall be shorten'd in our aim; which was,  
To take in<sup>3</sup> many towns, ere, almost, Rome  
Should know we were afoot.

*2 Sen.* Noble Aufidius,  
Take your commission; hie you to your bands:  
Let us alone to guard Corioli:  
If they set down before us, for the remove<sup>4</sup>  
Bring up your army; but I think you'll find  
They have not prepar'd for us.

*Auf.* O, doubt not that;  
I speak from certainties. Nay, more.  
Some parcels of their powers are forth already,  
And only hitherward. I leave your honours.  
If we and Caius Marcius chance to meet,  
'Tis sworn between us, we shall never strike  
Till one can do no more.

*All.* The gods assist you!

*Auf.* And keep your honours safe!

*1 Sen.* Farewell.

*2 Sen.* Farewell.

*All.* Farewell. [*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III.

Rome. *An Apartment in Marcius' House.*

*Enter VOLUMNIA, and VIRGILIA: They sit down  
on two low stools, and sew.*

*Vol.* I pray you, daughter, sing; or express  
yourself in a more comfortable sort: If my son  
were my husband, I should freelier rejoice in that

<sup>3</sup> To take in was formerly used as we now use to take for to  
subdue, to conquer. Thus in Antony and Cleopatra:—

‘———— cut the Ionian seas,

And take in Toryne.’

<sup>4</sup> ‘If the Romans besiege us, bring up your army to remove  
them.’

absence wherein he won honour, than in the embracements of his bed, where he would show most love. When yet he was but tender-bodied, and the only son of my womb; when youth with comeliness plucked all gaze his way<sup>1</sup>; when, for a day of kings' entreaties, a mother should not sell him an hour from her beholding; I,—considering how honour would become such a person; that it was no better than picture-like to hang by the wall, if renown made it not stir,—was pleased to let him seek danger where he was like to find fame. To a cruel war I sent him; from whence he returned, his brows bound with oak<sup>2</sup>. I tell thee, daughter,—I sprang not more in joy at first hearing he was a man-child, than now in first seeing he had proved himself a man.

*Vir.* But had he died in the business, madam? how then?

*Vol.* Then his good report should have been my son; I therein would have found issue. Hear me profess sincerely: Had I a dozen sons,—each in my love alike, and none less dear than thine and my good Marcius,—I had rather had eleven die nobly for their country, than one voluptuously surfeit out of action.

*Enter a Gentlewoman.*

*Gent.* Madam, the lady Valeria is come to visit you.

*Vir.* 'Beseech you, give me leave to retire<sup>3</sup> myself.

<sup>1</sup> Attracted the attention of every one toward him.

<sup>2</sup> The crown given by the Romans to him that saved the life of a citizen, which was accounted more honourable than any other.

<sup>3</sup> This verb active (signifying to *withdraw*) occurs in *The Tempest*:—

'—— I will thence  
Retire me to my Milan.'



*Vol.* Indeed, you shall not.

Methinks, I hear hither your husband's drum;  
See him pluck Aufidius down by the hair;  
As children from a bear, the Volces shunning him:  
Methinks, I see him stamp thus, and call thus,—  
*Come on, you cowards, you were got in fear,*  
*Though you were born in Rome:* His bloody brow  
With his mail'd hand then wiping, forth he goes;  
Like to a harvest-man, that's task'd to mow  
Or all, or lose his hire.

*Vir.* His bloody brow! O, Jupiter, no blood!

*Vol.* Away, you fool! it more becomes a man,  
Than gilt<sup>4</sup> his trophy: The breasts of Hecuba,  
When she did suckle Hector, look'd not lovelier  
Than Hector's forehead, when it spit forth blood  
At Grecian swords' contending.—Tell Valeria,  
We are fit to bid her welcome. *[Exit Gent.*

*Vir.* Heavens bless my lord from fell Aufidius!

*Vol.* He'll beat Aufidius' head below his knee,  
And tread upon his neck.

*Re-enter Gentlewoman, with VALERIA and her Usher.*

*Val.* My ladies both, good day to you.

*Vol.* Sweet madam,——

*Vir.* I am glad to see your ladyship.

*Val.* How do you both? you are manifest house-keepers. What, are you sewing here? A fine spot<sup>5</sup>, in good faith.—How does your little son?

*Vir.* I thank your ladyship; well, good madam.

<sup>4</sup> *Gilt* means a superficial display of gold. The word is now obsolete.

<sup>5</sup> 'Our gayness and our *gilt* are all besmirched.'

*King Henry V.*

<sup>5</sup> i. e. a handsome spot of embroidery. We often hear of *spotted muslin*.

*Vol.* He had rather see the swords, and hear a drum, than look upon his school-master.

*Val.* O' my word, the father's son: I'll swear, 'tis a very pretty boy. O' my troth, I looked upon him o' Wednesday half an hour together: he has such a confirmed countenance. I saw him run after a gilded butterfly; and when he caught it, he let it go again; and after it again; and over and over he comes, and up again; caught it again: or whether his fall enraged him, or how 'twas, he did so set his teeth, and tear it; O, I warrant, how he mam-mocked<sup>6</sup> it!

*Vol.* One of his father's moods.

*Val.* Indeed la, 'tis a noble child.

*Vir.* A crack<sup>7</sup>, madam.

*Val.* Come, lay aside your stitchery; I must have you play the idle huswife with me this afternoon.

*Vir.* No, good madam; I will not out of doors.

*Val.* Not out of doors!

*Vol.* She shall, she shall.

*Vir.* Indeed, no, by your patience: I will not over the threshold, till my lord return from the wars.

*Val.* Fye, you confine yourself most unreasonably; Come, you must go visit the good lady that lies in.

*Vir.* I will wish her speedy strength, and visit her with my prayers; but I cannot go thither.

<sup>6</sup> To *mammock* is to tear or cut in pieces.

<sup>7</sup> A *crack* signifies a sprightly forward boy: it is often used by Jonson and his cotemporaries:—

'If we could get a witty boy now, Eugene,  
That were an excellent *crack*, I could instruct him  
To the true height.' *Devil is an Ass.*

'A notable dissembling lad, a *crack*.'

*Four Prentices of London, 1615.*

*Vol.* Why, I pray you?

*Vir.* 'Tis not to save labour, nor that I want love.

*Val.* You would be another Penelope: yet they say, all the yarn she spun, in Ulysses' absence, did but fill Ithaca full of moths. Come; I would, your cambrick were sensible as your finger, that you might leave pricking it for pity. Come, you shall go with us.

*Vir.* No, good madam, pardon me; indeed, I will not forth.

*Val.* In truth, la, go with me; and I'll tell you excellent news of your husband.

*Vir.* O, good madam, there can be none yet.

*Val.* Verily, I do not jest with you; there came news from him last night.

*Vir.* Indeed, madam?

*Val.* In earnest, it's true; I heard a senator speak it. Thus it is:—The Volces have an army forth; against whom Cominius the general is gone, with one part of our Roman power: your lord, and Titus Lartius, are set down before their city Corioli; they nothing doubt prevailing, and to make it brief wars. This is true, on mine honour; and so, I pray, go with us.

*Vir.* Give me excuse, good madam; I will obey you in every thing hereafter.

*Vol.* Let her alone, lady; as she is now, she will but disease our better mirth.

*Val.* In troth, I think she would:—Fare you well then.—Come, good sweet lady.—Pr'ythee, Virgilia, turn thy solemnness out o'door, and go along with us.

*Vir.* No: at a word, madam; indeed, I must not. I wish you much mirth.

*Val.* Well, then farewell.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Before Corioli.*

*Enter, with Drum and Colours, MARCIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, Officers and Soldiers. To them a Messenger.*

*Mar.* Yonder comes news :—A wager, they have met.

*Lart.* My horse to yours, no.

*Mar.* 'Tis done.

*Lart.* Agreed.

*Mar.* Say, has our general met the enemy?

*Mess.* They lie in view ; but have not spoke as yet.

*Lart.* So, the good horse is mine.

*Mar.* I'll buy him of you.

*Lart.* No, I'll nor sell, nor give him : lend you him, I will,

For half a hundred years.—Summon the town.

*Mar.* How far off lie these armies?

*Mess.* Within this mile and half.

*Mar.* Then shall we hear their larum, and they ours. Now, Mars, I pr'ythee make us quick in work ; That we with smoking swords may march from hence, To help our fielded friends<sup>1</sup> !—Come, blow thy blast.

*They sound a parley. Enter, on the walls, some Senators, and Others.*

Tullus Aufidius, is he within your walls?

<sup>1</sup> *Sen.* No, nor a man that fears you less than he<sup>2</sup>,

<sup>1</sup> i. e. our friends who are in the field of battle.

<sup>2</sup> The poet means—No, nor a man that fears you more than he ; but he often entangles himself in the use of *less* and *more*. In the *Winter's Tale* we meet with an inaccuracy of the same kind. See vol. iv. p. 49 :—

‘ ——— I ne'er heard yet,  
That any of these bolder vices wanted  
*Less* impudence to gainsay what they did,  
Than to perform it first.’

And in *Cymbeline* :—‘ Be it but to fortify her judgment, which else an easy battery might lay flat, for taking a beggar without *less* quality.’ Here also *less* should be *more*.

That's lesser than a little. Hark, our drums  
[*Alarums afar off.*

Are bringing forth our youth : We'll break our walls,  
Rather than they shall pound us up : our gates,  
Which yet seem shut, we have but pinn'd with rushes ;  
They'll open of themselves. Hark you, far off ;

[*Other Alarums.*

There is Aufidius ; list, what work he makes  
Amongst your cloven army.

*Mar.* O, they are at it !

*Lart.* Their noise be our instruction.—Ladders, ho !

*The Volces enter and pass over the Stage.*

*Mar.* They fear us not, but issue forth their city.  
Now put your shields before your hearts, and fight  
With hearts more proof than shields.—Advance,  
brave Titus :

They do disdain us much beyond our thoughts,  
Which makes me sweat with wrath.—Come on, my  
fellows ;

He that retires, I'll take him for a Volce,  
And he shall feel mine edge.

*Alarum, and exeunt Romans and Volces, fighting.*

*The Romans are beaten back to their trenches.*

*Re-enter MARCIUS.*

*Mar.* All the contagion of the south light on you,  
You shames of Rome ! you herd of<sup>3</sup>——Boils and  
plagues

Plaster you o'er ; that you may be abhorr'd  
Further than seen, and one infect another  
Against the wind a mile ! You souls of geese,  
That bear the shapes of men, how have you run  
From slaves that apes would beat ? Pluto and hell !

<sup>3</sup> ' You herd of —— cowards ! ' Marcius would probably have said, but his rage prevents him.

All hurt behind ; backs red, and faces pale  
 With flight and agued fear ! Mend, and charge home,  
 Or, by the fires of heaven, I'll leave the foe,  
 And make my wars on you : look to't : Come on ;  
 If you'll stand fast, we'll beat them to their wives,  
 As they us to our trenches followed.

*Another Alarum. The Volces and Romans re-enter,  
 and the fight is renewed. The Volces retire into  
 Corioli, and MARCIUS follows them to the gates.*

So, now the gates are ope :—Now prove good seconds :

'Tis for the followers fortune widens them,  
 Not for the fliers : mark me, and do the like.

*[He enters the gates, and is shut in.]*

1 *Sol.* Fool-hardiness ; not I.

2 *Sol.* Nor I.

3 *Sol.* See, they  
 Have shut him in. *[Alarum continues.]*

*All.* To the pot, I warrant him.

*Enter TITUS LARTIUS.*

*Lart.* What is become of Marcius ?

*All.* Slain, sir, doubtless.

1 *Sol.* Following the fliers at the very heels,  
 With them he enters : who, upon the sudden,  
 Clapp'd-to their gates ; he is himself alone,  
 To answer all the city.

*Lart.* O noble fellow !  
 Who, sensible<sup>4</sup>, outdares his senseless sword,

<sup>4</sup> The old copy reads :—

'Who sensibly outdares'—

*Sensible* is here having *sensation*. So before :—'I would your cambrick were as *sensible* as your finger.' Though Coriolanus has the feeling of pain like other men, he is more hardy in daring exploits than his *senseless* sword ; for *after* it is bent, he yet stands firm in the field. There is a similar thought in

And, when it bows, stands up ! Thou art left, Marc-  
cius :

A carbuncle entire, as big as thou art,  
Were not so rich a jewel<sup>5</sup>. Thou wast a soldier  
Even to Cato's wish<sup>6</sup>, not fierce and terrible  
Only in strokes ; but, with thy grim looks, and  
The thunder-like percussion of thy sounds,  
Thou mad'st thine enemies shake, as if the world  
Were feverous, and did tremble<sup>7</sup>.

*Re-enter MARCIUS bleeding, assaulted by the  
enemy.*

1 Sol.

Look, sir.

Lart.

'Tis Marcus :

Let's fetch him off, or make remain alike<sup>8</sup>.

*[They fight, and all enter the city.]*

SCENE V. *Within the Town. A Street.*

*Enter certain Romans, with spoils.*

1 Rom. This will I carry to Rome.

2 Rom. And I this.

3 Rom. A murrain on't ! I took this for silver.

*[Alarum continues still afar off.]*

Sidney's *Arcadia*, ed. 1633, p. 293 :—' Their very armour by  
piece-meale fell away from them : yet their flesh abode the  
wounds constantly, as though it were less *sensible* of smart than  
the senseless armour,' &c.

<sup>5</sup> We have a similar thought in *Othello* :—

' If heaven had made me such another woman,  
Of one entire and perfect chrysolite,  
I'd not have ta'en it for her.'

<sup>6</sup> The old copy has erroneously '*Calues* wish ;' the error  
would easily arise : Shakspeare wrote, according to the mode  
of his time, '*Catoes* wish,' omitting to cross the *t*, and forming  
the *o* inaccurately. Cato was not born till the year of Rome  
519, that is, 255 years after the death of Coriolanus ; but the  
poet was led into the anachronism by following Plutarch.

<sup>7</sup> — some say, the earth

Was feverous, and did shake.' *Macbeth.*

<sup>8</sup> ' Make remain' is an old manner of speaking, which means  
no more than *remain*.

*Enter MARCIUS, and TITUS LARTIUS, with a Trumpet.*

*Mar.* See here these movers, that do prize their hours<sup>1</sup>

At a crack'd drachm! Cushions, leaden spoons,  
Irons of a doit, doublets that hangmen would  
Bury with those that wore them, these base slaves,  
Ere yet the fight be done, pack up:—Down with  
them.—

And hark, what noise the general makes!—To him:—  
There is the man of my soul's hate, Aufidius,  
Piercing our Romans: Then, valiant Titus, take  
Convenient numbers to make good the city;  
Whilst I, with those that have the spirit, will haste  
To help Cominius.

*Lart.* Worthy sir, thou bleed'st;  
Thy exercise hath been too violent for  
A second course of fight.

*Mar.* Sir, praise me not:  
My work hath yet not warm'd me: Fare you well.  
The blood I drop is rather physical  
Than dangerous to me: To Aufidius thus  
I will appear, and fight.

*Lart.* Now the fair goddess, Fortune,  
Fall deep in love with thee; and her great charms  
Misguide thy opposers' swords? Bold gentleman,  
Prosperity be thy page!

*Mar.* Thy friend no less  
Than those she placeth highest! So farewell.

*Lart.* Thou worthiest Marcius!—

[*Exit MARCIUS.*

Go, sound thy trumpet in the market-place;  
Call thither all the officers of the town,  
Where they shall know our mind. Away. [*Exeunt.*

<sup>1</sup> i. e. their *time*. Johnson adopted Pope's reading—*honours*; for which there was no necessity.



SCENE VI. *Near the Camp of Cominius.**Enter COMINIUS and Forces, retreating.**Com.* Breathe you, my friends; well fought: we  
are come off

Like Romans, neither foolish in our stands,  
 Nor cowardly in retire: believe me, sirs,  
 We shall be charg'd again. Whiles we have struck,  
 By interims, and conveying gusts, we have heard  
 The charges of our friends:—The Roman gods,  
 Lead their successes as we wish our own;  
 That both our powers, with smiling fronts encoun-  
 tering,

*Enter a Messenger.*

May give you thankful sacrifice!—Thy news?

*Mess.* The citizens of Corioli have issued,  
 And given to Lartius and to Marcius battle:  
 I saw our party to their trenches driven,  
 And then I came away.

*Com.* Though thou speak'st truth,  
 Methinks, thou speak'st not well. How long is't  
 since?

*Mess.* Above an hour, my lord.

*Com.* 'Tis not a mile; briefly we heard their drums:  
 How could'st thou in a mile confound<sup>1</sup> an hour,  
 And bring thy news so late?

*Mess.* Spies of the Volces  
 Held me in chase, that I was forc'd to wheel

<sup>1</sup> So in King Henry VI. Part I. Act i. Sc. 3:—

'He did confound the best part of an hour,' &amp;c.

*Confound* is here used not in its common acceptation, but in the  
 sense of *to expend*: *conterere tempus*. We have a similar Latin-  
 ism in *The Taming of the Shrew*:—

'Please you we may *contrive* this afternoon,  
 And quaff carouses to our mistress' health.'

Three or four miles about; else had I, sir,  
Half an hour since brought my report.

*Enter MARCIUS.*

*Com.* Who's yonder,  
That does appear as he were flay'd? O gods!  
He has the stamp of Marcius; and I have  
Before-time seen him thus.

*Mar.* Come I too late?

*Com.* The shepherd knows not thunder from a  
tabor,  
More than I know the sound of Marcius' tongue  
From every meaner man's.

*Mar.* Come I too late?

*Com.* Ay, if you come not in the blood of others,  
But mantled in your own.

*Mar.* O! let me clip you  
In arms as sound, as when I woo'd; in heart  
As merry, as when our nuptial day was done,  
And tapers burn'd to bedward<sup>2</sup>.

*Com.* Flower of warriors,  
How is't with Titus Lartius?

*Mar.* As with a man busied about decrees:  
Condemning some to death, and some to exile;  
Ransoming him, or pitying<sup>3</sup>, threat'ning the other;  
Holding Corioli in the name of Rome,  
Even like a fawning greyhound in the leash,  
To let him slip at will.

<sup>2</sup> i. e. *towards bed* or *rest*, or the time of resting. Compounds were formerly made at pleasure, by subjoining *ward* to the thing towards which the action tended. Tooke makes *ward* the imperative of the A. S. verb *warðian*, to look out, or to direct the view. We have in the New Testament, to us-ward, and to God-ward; and such compounds as *Rome-ward*, *Paris-ward*, &c. were very common. The word in the text is used by Milton, *Paradise Lost*, iv. 350:—

‘Couch'd and now fill'd with pasture gazing sat,  
Or *bedward* ruminating.’

<sup>3</sup> i. e. remitting his ransom.

*Com.* Where is that slave,  
Which told me they had beat you to your trenches?  
Where is he? Call him hither.

*Mar.* Let him alone,  
He did inform the truth: But for our gentlemen,  
The common file (A plague!—Tribunes for them!)  
The mouse ne'er shunn'd the cat, as they did budge  
From rascals worse than they.

*Com.* But how prevail'd you?

*Mar.* Will the time serve to tell? I do not think—  
Where is the enemy? Are you lords o'the field?  
If not, why cease you till you are so?

*Com.* *Marcus,*  
We have at disadvantage fought, and did  
Retire, to win our purpose.

*Mar.* How lies their battle? Know you on which  
side  
They have plac'd their men of trust?

*Com.* As I guess, *Marcus,*  
Their bands in the vaward are the *Antiates*<sup>4</sup>,  
Of their best trust: o'er them *Aufidius*,  
Their very heart of hope.

*Mar.* I do beseech you,  
By all the battles wherein we have fought,  
By the blood we have shed together, by the vows  
We have made to endure friends, that you directly  
Set me against *Aufidius*, and his *Antiates*:  
And that you not delay the present<sup>5</sup>; but,  
Filling the air with swords advanc'd, and darts,  
We prove this very hour.

*Com.* Though I could wish  
You were conducted to a gentle bath,  
And balms applied to you, yet dare I never

<sup>4</sup> i. e. in the *front* are the soldiers of *Antium*. Shakspeare uses *Antiates* as a trisyllable, as if it had been written *Antiat's*.

<sup>5</sup> i. e. 'do not let slip the present time.'

Deny your asking; take your choice of those  
That best can aid your action.

*Mar.* Those are they  
That most are willing;—If any such be here  
(As it were sin to doubt), that love this painting  
Wherein you see me smear'd; if any fear  
Lesser his person than an ill report<sup>6</sup>;  
If any think, brave death outweighs bad life,  
And that his country's dearer than himself;  
Let him, alone, or so many, so minded,  
Wave thus [*waving his hand*], to express his disposition,  
And follow Marcius.

[*They all shout, and wave their swords; take him up in their arms, and cast up their caps.*]  
O me, alone! Make you a sword of me?  
If these shows be not outward, which of you  
But is four Volces? None of you but is  
Able to bear against the great Aufidius  
A shield as hard as his. A certain number,  
Though thanks to all, must I select from all: the rest  
Shall bear the business in some other fight,  
As cause will be obey'd. Please you to march;  
And four shall quickly draw out my command,  
Which men are best inclin'd<sup>7</sup>.

<sup>6</sup> ——— if any fear

*Lesser* his person than an ill report.'

The old copy reads *Lessen*. The reading of the text was introduced by Steevens. His *person* means his *personal danger*. We have nearly the same sentiment in *Troilus and Cressida*:—

'If there be one among the fair'st of Greece  
That holds his honour higher than his ease,'——

And in *King Henry VI. Part III.*:—

'But thou prefer'st thy life before thine honour.'  
In this play we have had already, at p. 139, *lesser* for *less*.

<sup>7</sup> ——— Please you to march;

And *four* shall quickly draw out my command,  
Which men are best inclin'd.

From the obscurity of this passage there is good reason to sus-

*Com.* March on, my fellows:  
 Make good this ostentation, and you shall  
 Divide in all with us. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE VII. *The Gates of Corioli.*

**TITUS LARTIUS**, *having set a guard upon Corioli, going with a drum and trumpet toward Cominius and Caius Marcius, enters with a Lieutenant, a Party of Soldiers, and a Scout.*

*Lart.* So, let the ports<sup>1</sup> be guarded: keep your duties,  
 As I have set them down. If I do send, despatch  
 Those centuries<sup>2</sup> to our aid; the rest will serve  
 For a short holding: If we lose the field,  
 We cannot keep the town.

*Lieu.* Fear not our care, sir.

*Lart.* Hence, and shut your gates upon us.—  
 Our guider, come; to the Roman camp conduct us.  
 [*Exeunt.*]

pect its correctness. Perhaps we might read *some* instead of *four*, words easily confounded in old MSS.; and then the last line may be interrogative, thus:—

‘ ——— Please you to march,  
 And *some* shall quickly draw out my command:  
 Which men are best inclin’d?’

The passage as it stands in the old copy has been thus explained:—‘Coriolanus means to say, that he would appoint *four* persons to select for his particular, *or party*, those who are best inclined; and, in order to save time, he proposes to have this choice made while the army is marching forward.’ The old translation of Plutarch only says:—‘Wherefore, with those that willingly offered themselves to followe him, he went out of the citie.’

<sup>1</sup> Gates.

<sup>2</sup> Companies of a hundred men.

## SCENE VIII.

*A Field of Battle between the Roman and the Volcian Camps.*

*Alarum. Enter MARCIUS and AUFIDIUS.*

*Mar.* I'll fight with none but thee; for I do hate thee Worse than a promise-breaker.

*Auf.* We hate alike; Not Africk owns a serpent, I abhor More than thy fame and envy<sup>1</sup>: Fix thy foot.

*Mar.* Let the first budger die the other's slave, And the gods doom him after<sup>2</sup>!

*Auf.* If I fly, Marcius, Halloo me like a hare.

*Mar.* Within these three hours, Tullus, Alone I fought in your Corioli walls, And made what work I pleas'd; 'Tis not my blood, Wherein thou seest me mask'd; for thy revenge, Wrench up thy power to the highest.

*Auf.* Wert thou the Hector, That was the whip<sup>3</sup> of your bragg'd progeny, Thou should'st not scape me here.—

*[They fight, and certain Volces come to the aid of AUFIDIUS.]*

Officious, and not valiant—you have sham'd me In your condemned seconds<sup>4</sup>.

*[Exeunt fighting, driven in by MARCIUS.]*

<sup>1</sup> The construction here appears to be, 'Not Africk owns a serpent I more abhor and envy than thy fame.' The verb to *envy*, in ancient language, signified to *hate*.

<sup>2</sup> Thus in *Macbeth*:—

'And damn'd be he that first cries, Hold, enough!'

<sup>3</sup> i. e. the *whip* that your bragg'd progenitors were possessed of. Steevens suggests that *whip* might be used as *crack* has been since, to denote any thing peculiarly boasted of; as the *crack* house in the country, the *crack* boy of the school, &c.

<sup>4</sup> 'You have to my shame sent me help, which I must condemn as intrusive, instead of applauding it as necessary.'

SCENE IX. *The Roman Camp.*

*Alarum. A Retreat is sounded. Flourish. Enter at one side, COMINIUS, and Romans; at the other side, MARCIUS, with his arm in a scarf, and other Romans.*

*Com.* If I should tell thee o'er this thy day's work,  
Thou'lt not believe thy deeds: but I'll report it,  
Where senators shall mingle tears with smiles;  
Where great patricians shall attend, and shrug,  
I'the end, admire; where ladies shall be frightened,  
And, gladly quak'd<sup>1</sup>, hear more; where the dull  
tribunes,  
That, with the fusty plebeians, hate thine honours,  
Shall say, against their hearts—*We thank the gods,  
Our Rome hath such a soldier!*—  
Yet cam'st thou to a morsel of this feast,  
Having fully dined before.

*Enter TITUS LARTIUS, with his Power, from the pursuit.*

*Lart.* O general,  
Here is the steed, we the caparison<sup>2</sup>:  
Hadst thou beheld——

*Mar.* Pray now, no more: my mother,  
Who has a charter to extol her blood,  
When she does praise me, grieves me. I have done,  
As you have done; that's what I can; induc'd  
As you have been; that's for my country<sup>3</sup>:

<sup>1</sup> i. e. thrown into grateful trepidation. To *quake* is used as a verb active by T. Heywood in his *Silver Age*, 1613:—

'We'll *quake* them at the bar,  
Where all souls wait for sentence.'

<sup>2</sup> This is an odd encomium. The meaning is, 'This man performed the action, and we only filled up the show.'

<sup>3</sup> *Country* is used here and in other places as a trisyllable.

He, that has but effected his good will,  
Hath overta'en mine act<sup>4</sup>.

*Com.* You shall not be  
The grave of your deserving; Rome must know  
The value of her own: 'twere a concealment  
Worse than a theft, no less than a traducement,  
To hide your doings; and to silence that,  
Which, to the spire and top of praises vouch'd,  
Would seem but modest: Therefore, I beseech you  
(In sign of what you are, not to reward  
What you have done), before our army hear me.

*Mar.* I have some wounds upon me, and they  
smart  
To hear themselves remember'd.

*Com.* Should they not<sup>5</sup>,  
Well might they fester 'gainst ingratitude,  
And tent themselves with death. Of all the horses  
(Whereof we have ta'en good, and good store), of all  
The treasure, in this field achiev'd, and city,  
We render you the tenth; to be ta'en forth,  
Before the common distribution, at  
Your only choice.

*Mar.* I thank you, general;  
But cannot make my heart consent to take  
A bribe to pay my sword: I do refuse it;  
And stand upon my common part with those  
That have beheld the doing.

*[A long flourish. They all cry, Marcus!  
Marcus! cast up their caps and lances:  
COMINIUS and LARTIUS stand bare.]*

<sup>4</sup> That is, 'has done as much as I have done, inasmuch as my ardour to serve the state is such that I have never been able to effect all that I wished.' So in *Macbeth*:—

'The flighty purpose never is o'ertook,  
Unless the deed goes with it.'

<sup>5</sup> That is, *not be remember'd*.



*Mar.* May these same instruments, which you profane,

Never sound more ! When drums and trumpets shall  
I' the field prove flatterers, let courts and cities be  
Made all of false-fac'd soothing : When steel grows  
Soft as the parasite's silk, let him be made

An overture for the wars<sup>6</sup> ! No more, I say ;  
For that I have not wash'd my nose that bled,  
Or foil'd some debile<sup>7</sup> wretch,—which, without note,  
Here's many else have done,—you shout me forth  
In acclamations hyperbolical ;  
As if I lov'd my little should be dieted  
In praises sauc'd with lies.

*Com.*

Too modest are you ;  
More cruel to your good report, than grateful  
To us that give you truly : by your patience,  
If 'gainst yourself you be incens'd, we'll put you  
(Like one that means his proper harm) in manacles,  
Then reason safely with you.—Therefore, be it  
known,

As to us, to all the world, that Caius Marcius  
Wears this war's garland : in token of the which  
My noble steed, known to the camp, I give him,  
With all his trim belonging ; and, from this time,  
For what he did before Corioli, call him,  
With all the applause and clamour of the host,

<sup>6</sup> The old copy reads :—

' ————— When steel grows  
Soft as silk, let *him* be made  
*An overture* for the wars !'

I think with Mr. Tyrwhitt that we should read *a coverture*. The personal pronoun *him* is not unfrequently used by old writers instead of it, the neuter. The sense of the passage will then be complete and apt :—' When *steel* grows soft as silk, let armour be made of *silk* instead of *steel*.' Notwithstanding Malone's ingenious argument, it is impossible to extract sense from the word *overture*, which anciently, as now, meant 'a motion, or offer made, an opening, or entrance.'

<sup>7</sup> Weak, feeble.

CAIUS MARCIUS CORIOLANUS.—

Bear the addition nobly ever!

[*Flourish. Trumpets sound, and Drum*

*All.* Caius Marcius Coriolanus!

*Cor.* I will go wash;  
And when my face is fair, you shall perceive  
Whether I blush, or no: Howbeit, I thank you:—  
I mean to stride your steed; and, at all times,  
To undercrest your good addition<sup>8</sup>,  
To the fairness of my power.

*Com.* So, to our tent:  
Where, ere we do repose us, we will write  
To Rome of our success.—You, Titus Lartius,  
Must to Corioli back: send us to Rome  
The best with whom we may articulate<sup>9</sup>  
For their own good, and ours.

*Lart.* I shall, my lord.

*Cor.* The gods begin to mock me. I that now  
Refus'd most princely gifts, am bound to beg  
Of my lord general.

*Com.* Take it: 'tis yours.—What is'

*Cor.* I sometime lay, here in Corioli,  
At a poor man's house; he us'd me kindly:  
He cried to me; I saw him prisoner;  
But then Aufidius was within my view,  
And wrath o'erwhelm'd my pity: I request you  
To give my poor host freedom.

*Com.* O, well begg'd!

<sup>8</sup> 'To undercrest your good addition,  
To the fairness of my power'—

appears to mean, 'he will endeavour to support the honoural distinction conferred upon him to the fair extent of his power'

<sup>9</sup> i. e. the *chief men* of Corioli, with whom we may *enter in articles*. Bullokar has the word '*articulate*, to set down article or conditions of agreement.' We still retain the word *capitula* which anciently had nearly the same meaning, viz. 'To *arti* or agree upon articles.'

Were he the butcher of my son, he should  
Be free, as is the wind. Deliver him, Titus.

*Lart.* Marcius, his name?

*Cor.* By Jupiter, forgot:—

I am weary; yea, my memory is tir'd.—

Have we no wine here?

*Com.* Go we to our tent:

The blood upon your visage dries: 'tis time

It should be look'd to: come. [*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE X. *The Camp of the Volces.*

*A Flourish. Cornets. Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS,*  
*bloody, with two or three Soldiers.*

*Auf.* The town is ta'en!

1 *Sol.* "I will be deliver'd back on good condition.

*Auf.* Condition?—

I would, I were a Roman; for I cannot,  
Being a Volce<sup>1</sup>, be that I am.—Condition!—

What good condition can a treaty find

I' the part that is at mercy? Five times, Marcius,  
I have fought with thee; so often hast thou beat me;

And would'st do so, I think, should we encounter

As often as we eat.—By the elements,

If e'er again I meet him beard to beard,

He is mine, or I am his: Mine emulation

Hath not that honour in't, it had; for where<sup>2</sup>

I thought to crush him in an equal force

(True sword to sword), I'll potch<sup>3</sup> at him some way;

Or wrath, or craft, may get him.

<sup>1</sup> The *Volsci* are called *Volces* throughout the old translation of Plutarch, which Shakspeare followed.

<sup>2</sup> *Where* for *whereas*, as in other places before noticed.

<sup>3</sup> To *potch* is to thrust at with a sharp pointed instrument. Thus in Carew's Survey of Cornwall, p. 31:—'They use to *poche* them [i. e. fish] with an instrument somewhat like a salmon-speare.' It is from the Fr. *pocher*.

1 Sol.

He's the devil.

Auf. Bolder, though not so subtle: My valour's  
poison'd<sup>4</sup>,

With only suffering stain by him; for him  
Shall fly out of itself: nor sleep, nor sanctuary,  
Being naked, sick: nor fane, nor Capitol,  
The prayers of priests, nor times of sacrifice,  
Embarquements<sup>5</sup> all of fury, shall lift up  
Their rotten privilege and custom 'gainst  
My hate to Marcius: where I find him, were it  
At home, upon my brother's guard<sup>6</sup>, even there  
Against the hospitable canon, would I  
Wash my fierce hand in his heart. Go you to the city;  
Learn, how 'tis held; and what they are that must  
Be hostages for Rome.

1 Sol.

Will not you go?

Auf. I am attended<sup>7</sup> at the cypress grove:  
I pray you  
(Tis south the city mills<sup>8</sup>), bring me word thither  
How the world goes; that to the pace of it  
I may spur on my journey.

1 Sol.

I shall, sir. [*Exeunt.*]

<sup>4</sup> Mr. Tyrwhitt proposed to read:—

'My valour poison'd,' &c.

And the context seems to require this emendation. 'To mischief him *my valour* should deviate from its native generosity.'

<sup>5</sup> *Embarquements*, as appears from Cotgrave and Sherwood, meant not only an *embarkation*, but an *embargoing*; which is evidently the sense of the word in this passage. Thus Sherwood:—'To imbark, to imbargue. *Embarquer*. An imbarking, an imbarguing. *Embarquement*. In Cole's English Dictionary, 1701, the word is given *imbarge* or *embarge*.

<sup>6</sup> i. e. in my own house, with my brother posted to protect him.

<sup>7</sup> *Attended* is waited for. So in *Twelfth Night*:—

'Thy interceptor *attends* thee at the orchard end.'

<sup>8</sup> Malone observes that Shakspeare often introduces these minute local descriptions, probably to give an air of truth to his pieces. The poet attended not to the anachronism of mills near Antium. Lydgate has placed corn-mills near to Troy.

## ACT II.

SCENE I. Rome. *A Publick Place.*

*Enter MENENIUS, SICINIUS, and BRUTUS.*

*Men.* The augurer tells me, we shall have news to-night.

*Bru.* Good or bad?

*Men.* Not according to the prayer of the people, for they love not Marcius.

*Sic.* Nature teaches beasts to know their friends.

*Men.* Pray you, who does the wolf love<sup>1</sup>?

*Sic.* The lamb.

*Men.* Ay, to devour him; as the hungry plebeians would the noble Marcius.

*Bru.* He's a lamb indeed, that baes like a bear.

*Men.* He's a bear indeed, that lives like a lamb. You two are old men; tell me one thing that I shall ask you.

*Both Trib.* Well, sir.

*Men.* In what enormity is Marcius poor in<sup>2</sup>, that you two have not in abundance?

<sup>1</sup> When the tribune, in reply to Menenius's remark on the people's hate to Coriolanus, had observed that 'even beasts know their friends,' Menenius asks, 'whom does the wolf love?' implying that there are beasts which love nobody, and that among those beasts are the people.

<sup>2</sup> It has been already observed that pleonasms of this kind were by no means unfrequent in Shakspeare's age. Thus in *As You Like It*, Act ii. Sc. 7 :—'The scene *wherein* we play *in*.' Malone has cited several instances, one of which from a Letter of Lord Burghley to the Earl of Shrewsbury, among the Weymouth MSS. is to our present purpose :—'I did earnestly enquire of hym *in* what estate he stood *in* for discharge of his former debts.' See vol. iii. p. 148, note 20.

*Bru.* He's poor in no one fault, but stored with all.

*Sic.* Especially, in pride.

*Bru.* And topping all others in boasting.

*Men.* This is strange now: Do you two know how you are censured here in the city, I mean of us o' the right hand file? Do you?

*Both Trib.* Why, how are we censured?

*Men.* Because you talk of pride now,—Will you not be angry?

*Both Trib.* Well, well, sir, well.

*Men.* Why, 'tis no great matter; for a very little thief of occasion will rob you of a great deal of patience: give your disposition the reins, and be angry at your pleasures; at the least, if you take it as a pleasure to you, in being so. You blame Marcius for being proud!

*Bru.* We do it not alone, sir.

*Men.* I know you can do very little alone: for your helps are many; or else your actions would grow wondrous single: your abilities are too infant-like, for doing much alone. You talk of pride: O, that you could turn your eyes towards the napes of your necks<sup>3</sup>, and make but an interior survey of your good selves! O, that you could!

*Bru.* What then, sir?

*Men.* Why, then you should discover a brace of unmeriting, proud, violent, testy magistrates (alias fools), as any in Rome.

*Sic.* Menenius, you are known well enough too.

*Men.* I am known to be a humorous patrician, and one that loves a cup of hot wine with not a

<sup>3</sup> With allusion to the fable, which says, that every man has a bag hanging before him, in which he puts his neighbour's faults; and another behind him, in which he stows his own.

drop of allaying<sup>4</sup> Tyber in't; said to be something imperfect, in favouring the first complaint: hasty, and tinder-like, upon too trivial motion: one that converses more with the buttock of the night, than with the forehead of the morning<sup>5</sup>. What I think, I utter; and spend my malice in my breath: Meeting two such weals-men as you are (I cannot call you Lycurguses), if the drink you give me, touch my palate adversely, I make a crooked face at it. I cannot say, your worships have delivered the matter well, when I find the ass in compound with the major part of your syllables: and though I must be content to bear with those that say you are reverend grave men; yet they lie deadly, that tell, you have good faces. If you see this in the nap of my microcosm<sup>6</sup>, follows it, that I am known well enough too? What harm can your bisson<sup>7</sup> conspectuities glean out of this character, if I be known well enough too?

*Bru.* Come, sir, come, we know you well enough.

*Men.* You know neither me, yourselves, nor anything. You are ambitious for poor knaves' caps and legs<sup>8</sup>; you wear out a good wholesome fore-

<sup>4</sup> Lovelace, in his Verses to Althea, from Prison, has borrowed this expression:—

‘When flowing cups run swiftly round,  
With no *allaying* Thames, &c.

<sup>5</sup> Rather a late lier down than an early riser. So in Love's Labour's Lost:—‘In the *posteriors* of this day, which the rude multitude call the afternoon.’ Again in King Henry IV. Part I.:—

‘—— Thou art a summer bird,  
Which even in the *haunch* of Winter sings  
The lifting up of day.’

<sup>6</sup> So in King Lear:—

‘Strives in this *little world of men*.’

*Microcosm* is the title of a poem by John Davies of Hereford.

<sup>7</sup> *Bisson* is blind. Thus in Hamlet:—

‘Ran barefoot up and down, threat'ning the flames  
With *bisson* rheum.’

<sup>8</sup> *That is*, for their obeisance showed by bowing to you.

noon, in hearing a cause between an orange-wife and a fosset-seller; and then rejoin the controversy of three-pence to a second day of audience<sup>9</sup>.

—When you are hearing a matter between party and party, if you chance to be pinched with the colick, you make faces like mummers; set up the bloody flag against all patience<sup>10</sup>; and, in roaring for a chamber-pot, dismiss the controversy bleeding, the more entangled by your hearing: all the peace you make in their cause, is, calling both the parties knaves: You are a pair of strange ones.

*Bru.* Come, come, you are well understood to be a perfecter giber for the table, than a necessary bencher in the Capitol.

*Men.* Our very priests must become mockers, if they shall encounter such ridiculous subjects as you are<sup>11</sup>. When you speak best unto the purpose, it is not worth the wagging of your beards; and your beards deserve not so honourable a grave, as to stuff a botcher's cushion, or to be entombed in an ass's pack-saddle. Yet you must be saying, Marcius is proud; who, in a cheap estimation, is worth all your predecessors, since Deucalion; though peradventure, some of the best of them were hereditary hangmen. Good e'en to your worships; more of your conversation would infect my brain, being the herdsmen of the beastly plebeians<sup>12</sup>: I will be bold to take my leave of you.

[*BRU. and SIC. retire to the back of the Scene.*]

<sup>9</sup> It appears from this whole speech that Shakspeare mistook the office of *præfectus urbis* for the tribune's office.

<sup>10</sup> That is, declare war against patience. Johnson justly observes, that 'there is not wit enough in this satire to recompense its grossness.'

<sup>11</sup> So in *Much Ado About Nothing*:—'Courtesy itself must convert to disdain, if you come in her presence.'

<sup>12</sup> As kings are called *ποιμένες λαών*.



*Enter VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, and VALERIA, &c.*

How now, my as fair as noble ladies (and the moon, were she earthly, no nobler), whither do you follow your eyes so fast?

*Vol.* Honourable Menenius, my boy Marcius approaches; for the love of Juno, let's go.

*Men.* Ha! Marcius coming home?

*Vol.* Ay, worthy Menenius; and with most prosperous approbation.

*Men.* Take my cap, Jupiter, and I thank thee<sup>13</sup>:  
—Hoo! Marcius coming home?

*Two Ladies.* Nay, 'tis true.

*Vol.* Look, here's a letter from him; the state hath another, his wife another: and, I think, there's one at home for you.

*Men.* I will make my very house reel to-night:  
—A letter for me?

*Vir.* Yes, certain, there's a letter for you; I saw it.

*Men.* A letter for me? It gives me an estate of seven years' health; in which time I will make a lip at the physician: the most sovereign prescription in Galen<sup>14</sup> is but empiricutick, and, to this preservative, of no better report than a horse-drench. Is he not wounded? he was wont to come home wounded.

*Vir.* O, no, no, no.

*Vol.* O, he is wounded, I thank the gods for't.

<sup>13</sup> 'Shakspeare so often mentions throwing up caps in this play, that Menenius may well enough be supposed to throw up his cap in thanks to Jupiter.'—*Johnson*.

<sup>14</sup> In this mention of Galen there is an anachronism of near 650 years. Menenius flourished about 492 years before the birth of our Lord, Galen about 160 years after it. The word *empiricutick* (*empirickutique* in the old copy) is evidently formed by the poet from *empirick*, a quack.

*Men.* So do I too, if it be not too much:—Brings 'a victory in his pocket?—The wounds become him.

*Vol.* On's brows, Menenius: he comes the third time home with the oaken garland<sup>15</sup>.

*Men.* Has he disciplined Aufidius soundly?

*Vol.* Titus Lartius writes,—they fought together, but Aufidius got off.

*Men.* And 'twas time for him too, I'll warrant him that: an he had staid by him, I would not have been so fidiused for all the chests in Corioli, and the gold that's in them. Is the senate possessed<sup>16</sup> of this?

*Vol.* Good ladies, let's go:—Yes, yes, yes: the senate has letters from the general, wherein he gives my son the whole name of the war: he hath in this action outdone his former deeds doubly.

*Val.* In troth, there's wondrous things spoke of him.

*Men.* Wondrous? ay, I warrant you, and not without his true purchasing.

*Vir.* The gods grant them true!

*Vol.* True? pow, wow.

*Men.* True? I'll be sworn they are true:—Where is he wounded? God save your good worships! [*To the Tribunes, who come forward.*] Marcius is coming home: he has more cause to be proud.—Where is he wounded?

<sup>15</sup> Volumnia answers Menenius without taking notice of his last words—'The wounds become him.' Menenius had asked, 'Brings 'a victory in his pocket?' He brings it, says Volumnia, on his *brows*; for he comes the third time home *brow-bound* with the oaken garland, the emblem of victory. So afterwards:—

'He prov'd best man o' the field, and for his meed  
Was *brow-bound* with the oak.'

<sup>16</sup> Possessed is fully informed.

'I have possess'd your grace of what I purpose.'

*Merchant of Venice.*

*Vol.* I' the shoulder, and i' the left arm: There will be large cicatrices to show the people, when he shall stand for his place. He received in the repulse of Tarquin, seven hurts i' the body.

*Men.* One in the neck, and two in the thigh,—there's nine that I know<sup>17</sup>.

*Vol.* He had, before this last expedition, twenty-five wounds upon him.

*Men.* Now it's twenty-seven: every gash was an enemy's grave: [*A Shout, and Flourish.*] Hark! the trumpets.

*Vol.* These are the ushers of Marcius: before him He carries noise, and behind him he leaves tears; Death, that dark spirit, in's nervy arm doth lie; Which being advanc'd, declines; and then men die<sup>18</sup>.

*A Sennet. Trumpets sound. Enter COMINIUS and TITUS LARTIUS; between them, CORIOLANUS, crowned with an oaken garland; with Captains, Soldiers, and a Herald.*

*Her.* Know, Rome, that all alone Marcius did fight  
Within Corioli' gates: where he hath won,  
With fame, a name to Caius Marcius; these  
In honour follows, Coriolanus:  
Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus!

[*Flourish.*

*All.* Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus!

*Cor.* No more of this, it does offend my heart;  
Pray now, no more.

*Com.* Look, sir, your mother,—

<sup>17</sup> The old man is minutely particular: 'Seven wounds? let me see; one in the neck, two in the thigh—Nay, I am sure there are nine that I know of.'

<sup>18</sup> Volumnia, in her boasting strain, says, that her son, to kill his enemy, has nothing to do but to lift his hand and let it fall.

*Cor.* O!  
 You have, I know, petition'd all the gods  
 For my prosperity. [*Kneels.*

*Vol.* Nay, my good soldier, up;  
 My gentle Marcius, worthy Caius, and  
 By deed-achieving honour newly nam'd,  
 What is it? Coriolanus, must I call thee?  
 But O, thy wife,——

*Cor.* My gracious silence<sup>19</sup>, hail!  
 Would'st thou have laugh'd, had I come coffin'd  
 home,  
 That weep'st to see me triumph? Ah, my dear,  
 Such eyes the widows in Corioli wear,  
 And mothers that lack sons.

*Men.* Now the gods crown thee!

*Cor.* And live you yet?—O my sweet lady,  
 pardon. [*To VALERIA.*

*Vol.* I know not where to turn:—O welcome  
 home;  
 And welcome, general;—And you are welcome all.

*Men.* A hundred thousand welcomes: I could  
 weep,  
 And I could laugh; I am light, and heavy: Wel-  
 come:

<sup>19</sup> By 'gracious silence' it is probable the poet meant, 'thou whose silent tears are more eloquent and grateful to me than the clamorous applause of the rest.' Thus in *Love's Cure, or The Martial Maid*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:—

'A lady's tears are silent orators,  
 Or should be so at least, to move beyond  
 The honey-tongued rhetorician.'

Again in *Daniel's Complaint of Rosamond*:—

'Ah, beauty, siren, fair enchanting good!  
 Sweet silent rhetoric of persuading eyes!  
 Dumb eloquence, whose pow'r doth move the blood  
 More than the words or wisdom of the wise!

And in *Every Man Out of his Humour*:—'You shall see sweet *silent rhetoric* and *dumb eloquence* speaking in her eye.' *Gracious* is frequently used by Shakspeare for *grateful*, *acceptable*, in the sense of the Italian *gratiato*.

A curse begin at very root of his heart,  
That is not glad to see thee!—You are three,  
That Rome should dote on: yet, by the faith of men;  
We have some old crab-trees here at home, that  
will not

Be grafted to your relish. Yet welcome, warriors:  
We call a nettle, but a nettle; and  
The faults of fools, but folly.

*Com.* Ever right.

*Cor.* Menenius, ever, ever<sup>20</sup>.

*Her.* Give way there, and go on.

*Cor.* Your hand, and yours:  
[*To his Wife and Mother.*

Ere in our own house I do shade my head,  
The good patricians must be visited;  
From whom I have receiv'd not only greetings,  
But with them change of honours<sup>21</sup>.

*Vol.* I have lived  
To see inherited my very wishes,  
And the buildings of my fancy: only there  
Is one thing wanting, which I doubt not, but  
Our Rome will cast upon thee.

*Cor.* Know, good mother,  
I had rather be their servant in my way,  
Than sway with them in theirs.

*Com.* On to the Capitol.  
[*Flourish. Cornets. Exeunt in state, as  
before. The Tribunes remain.*

*Bru.* All tongues speak of him, and the bleared  
sights  
Are spectacl'd to see him: Your prattling nurse

<sup>20</sup> By these words it should seem that Coriolanus means to say, 'Menenius is still the same affectionate friend as formerly.' So in Julius Cæsar:—'For *always* I am Cæsar.'

<sup>21</sup> 'Change of honours' is *variety* of honours, as *change* of raiment is *variety* of raiment. Theobald would read *charge*.

Into a rapture<sup>22</sup> lets her baby cry,  
 While she chats him: the kitchen malkin<sup>23</sup> pins  
 Her richest lockram 'bout her reechy<sup>24</sup> neck,  
 Clambering the walls to eye him: stalls, bulk  
     windows,  
 Are smother'd up, leads fill'd, and ridges hors'd  
 With variable complexions; all agreeing  
 In earnestness to see him: seld<sup>25</sup> shown flamens  
 Do press among the popular throngs, and puff  
 To win a vulgar station<sup>26</sup>; our veil'd dames  
 Commit the war of white and damask, in  
 Their nicely-gawded<sup>27</sup> cheeks, to the wanton spoil  
 Of Phœbus' burning kisses: such a pother,

<sup>22</sup> A *rapture* anciently was synonymous with a *fit* or *tran*. Thus Torriano:—'Ratto, *s.* a *rapture* or *trancé* of the mind, or distraction of the spirits.' This is confirmed by Steevens's quotation from *The Hospital for London Follies*, 1602, where Gos Luce says, 'Your darling will weep itself into a *rapture*, if y do not take heed.'

<sup>23</sup> A *malkin* or *maulkin* was a kind of mop made of rags, used for sweeping ovens, &c.; a figure made of clouts to scare birds was also so called: hence it came to signify a dirty wench. The *scullion* very naturally takes her name from this utensil, the French title *escouillon* being only another name for a *malkin*.

*Lockram* was a kind of coarse linen.

'Thou thought'st because I wear *lockram* shirts  
 I had no wit.' *Glaphthorne's Wit in a Constable*

<sup>24</sup> *Reechy* is *fumant* with sweat or grease.

<sup>25</sup> *Seld* is *seldom*, often so used by old writers.

<sup>26</sup> 'A vulgar station' is a common standing-place among vulgar.

<sup>27</sup> So in *Tarquin and Lucrece*:—

'The silent *war* of lilies and of roses,  
 Which Tarquin view'd in her fair face's field.'

And in the *Taming of the Shrew*:—

'Such *war* of *white* and *red*,' &c.

Again in *Venus and Adonis*:—

'To note the *fighting conflict* of her hue,  
 How *white* and *red* each did destroy.'

Numerous examples might be adduced from Shakspeare's contemporaries of the same image.

As if that whatsoever god, who leads him,  
Were slily crept into his human powers,  
And gave him graceful posture<sup>28</sup>.

*Sic.* On the sudden,  
I warrant him consul.

*Bru.* Then our office may,  
During his power, go sleep.

*Sic.* He cannot temperately transport his honours  
From where he should begin, and end<sup>29</sup>; but will  
Lose those that he hath won.

*Bru.* In that there's comfort.

*Sic.* Doubt not, the commoners, for whom we  
stand,  
But they, upon their ancient malice, will  
Forget, with the least cause, these his new honours;  
Which that he'll give them, make as little question  
As he is proud to do't<sup>30</sup>.

*Bru.* I heard him swear,  
Were he to stand for consul, never would he  
Appear i' the market-place, nor on him put  
The napless<sup>31</sup> vesture of humility;

<sup>28</sup> That is, as if that god who leads him, whatsoever *god he be*.  
So in Shakspeare's 26th Sonnet:—

‘Till whatsoever star that guides my moving,  
Points on me graciously with fair aspect.’

And in Antony and Cleopatra:—

‘—— he hath fought to-day  
As if a god, in hate of mankind, had  
Destroy'd in such a shape.’

<sup>29</sup> The meaning, though obscurely expressed, is, ‘He cannot  
carry his honours temperately from where he should begin to  
*where he should end*.’ We have the same phraseology in Cymbe-  
line:—

‘—— the gap  
That we shall make in time, *from our hence going*  
*And our return*, to excuse.’

<sup>30</sup> ‘Proud to do't,’ is the same as ‘proud of doing it.’

<sup>31</sup> i. e. threadbare.

Nor, showing (as the manner is) his wounds  
To the people, beg their stinking breaths.

*Sic.*

'Tis right

*Bru.* It was his word: O, he would miss it, rather  
Than carry it, but by the suit o'the gentry to him,  
And the desire of the nobles.

*Sic.*

I wish no better,  
Than have him hold that purpose, and to put it  
In execution.

*Bru.*

'Tis most like, he will.

*Sic.* It shall be to him then, as our good wills<sup>32</sup>  
A sure destruction.

*Bru.*

So it must fall out  
To him, or our authorities. For an end,  
We must suggest<sup>33</sup> the people, in what hatred  
He still hath held them: that, to his power, he would  
Have made them mules, silenc'd their pleaders, and  
Disproportioned their freedoms: holding them,  
In human action and capacity,  
Of no more soul, nor fitness for the world,  
Than camels in their war; who have their provand  
Only for bearing burdens, and sore blows  
For sinking under them.

*Sic.*

This, as you say, suggest  
At some time when his soaring insolence  
Shall teach the people<sup>34</sup> (which time shall not wait  
If he be put upon't; and that's as easy,  
As to set dogs on sheep), will be his fire  
To kindle their dry stubble; and their blaze  
Shall darken him for ever.

<sup>32</sup> i. e. 'as our advantage requires.' *Wills* is here a verb.

<sup>33</sup> i. e. *prompt*.

<sup>34</sup> 'That to the utmost of his power he would,' &c.

<sup>35</sup> 'Than camels in their war; who want their provand.' should probably read 'the war.' *Provand* is *provender*.

<sup>36</sup> Theobald reads 'Shall reach the people,' &c. Teach people may however mean 'instruct the people in favour of purposes.'



*Enter a Messenger.*

*Bru.* What's the matter?

*Mess.* You are sent for to the Capitol. 'Tis thought, That Marcius shall be consul: I have seen The dumb men throng to see him, and the blind To hear him speak: matrons flung gloves, Ladies and maids their scarfs and handkerchiefs<sup>37</sup>, Upon him as he pass'd: the nobles bended, As to Jove's statue; and the commons made A shower, and thunder, with their caps, and shouts: I never saw the like.

*Bru.* Let's to the Capitol;  
And carry with us ears and eyes for the time,  
But hearts for the event<sup>38</sup>.

*Sic.* Have with you. [*Excunt.*]

SCENE II. *The same. The Capitol.*

*Enter two Officers, to lay Cushions.*

1 *Off.* Come, come, they are almost here: How many stand for consulships?

2 *Off.* Three, they say: but 'tis thought of every one, Coriolanus will carry it.

1 *Off.* That's a brave fellow: but he's vengeance proud, and loves not the common people.

2 *Off.* 'Faith, there have been many great men that have flatter'd the people, who ne'er loved them; and there be many that they have loved, they know not wherefore: so that, if they love they know not why, they hate upon no better a ground: Therefore,

<sup>37</sup> Shakspeare here attributes some of the customs of his own times to a people who were wholly unacquainted with them. This was exactly what occurred at tiltings and tournaments when a combatant had distinguished himself.

<sup>38</sup> That is 'let us observe what passes, but keep our hearts fixed on our design of crushing Coriolanus.'

for Coriolanus neither to care whether they love or hate him, manifests the true knowledge he has in their disposition; and, out of his noble carelessness, lets them plainly see't.

1 *Off*. If he did not care whether he had their love, or no, he waved indifferently<sup>1</sup> 'twixt doing them neither good, nor harm; but he seeks their hate with greater devotion than they can render it him: and leaves nothing undone, that may fully discover him their opposite<sup>2</sup>. Now, to seem to affect the malice and displeasure of the people, is as bad as that which he dislikes, to flatter them for their love.

2 *Off*. He hath deserved worthily of his country: And his ascent is not by such easy degrees as those<sup>3</sup>, who, having been supple and courteous to the people, bonnetted<sup>4</sup>, without any further deed to have them at all into their estimation and report: but he hath so planted his honours in their eyes, and his actions in their hearts, that for their tongues to be silent, and not confess so much, were a kind of ingrateful injury; to report otherwise were a malice; that, giving itself the lie, would pluck reproof and rebuke from every ear that heard it.

1 *Off*. No more of him; he is a worthy man: Make way, they are coming.

<sup>1</sup> i. e. 'he would have waved indifferently,' &c.

<sup>2</sup> Their *adversary* or *opponent*. See vol. i. p. 65, note 19.

<sup>3</sup> As the *ascent* of those.

<sup>4</sup> *Bonnetted* is here a verb, as *bonnetter*, Fr. to pull off the cap. To cap was used in the same manner; see Jamieson's Dictionary. For to *have* them at all into their estimation, Pope reads *heave*, and Steevens follows his reading. But there is no necessity for change; to *have* is to *get*, as in the following passage:—'He that seeketh means flatteringly to *have* or *gette* a thing.' 'To *have* them at all into,' means 'to *get* themselves in any degree into,' &c. See King Henry VIII. Act ii. Sc. 2, note 7.

*A Sennet. Enter, with Lictors before them, COMINIUS, the Consul, MENENIUS, CORIOLANUS, many other Senators, SICINIUS and BRUTUS. The Senators take their places; the Tribunes take theirs also by themselves.*

*Men.* Having determin'd of the Volces, and  
To send for Titus Lartius, it remains,  
As the main point of this our after-meeting,  
To gratify his noble service, that  
Hath thus stood for his country: Therefore, please  
you,

Most reverend and grave elders, to desire  
The present consul, and last general  
In our well found successes, to report  
A little of that worthy work perform'd  
By Caius Marcius Coriolanus; whom  
We meet here, both to thank, and to remember  
With honours like himself.

*1 Sen.* Speak, good Cominius:  
Leave nothing out for length, and make us think,  
Rather our state's defective for requital,  
Then we to stretch it out<sup>5</sup>. Masters o'the people,  
We do request your kindest ears: and, after,  
Your loving motion toward the common body<sup>6</sup>,  
To yield what passes here.

*Sic.* We are convented  
Upon a pleasing treaty; and have hearts  
Inclinable to honour and advance  
The theme of our assembly<sup>7</sup>.

<sup>5</sup> 'Rather say that our means are too defective to afford an adequate reward, than our inclinations defective to extend it toward him.'

<sup>6</sup> i. e. your kind interposition with the common people.

<sup>7</sup> Shakspeare was probably not aware that until the promulgation of the *Lex Attinia*, which is supposed to have been in the time of Quintus Metellus Macedonicus, the tribunes had not the

*Bru.* Which the rather  
We shall be bless'd to do, if he remember  
A kinder value of the people, than  
He hath hereto priz'd them at.

*Men.* That's off, that's off<sup>8</sup>,  
I would you rather had been silent: Please you  
To hear Cominius speak?

*Bru.* Most willingly:  
But yet my caution was more pertinent,  
Than the rebuke you give it.

*Men.* He loves your people:  
But tie him not to be their bedfellow.—

Worthy Cominius, speak.—Nay, keep your place.

[CORIOLANUS rises, and offers to go away.]

1 *Sen.* Sit, Coriolanus: never shame to hear  
What you have nobly done.

*Cor.* Your honours' pardon;  
I had rather have my wounds to heal again,  
Than hear say how I got them.

*Bru.* Sir, I hope,  
My words disbench'd you not.

*Cor.* No, sir: yet oft,  
When blows have made me stay, I fled from words.  
You sooth'd not, therefore hurt not: But, your  
people,  
I love them as they weigh.

*Men.* Pray now, sit down.

*Cor.* I had rather have one scratch my head i'the sun,  
When the alarum were struck, than idly sit  
To hear my nothings monster'd. [*Exit* CORIOLANUS.]

privilege of entering the senate, but had seats placed for them near the door, on the outside of the house. But in our ancient theatres the imagination of the spectators was frequently called upon to lend its aid to illusions much more improbable than that of supposing they saw the inside and outside of the same building at once.

<sup>8</sup> i. e. 'that is nothing to the purpose.'

*Men.* Masters o'the people,  
 Your multiplying spawn how can he flatter  
 (That's thousand to one good one), when you now see,  
 He had rather venture all his limbs for honour,  
 Than one of his ears to hear it?—Proceed, Cominius,  
*Com.* I shall lack voice: the deeds of Coriolanus  
 Should not be utter'd feebly.—It is held,  
 That valour is the chiefest virtue, and  
 Most dignifies the haver: if it be,  
 The man I speak of cannot in the world  
 Be singly counterpois'd. At sixteen years,  
 When Tarquin made a head for Rome<sup>9</sup>, he fought  
 Beyond the mark of others: our then dictator,  
 Whom with all praise I point at, saw him fight,  
 When with his Amazonian chin he drove  
 The bristled lips before him: he bestrid  
 An o'er press'd Roman, and i' the consul's view  
 Slew three opposers: Tarquin's self he met,  
 And struck him on his knee<sup>10</sup>: in that day's feats,  
 When he might act the woman in the scene<sup>11</sup>,  
 He prov'd best man i'the field, and for his meed  
 Was brow-bound with the oak. His pupil age  
 Man-entered thus, he waxed like a sea;  
 And, in the brunt of seventeen battles since<sup>12</sup>,

<sup>9</sup> When Tarquin, who had been expelled, raised a power to recover Rome.

<sup>10</sup> This does not mean that he gave Tarquin a blow on the knee, but gave him such a blow as occasioned him to *fall on his knee*: 'ad terram duplicato poplite Turnus.'

<sup>11</sup> It has been before mentioned that the parts of women were, in Shakspeare's time, represented by the most smooth-faced young men to be found among the players. This is a palpable anachronism; there were no theatres at Rome for the exhibition of plays until about two hundred and fifty years after the death of Coriolanus.

<sup>12</sup> Plutarch says, 'seventeen years of service in the wars, and many and sundry battles:' but from Coriolanus's first campaign to his death was only a period of eight years.

He lurch'd<sup>13</sup> all swords o'the garland. For this last,  
 Before and in Corioli, let me say,  
 I cannot speak him home: He stopp'd the fliers;  
 And, by his rare example, made the coward  
 Turn terror into sport: as waves<sup>14</sup> before  
 A vessel under sail, so men obey'd,  
 And fell below his stem: his sword (death's stamp)  
 Where it did mark, it took; from face to foot  
 He was a thing of blood, whose every motion  
 Was timed<sup>15</sup> with dying cries: alone he enter'd  
 The mortal gate<sup>16</sup> o'the city, which he painted  
 With shunless destiny, aidless came off,  
 And with a sudden reenforcement struck  
 Corioli, like a planet: now all's his:  
 When by and by the din of war 'gan pierce  
 His ready sense: then straight his doubled spirit  
 Requickened what in flesh was fatigate<sup>17</sup>,  
 And to the battle came he; where he did  
 Run reeking o'er the lives of men, as if  
 'Twere a perpetual spoil: and, till we call'd  
 Both field and city ours, he never stood  
 To ease his breast with panting.

*Men.*

Worthy man!

<sup>13</sup> To *lurch* is to win or carry off easily the prize or stake at any game. It originally signified to devour greedily, from *lurco*, Lat. then to purloin, subtract, or withdraw any thing from another. Thus in Ben Jonson's *Silent Woman*:—'You have *lurch'd* your friends *of the better half of the garland*.' Cole, in his *Latin Dictionary*, 1679, has 'A *lurch*, duplex palma facilis victoria.'

<sup>14</sup> Thus the second folio. The first folio 'as *weeds*,' &c. which Malone pertinaciously adheres to. I think with Steevens, that a vessel *stemming the waves* is an image much more suitable to the prowess of Coriolanus, than that which Malone would substitute.

<sup>15</sup> The cries of the slaughtered regularly followed his motion, as music and a dancer accompany each other.

<sup>16</sup> The gate which was made the scene of death.

<sup>17</sup> Wearied.

**Sen.** He cannot but with measure fit the honours

which we devise him<sup>18</sup>.

**m.** Our spoils he kick'd at; look'd upon things precious, as they were common muck o'the world; he covets less misery<sup>19</sup> itself would give; rewards deeds with doing them; and is content to spend the time, to end it.

**en.** He's right noble; him be call'd for.

**Sen.** Call Coriolanus.

**f.** He doth appear.

*Re-enter* CORIOLANUS.

**m.** The senate, Coriolanus, are well pleas'd to make thee consul.

**r.** I do owe them still life, and services.

**m.** It then remains, you do speak to the people<sup>20</sup>.

**r.** I do beseech you, do not o'erleap that custom; for I cannot on the gown, stand naked, and entreat them,

for so much honour will be too great for him; he will show a mind to any elevation.

*misery for avarice, because a miser signifies avaricious.*

Coriolanus (as Warburton observes) was banished A. U. C. But till the time of Manlius Torquatus, A. U. C. 393, he chose *both* consuls; and then the people, assisted by the bad temper of the tribunes, got the choice of *one*. Shakspere follows Plutarch, who expressly says in the Life of Coriolanus, that 'it was the custome of Rome *at that time*, that no man could sue for *any* office, should for certen dayes before he come to the market place, only with a poor gowne on their backes, and without any coate underneath, to *prayer the people to remember him the day of election.*' North's Translation, p. 244.

For my wounds' sake, to give their suffrage: please  
you,

That I may pass this doing.

*Sic.* Sir, the people  
Must have their voices; neither will they bate  
One jot of ceremony.

*Men.* Put them not to't:  
Pray you, go fit you to the custom: and  
Take to you, as your predecessors have,  
Your honour with your form<sup>21</sup>.

*Cor.* It is a part  
That I shall blush in acting, and might well  
Be taken from the people.

*Bru.* Mark you that?

*Cor.* To brag unto them,—Thus I did, and thus;—  
Show them the unaking scars which I should hide,  
As if I had receiv'd them for the hire  
Of their breath only:—

*Men.* Do not stand upon't.—  
We recommend to you, tribunes of the people,  
Our purpose to them<sup>22</sup>; and to our noble consul  
Wish we all joy and honour.

*Sen.* To Coriolanus come all joy and honour!

[*Flourish. Then exeunt Senators.*]

*Bru.* You see how he intends to use the people.

*Sic.* May they perceive his intent! He will re-  
quire them,  
As if he did contemn what he requested  
Should be in them to give.

*Bru.* Come, we'll inform them  
Of our proceedings here: on the market-place,  
I know, they do attend us. [Exeunt.]

<sup>21</sup> 'Your form' is the form which custom prescribes to you.

<sup>22</sup> 'We recommend to you, tribunes of the people, to declare our purpose to them,' namely, the appointment of Coriolanus to the consulship.



SCENE III. *The same. The Forum.**Enter several Citizens.*

1 *Cit.* Once<sup>1</sup>, if he do require our voices, we ought not to deny him.

2 *Cit.* We may, sir, if we will.

3 *Cit.* We have power in ourselves to do it, but it is a power that we have no power to do<sup>2</sup>: for if he show us his wounds, and tell us his deeds, we are to put our tongues into those wounds, and speak for them; so, if he tell us his noble deeds, we must also tell him our noble acceptance of them. Ingratitude is monstrous: and for the multitude to be ingrateful, were to make a monster of the multitude; of the which, we being members, should bring ourselves to be monstrous members.

1 *Cit.* And to make us no better thought of, a little help will serve: for once<sup>3</sup> we stood up about the corn, he himself stuck not to call us the many-headed multitude.

3 *Cit.* We have been called so of many; not that our heads are some brown, some black, some auburn, some bald, but that our wits are so diversely coloured: and truly I think, if all our wits were to issue out of one scull, they would fly east, west, north, south; and their consent<sup>4</sup> of one direct way should be at once to all the points o'the compass.

<sup>1</sup> i. e. once for all. See vol. ii. p. 129, note 35; vol. iv. p. 158, note 10.

<sup>2</sup> Power in the first instance here means *natural power*, or *force*, and then *moral power*, or *right*. Davis has used the word with the same variety of meaning:—

‘Use all thy *powers*, that heavenly *power* to praise,  
That gave thee *power* to do.’

<sup>3</sup> *Once* signifies here *one time*, and not *as soon as ever*, which Malone takes to be its meaning. Rowe inserted *when* after *once*, which is indeed elliptically understood.

<sup>4</sup> *Consent* is *accord*, *agreement*. To suppose that their agree-

2 *Cit.* Think you so? Which way, do you judge, my wit would fly?

3 *Cit.* Nay, your wit will not so soon out as another man's will, 'tis strongly wedged up in a blockhead; but if it were at liberty, 'twould, sure, southward.

2 *Cit.* Why that way?

3 *Cit.* To lose itself in a fog; where being three parts melted away with rotten dews, the fourth would return for conscience sake, to help to get thee a wife.

2 *Cit.* You are never without your tricks:—You may, you may<sup>5</sup>.

3 *Cit.* Are you all resolved to give your voices? But that's no matter, the greater part carries it. I say, if he would incline to the people, there was never a worthier man.

*Enter CORIOLANUS and MENENIUS.*

Here he comes, and in the gown of humility; mark his behaviour. We are not to stay all together, but to come by him where he stands, by ones, by twos, and by threes. He's to make his requests by particulars: wherein every one of us has a single honour, in giving him our own voices with our own tongues: therefore follow me, and I'll direct you how you shall go by him.

*All.* Content, content.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Men.* O sir, you are not right: have you not known The worthiest men have done it?

ment to go all one way should end in their flying to every point of the compass, is a just description of the variety and inconsistency of the many-headed multitude.

<sup>5</sup> The force of this colloquial phrase appears to be, 'You may divert yourself as you please at my expense.' It occurs again in *Troilus and Cressida*:—

*Hel.* By my troth, sweet lord, thou hast a fine forehead.

*Pan.* Ay, you may, you may.

*Cor.* What must I say?—  
I pray, sir,—Plague upon't! I cannot bring  
My tongue to such a pace:—Look, sir;—my  
wounds!—

I got them in my country's service, when  
Some certain of your brethren roar'd, and ran  
From the noise of our own drums.

*Men.* O me, the gods!  
You must not speak of that; you must desire them  
To think upon you.

*Cor.* Think upon me? Hang 'em!  
I would they would forget me, like the virtues  
Which our divines lose by them<sup>6</sup>.

*Men.* You'll mar all;  
I'll leave you: Pray you, speak to them, I pray you,  
In wholesome manner<sup>7</sup>. [Exit.

*Enter two Citizens.*

*Cor.* Bid them wash their faces,  
And keep their teeth clean.—So, here comes a brace.  
You know the cause, sir, of my standing here.

*1 Cit.* We do, sir; tell us what hath brought  
you to't.

*Cor.* Mine own desert.

*2 Cit.* Your own desert?

*Cor.* Ay, not  
Mine own desire.

*1 Cit.* How! not your own desire?

*Cor.* No, sir:  
'Twas never my desire yet,  
To trouble the poor with begging.

<sup>6</sup> 'I wish they would forget me, as they do the virtuous precepts which our divines preach to them.' This is another amusing instance of anachronism.

<sup>7</sup> So in Hamlet:—'If it shall please you to make me a whole-some answer.'

1 *Cit.* You must think, if we give you any thing,  
We hope to gain by you.

*Cor.* Well then, I pray, your price o'the consul-  
ship?

1 *Cit.* The price is, sir, to ask it kindly.

*Cor.*

Kindly?

Sir, I pray let me ha't: I have wounds to show you,  
Which shall be yours in private.—Your good voice,  
sir;

What say you?

2 *Cit.* You shall have it, worthy sir.

*Cor.* A match, sir:—

There is in all two worthy voices begg'd:  
I have your alms; adieu.

1 *Cit.* But this is something odd.

2 *Cit.* An 'twere to give again,—But 'tis no  
matter. [Exeunt two Citizens]

*Enter two other Citizens.*

*Cor.* Pray you now, if it may stand with the tune  
of your voices, that I may be consul, I have here  
the customary gown.

3 *Cit.* You have deserved nobly of your country,  
and you have not deserved nobly.

*Cor.* Your enigma?

3 *Cit.* You have been a scourge to her enemies,  
you have been a rod to her friends; you have not,  
indeed, loved the common people.

*Cor.* You should account me the more virtuous,  
that I have not been common in my love. I will,  
sir, flatter my sworn brother the people, to earn a  
dearer estimation of them; 'tis a condition they  
account gentle: and since the wisdom of their  
choice is rather to have my hat than my heart, I  
will practise the insinuating nod, and be off to them  
most counterfeitley: that is, sir, I will counterfeit

the bewitchment of some popular man, and give it bountifully to the desirers. Therefore, beseech you, I may be consul.

4 *Cit.* We hope to find you our friend; and therefore give you our voices heartily.

3 *Cit.* You have received many wounds for your country.

*Cor.* I will not seal<sup>8</sup> your knowledge with showing them. I will make much of your voices, and so trouble you no further.

*Both Cit.* The gods give you joy, sir, heartily!

[*Exeunt.*

*Cor.* Most sweet voices!—

Better it is to die, better to starve,  
Than crave the hire which first we do deserve.  
Why in this wolvis<sup>9</sup> gown should I stand here,  
To beg of Hob and Dick<sup>10</sup>, that do appear,  
Their needless vouches? Custom calls me to't:—  
What custom wills, in all things should we do't,

<sup>8</sup> I will not strengthen or complete your knowledge. The *seal* is that which ratifies or completes a writing.

<sup>9</sup> Thus the second folio. The first folio reads 'woolvis<sup>h</sup> tongue,' apparently an error of the press for *toge*: the same mistake having occurred in *Othello*, where '*tongued* consuls' is printed for '*toged* consuls.' By a *wolvis<sup>h</sup>* gown Coriolanus means a *deceitful* one; in allusion to the fable of the wolf in sheep's clothing; not that he means to call himself the wolf, but merely to say, Why should I stand here playing the hypocrite, and simulating the humility that is not in my nature. Or, as Shakspeare expresses it in *All's Well that Ends Well*:—'To wear the surplice of humility over the black gown of a big heart.' Brutus afterwards says:—

' ——— With a proud heart he wore  
His humble weeds.'

<sup>10</sup> The poet has here given the names (as in many other places he has attributed the customs) of England to ancient Rome. *Hob* and *Dick* were names of frequent occurrence among the common people in Shakspeare's time, and generally used to signify a peasant or low person.

The dust on antique time would lie unswept,  
 And mountainous error be too highly heap'd  
 For truth to overpeer.—Rather than fool it so,  
 Let the high office and the honour go  
 To one that would do thus.—I am half through:  
 The one part suffer'd, the other will I do.

*Enter three other Citizens.*

Here come more voices,—

Your voices: for your voices I have fought;  
 Watch'd for your voices; for your voices, bear  
 Of wounds two dozen odd; battles thrice six  
 I have seen, and heard of; for your voices, have<sup>11</sup>  
 Done many things, some less, some more: your  
 voices:

Indeed, I would be consul.

5 *Cit.* He has done nobly, and cannot go without  
 any honest man's voice.

6 *Cit.* Therefore let him be consul: The gods give  
 him joy, and make him good friend to the people!

*All.* Amen, Amen.—

God save thee, noble consul! [*Exeunt Citizens.*

*Cor.* Worthy voices!

*Re-enter MENENIUS, with BRUTUS, and SICINIUS.*

*Men.* You have stood your limitation; and the  
 tribunes

Endue you with the people's voice; Remains,  
 That, in the official marks invested, you  
 Anon do meet the senate.

*Cor.* Is this done?

*Sic.* The custom of request you have discharg'd:

<sup>11</sup> Dr. Farmer says, perhaps we should read:—

' ——— battles thrice six

*I've seen, and you have heard of; for your voices*

*Done many things,' &c.*

Coriolanus seeming now in earnest to petition for the consulate.

The people do admit you ; and are summon'd  
To meet anon, upon your approbation.

*Cor.* Where ? at the senate-house ?

*Sic.* There, Coriolanus.

*Cor.* May I change these garments ?

*Sic.* You may, sir.

*Cor.* That I'll straight do ; and, knowing myself  
again,

Repair to the senate-house.

*Men.* I'll keep you company.—Will you along ?

*Bru.* We stay here for the people.

*Sic.* Fare you well.

[*Exeunt* CORIOL. and MENEN.]

He has it now ; and by his looks, methinks,  
'Tis warm at his heart.

*Bru.* With a proud heart he wore  
His humble weeds : Will you dismiss the people ?

*Re-enter* Citizens.

*Sic.* How now, my masters ? have you chose this  
man ?

1 *Cit.* He has our voices, sir.

*Bru.* We pray the gods, he may deserve your loves.

2 *Cit.* Amen, sir : To my poor unworthy notice,  
He mock'd us, when he begg'd our voices.

3 *Cit.* Certainly,  
He flouted us downright.

1 *Cit.* No, 'tis his kind of speech, he did not mock us.

2 *Cit.* Not one amongst us, save yourself, but says,  
He us'd us scornfully : he should have show'd us  
His marks of merit, wounds receiv'd for his country.

*Sic.* Why, so he did, I am sure.

*Cit.* No ; no man saw 'em.  
[*Several speak.*]

3 *Cit.* He said, he had wounds, which he could  
show in private ;

And with his hat, thus waving it in scorn,  
*I would be consul*, says he: *aged custom*<sup>12</sup>,  
*But by your voices, will not so permit me;*  
*Your voices therefore:* When we granted that,  
 Here was,—*I thank you for your voices,—thank*  
*you,—*

*Your most sweet voices:—now you have left your*  
*voices,*

*I have no further with you:—*Was not this mockery?

*Sic.* Why, either, were you ignorant to see't<sup>13</sup>?  
 Or, seeing it, of such childish friendliness  
 To yield your voices?

*Brn.* Could you not have told him,  
 As you were lesson'd,—When he had no power,  
 But was a petty servant to the state,  
 He was your enemy; ever spake against  
 Your liberties, and the charters that you bear  
 I' the body of the weal: and now, arriving<sup>14</sup>  
 A place of potency, and sway o'the state,  
 If he should still malignantly remain  
 Fast foe to the plebeii, your voices might  
 Be curses to yourselves? You should have said,  
 That, as his worthy deeds did claim no less  
 Than what he stood for; so his gracious nature  
 Would think upon you for your voices<sup>15</sup>, and

<sup>12</sup> The Romans (as Warburton observes) had but lately changed the regal for the consular government: for Coriolanus was banished the eighteenth year after the expulsion of the kings. Plutarch, as we have before seen, led the poet into the error concerning this *aged custom*. See note 20, p. 173.

<sup>13</sup> 'Were you ignorant to see't?' is 'did you want knowledge to discern it?'

<sup>14</sup>

'———— arriving  
 A place of potency.'

So in The Third Part of King Henry VI. Act v. Sc. 3:—

'———— those powers that the queen

Hath rais'd in Gallia have arriv'd our coast.'

See Julius Cæsar, Act i. Sc. 2, note 7.

<sup>15</sup> i. e. 'Would retain a grateful remembrance of you,' &c.



Translate his malice towards you into love,  
 Standing your friendly lord.

*Sic.*

Thus to have said,  
 As you were fore-advis'd, had touch'd his spirit,  
 And try'd his inclination; from him pluck'd  
 Either his gracious promise, which you might,  
 As cause had call'd you up, have held him to;  
 Or else it would have gall'd his surly nature,  
 Which easily endures not article  
 Lying him to aught; so, putting him to rage,  
 You should have ta'en the advantage of his choler,  
 And pass'd him unelected.

*Bru.*

Did you perceive,  
 He did solicit you in free contempt<sup>16</sup>,  
 When he did need your loves; and do you think  
 That his contempt shall not be bruising to you,  
 When he hath power to crush? Why, had your  
 bodies

No heart among you? Or had you tongues, to cry  
 Against the rectorship of judgment?

*Sic.*

Have you,  
 Ere now, deny'd the asker? and, now again,  
 On him, that did not ask, but mock, bestow  
 Your su'd-for tongues<sup>17</sup>?

3 *Cit.* He's not confirm'd, we may deny him yet.

2 *Cit.* And will deny him:

'I'll have five hundred voices of that sound.

1 *Cit.* I twice five hundred, and their friends to  
 piece 'em.

*Bru.* Get you hence instantly; and tell those  
 friends,—

They have chose a consul, that will from them take  
 Their liberties; make them of no more voice

<sup>16</sup> That is, in *pure* contempt, open and unrestrained.

<sup>17</sup> 'Your voices, to obtain which so many have hitherto so-  
 cited.'

Than dogs, that are as often beat for barking,  
As therefore kept to do so.

*Sic.*

Let them assemble;

And, on a safer judgment, all revoke  
Your ignorant election: Enforce<sup>18</sup> his pride,  
And his old hate unto you: besides, forget not  
With what contempt he wore the humble weed;  
How in his suit he scorn'd you: but your loves,  
Thinking upon his services, took from you  
The apprehension of his present portance<sup>19</sup>,  
Which most gibingly, ungravely he did fashion  
After the inveterate hate he bears you.

*Bru.*

Lay

A fault on us, your tribunes; that we labour'd  
(No impediment between) but that you must  
Cast your election on him.

*Sic.*

Say, you chose him

More after our commandment, than as guided  
By your own true affections: and that, your minds  
Preoccupy'd with what you rather must do  
Than what you should, made you against the grain  
To voice him consul: Lay the fault on us.

*Bru.* Ay, spare us not. Say, we read lectures  
to you,

How youngly he began to serve his country,  
How long continued: and what stock he springs of,  
The noble house o'the Marcians; from whence came  
That Ancus Marcius, Numa's daughter's son,  
Who, after great Hostilius, here was king:  
Of the same house Publius and Quintus were,  
That our best water brought by conduits hither;

<sup>18</sup> Object his pride, and enforce the objection. So afterwards:—

‘Enforce him with his envy to the people.’

<sup>19</sup> i. e. carriage. So in Othello:—

‘And portance in my travels’ history.’

nd Censorinus, darling of the people<sup>20</sup>,  
nd nobly nam'd so, being Censor twice,  
as his great ancestor.

*Sic.* One thus descended,  
hat hath beside well in his person wrought  
o be set high in place, we did commend  
o your remembrances: but you have found,  
ealing<sup>21</sup> his present bearing with his past,  
hat he's your fixed enemy, and revoke  
our sudden approbation.

*Bru.* Say, you ne'er had done't  
Harp on that still), but by our putting on<sup>22</sup>:  
nd presently, when you have drawn your number,  
epair to the Capitol.

*Cit.* We will so: almost all [*Several speak.*  
equent in their election. [*Exeunt Citizens.*

*Bru.* Let them go on;

<sup>20</sup> Pope supplied this verse, which the context evidently requires, and which is warranted by the narration in Plutarch, from whence this passage is taken:—'The house of the Martians

Rome was of the number of the patricians, out of which sprung many noble personages, whereof Ancus Martius was one, being Numa's daughter's sonne, who was king of Rome after Julius Hostilius. Of the same house were Publius and Quintus, who brought to Rome their best water they had by conduits. Censorinus came of that familie, that was so surnamed because the people had chosen him censor twice.' Publius and Quintus

nd Censorinus were not the ancestors of Coriolanus, but his descendants. Caius Martius Rutilius did not obtain the name Censorinus till the year of Rome 487; and the Marcian aqueducts were not brought to the city by aqueducts till the year 3, near 350 years after the death of Coriolanus. Shakspeare has confounded the ancestors and posterity of Coriolanus together.

<sup>21</sup> That is, *weighing* his past and present behaviour.

<sup>22</sup> i. e. our incitation. So in King Lear:—

' ——— you protect this course,  
And put it on by your allowance.'

nd Iago says of Roderigo, in Othello:—

' If this poor trash of Venice, whom I trace  
For his quick hunting, bear the putting on,' &c.

This mutiny were better put in hazard,  
 Than stay, past doubt, for greater :  
 If, as his nature is, he fall in rage  
 With their refusal, both observe and answer  
 The vantage of his anger.

*Sic.*

*To the Capitol :*

Come ; we'll be there before the stream o' the people ;  
 And this shall seem, as partly 'tis, their own,  
 Which we have goaded onward. *[Exeunt.]*

## ACT III.

### SCENE I. *The same. A Street.*

*Cornets. Enter CORIOLANUS, MENENIUS, COMINIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, Senators, and Patricians.*

*Cor.* Tullus Aufidius then had made new head ?

*Lart.* He had, my lord ; and that it was, which  
 caus'd

Our swifter composition.

*Cor.* So then the Volces stand but as at first ;  
 Ready, when time shall prompt them, to make road  
 Upon us again.

*Com.* They are worn, lord consul<sup>1</sup>, so,  
 That we shall hardly in our ages see  
 Their banners wave again.

*Cor.*

Saw you Aufidius ?

*Lart.* On safeguard<sup>2</sup> he came to me ; and did curse

<sup>1</sup> Shakspeare has here again given the usage of England to Rome. In his time the title of *lord* was given to many officers of state who were not peers, as *lords* of the council, *lord ambassador*, *lord general*, &c.

<sup>2</sup> That is, with a convoy, a guard appointed to protect him.

Against the Volces, for they had so vilely  
Yielded the town: he is retir'd to Antium.

*Cor.* Spoke he of me?

*Lart.* He did, my lord.

*Cor.* How? what?

*Lart.* How often he had met you, sword to sword:  
That, of all things upon the earth, he hated  
Your person most: that he would pawn his fortunes  
To hopeless restitution, so he might  
Be call'd your vanquisher.

*Cor.* At Antium lives he?

*Lart.* At Antium.

*Cor.* I wish, I had cause to seek him there,  
To oppose his hatred fully.—Welcome home.

[ *To LARTIUS.*

*Enter SICINIUS and BRUTUS.*

Behold! these are the tribunes of the people,  
The tongues o'the common mouth. I do despise them;  
For they do prank<sup>3</sup> them in authority,  
Against all noble sufferance.

*Sic.* Pass no farther.

*Cor.* Ha! what is that?

*Bru.* It will be dangerous to  
Go on: no further.

*Cor.* What makes this change?

*Men.* The matter?

*Com.* Hath he not pass'd the nobles, and the commons?

*Bru.* Cominius, no.

*Cor.* Have I had children's voices?

1 *Sen.* Tribunes, give way; he shall to the market-place.

*Bru.* The people are incens'd against him.

<sup>3</sup> So in *Measure for Measure*, Act ii. Sc. 2:—

'Drest in a little brief authority.'

*Sic.* Stop,  
Or all will fall in broil.

*Cor.* Are these your herd?—  
Must these have voices, that can yield them now,  
And straight disclaim their tongues?—What are  
your offices?  
You being their mouths, why rule you not their  
teeth?

Have you not set them on?

*Men.* Be calm, be calm.

*Cor.* It is a purpos'd thing, and grows by plot,  
To curb the will of the nobility:—  
Suffer it, and live with such as cannot rule,  
Nor ever will be rul'd.

*Bru.* Call't not a plot:  
The people cry, you mock'd them; and, of late,  
When corn was given them gratis, you repin'd;  
Scandal'd the suppliants for the people; call'd them  
Time-pleasers, flatterers, foes to nobleness.

*Cor.* Why, this was known before.

*Bru.* Not to them all.

*Cor.* Have you inform'd them since?

*Bru.* How! I inform them!

*Cor.* You are like to do such business.

*Bru.* Not unlike,  
Each way to better yours<sup>4</sup>.

*Cor.* Why then should I be consul? By yon clouds,  
Let me deserve so ill as you, and make me  
Your fellow tribune.

*Sic.* You show too much of that,  
For which the people stir: If you will pass  
To where you are bound, you must inquire your way,  
Which you are out of, with a gentler spirit;

<sup>4</sup> i. e. likely to provide better for the security of the commonwealth than you (whose *business* it is) will do. To which the reply is pertinent, 'Why then should I be consul?'

Or never be so noble as a consul,  
Ner yoke with him for tribune.

*Men.*

Let's be calm.

*Com.* The people are abus'd:—Set on,—This  
palt'ring<sup>5</sup>

Becomes not Rome; nor has Coriolanus  
Deserv'd this so dishonour'd rub, laid falsely<sup>6</sup>  
I' the plain way of his merit.

*Cor.*

Tell me of corn!

This was my speech, and I will speak't again;—

*Men.* Not now, not now.

*1 Sen.*

Not in this heat, sir, now.

*Cor.* Now, as I live, I will.—My nobler friends,  
I crave their pardons:—

For the mutable, rank-scented many<sup>7</sup>, let them

Regard me as I do not flatter, and

Therein behold themselves: I say again,

In soothing them, we nourish 'gainst our senate

The cockle<sup>8</sup> of rebellion, insolence, sedition,

Which we ourselves have plough'd for, sow'd and  
scatter'd,

By mingling them with us, the honour'd number;

Who lack not virtue, no, nor power, but that

Which they have given to beggars.

*Men.*

Well, no more.

*1 Sen.* No more words, we beseech you.

*Cor.*

How! no more?

As for my country I have shed my blood,

<sup>5</sup> *Paltering* is *shuffling*.

<sup>6</sup> i. e. treacherously. The metaphor is from a *rub* at bowls.

<sup>7</sup> i. e. the populace. The Greeks used *οι πολλοι* exactly in the same sense.

<sup>8</sup> *Cockle* is a weed which grows up with and chokes the corn. The thought is from North's Plutarch:—'Moreover, he said, that they nourished against themselves the naughty seed and *cockle* of insolency and sedition, which had been sowed and scattered abroad among the people,' &c.

Not fearing outward force, so shall my lungs  
Coin words till their decay, against those meazels<sup>9</sup>,  
Which we disdain should tetter us, yet sought  
The very way to catch them.

*Bru.* You speak o'the people,  
As if you were a god to punish, not  
A man of their infirmity.

*Sic.* T'were well,  
We let the people know't.

*Men.* What, what? his choler?

*Cor.* Choler!  
Were I as patient as the midnight sleep,  
By Jove, 'twould be my mind.

*Sic.* It is a mind,  
That shall remain a poison where it is,  
Not poison any further.

*Cor.* Shall remain!—  
Hear you this Triton of the minnows<sup>10</sup>? mark you  
His absolute *shall*?

*Com.* 'Twas from the canon.

*Cor.* *Shall!*  
O good<sup>11</sup>, but most unwise patricians, why,  
You grave, but reckless<sup>12</sup> senators, have you thus  
Given Hydra here to choose an officer,  
That with his peremptory *shall*, being but  
The horn and noise<sup>13</sup> o'the monsters, wants not spirit  
To say, he'll turn your current in a ditch,  
And make your channel his? If he have power,

<sup>9</sup> *Meazel*, or *mesell*, is the old term for a *leper*, from the Fr. *meselle*.

<sup>10</sup> So in *Love's Labour's Lost*:—'That base *minnow* of thy mirth.'

<sup>11</sup> The old copy has 'O God, but,' &c. The emendation was made by Theobald.

<sup>12</sup> Careless.

<sup>13</sup> 'The *horn* and *noise*,' alluding to his having called him *Triton* of the minnows before.



Then vail your ignorance<sup>14</sup>: if none, awake  
 Your dangerous lenity. If you are learned,  
 Be not as common fools; if you are not,  
 Let them have cushions by you. You are plebeians,  
 If they be senators: and they are no less,  
 When, both your voices blended, the greatest taste  
 Most palates theirs<sup>15</sup>. They choose their magistrate;  
 And such a one as he, who puts his *shall*,  
 His popular *shall*, against a graver bench  
 Than ever frown'd in Greece! By Jove himself,  
 It makes the consuls base: and my soul akes,  
 To know, when two authorities are up,  
 Neither supreme, how soon confusion  
 May enter 'twixt the gap of both, and take  
 The one by the other<sup>16</sup>.

*Com.* Well—on to the market-place.

*Cor.* Whoever gave that counsel, to give forth  
 The corn o'the storehouse gratis, as 'twas us'd  
 Sometime in Greece,—

*Men.* Well, well, no more of that.

*Cor.* (Though there the people had more absolute  
 power)

I say, they nourish'd disobedience, fed  
 The ruin of the state.

*Bru.* Why, shall the people give  
 One, that speaks thus, their voice?

*Cor.* I'll give my reasons,  
 More worthier than their voices. They know, the corn  
 Was not our recompense; resting well assur'd

<sup>14</sup> 'If this man has power, let the *ignorance* that gave it him vail or bow down before him.'

<sup>15</sup> 'The plebeians are no less than senators, when, the voices of the senate and the people being blended, the predominant taste of the compound smacks more of the populace than the senate.'

<sup>16</sup> 'The mischief and absurdity of what is called *imperium in imperio* is here finely expressed,' says Warburton.

They ne'er did service for't: Being press'd to the war,  
 Even when the navel of the state was touch'd,  
 That would not thread<sup>17</sup> the gates: this kind of service

Did not deserve corn gratis: being i'the war,  
 Their mutinies and revolts, wherein they show'd  
 Most valour, spoke not for them: The accusation  
 Which they have often made against the senate,  
 All cause unborn, could never be the native<sup>18</sup>  
 Of our so frank donation. Well, what then?  
 How shall this bosom multiplied<sup>19</sup> digest  
 The senate's courtesy? Let deeds express  
 What's like to be their words:—*We did request it;*  
*We are the greater poll, and in true fear*  
*They gave us our demands:*—Thus we debase  
 The nature of our seats, and make the rabble  
 Call our cares, fears: which will in time break open  
 The locks o'the senate, and bring in the crows  
 To peck the eagles.—

*Men.*

*•Come, enough.*

*Bru.* Enough, with overmeasure.

*Cor.*

No, take more:

What may be sworn by, both divine and human,  
 Seal what I end withal<sup>20</sup>!—This double worship,—  
 Where one part does disdain with cause, the other  
 Insult without all reason; where gentry, title, wisdom

<sup>17</sup> To thread the gates is to pass through them. So in King Lear:—'Threading dark-ey'd night.'

<sup>18</sup> Native, if it be not a corruption of the text, must be put for native cause, the producer, or bringer forth. Mason's proposed emendation of motive would be very plausible, were it not that the poet seems to have intended a kind of antithesis between cause unborn and native cause.

<sup>19</sup> 'This bosom multiplied,' is this multitudinous bosom, the bosom of that many-headed monster the people.

<sup>20</sup> 'No, let me add this further, and may every thing divine and human that can give force to an oath, bear witness to the truth of what I shall conclude with.'

Cannot conclude, but by the yea and no  
Of general ignorance,—it must omit  
Real necessities, and give way the while  
To unstable slightness : purpose so barr'd, it follows,  
Nothing is done to purpose : Therefore, beseech  
you,—

You that will be less fearful than discreet;  
That love the fundamental part of state,  
More than you doubt<sup>21</sup> the change of't; that prefer  
A noble life before a long, and wish  
To jump<sup>22</sup> a body with a dangerous physick  
That's sure of death without it,—at once pluck out  
The multitudinous tongue, let them not lick  
The sweet which is their poison : your dishonour  
Mangles true judgment, and bereaves the state  
Of that integrity which should become it<sup>23</sup>;  
Not having the power to do the good it would,  
For the ill which doth control it.

*Bru.*

He has said enough.

*Sic.* He has spoken like a traitor, and shall answer  
As traitors do.

*Cor.* Thou wretch ! despite o'erwhelm thee !—  
What should the people do with these bald tribunes ?  
On whom depending, their obedience fails

<sup>21</sup> To doubt is to fear.

<sup>22</sup> To jump a body is apparently 'to risk or hazard a body.' So in Holland's Pliny, b. xxv. ch. v. p. 219 :—'If we looke for good successe in our cure by ministring hellebore, &c. for certainly it putteth the patient to a jumpe or greate hazard.' So in Macbeth :—

'We'd jump the life to come.'

And in Antony and Cleopatra, Act iii. Sc. viii :—

'——— our fortune lies

Upon this jump.'

<sup>23</sup> 'Mangles true judgment, and bereaves the state  
Of that integrity which should become it.'

*Judgment* is the faculty by which right is distinguished from wrong. *Integrity* is in this place soundness, uniformity, consistency.

To the greater bench : In a rebellion,  
 When what's not meet, but what must be, was law,  
 Then were they chosen; in a better hour,  
 Let what is meet, be said it must be meet<sup>24</sup>,  
 And throw their power i' the dust.

*Bru.* Manifest treason.

*Sic.* This a consul? no.

*Bru.* The Ædiles, ho!—Let him be apprehended.

*Sic.* Go, call the people; [*Exit BRUTUS.*] in  
 whose name, myself

Attach thee, as a traitorous innovator,  
 A foe to the publick weal: Obey, I charge thee,  
 And follow to thine answer.

*Cor.* Hence, old goat!

*Sen. & Pat.* We'll surety him.

*Com.* Aged sir, hands off.

*Cor.* Hence, rotten thing, or I shall shake thy bones  
 Out of thy garments<sup>25</sup>.

*Sic.* Help, ye citizens.

*Re-enter BRUTUS, with the Ædiles, and a Rabble  
 of Citizens.*

*Men.* On both sides more respect.

*Sic.* Here's he, that would  
 Take from you all your power.

*Bru.* Seize him, Ædiles.

*Cit.* Down with him, down with him!

[*Several speak.*

*2 Sen.* Weapons, weapons, weapons!

[*They all bustle about CORIOLANUS.*

<sup>24</sup> ' Let it be said by you that what is *meet* to be done, *must* be meet, i. e. *shall be done*, and put an end at once to the tribunitian power, which was established when irresistible violence, not a regard to propriety, directed the legislature.'

<sup>25</sup> ' ————— here's a stay,

That *shakes the rotten carcase* of old death  
 Out of his rags!'

*King John.*

Tribunes, patricians, citizens!—what ho!—

Sicinius, Brutus, Coriolanus, citizens!

*Cit.* Peace, peace, peace; stay, hold, peace!

*Men.* What is about to be?—I am out of breath;  
Confusion's near: I cannot speak:—You, tribunes  
To the people,—Coriolanus, patience:—  
Speak, good Sicinius.

*Sic.* Hear me, people;—Peace.

*Cit.* Let's hear our tribune:—Peace. Speak,  
speak, speak.

*Sic.* You are at point to lose your liberties:  
Marcius would have all from you; Marcius,  
Whom late you have nam'd for consul.

*Men.* Fye, fye, fye!

This is the way to kindle, not to quench.

1 *Sen.* To unbuild the city, and to lay all flat.

*Sic.* What is the city, but the people?

*Cit.* True,

The people are the city.

*Bru.* By the consent of all, we were establish'd  
The people's magistrates.

*Cit.* You so remain

*Men.* And so are like to do.

*Cor.* That is the way to lay the city flat;  
To bring the roof to the foundation;  
And bury all, which yet distinctly ranges,  
In heaps and piles of ruin.

*Sic.* This deserves death.

*Bru.* Or let us stand to our authority,  
Or let us lose it:—We do here pronounce,  
Upon the part o'the people, in whose power  
We were elected theirs, Marcius is worthy  
Of present death.

*Sic.* Therefore, lay hold of him;  
Bear him to the rock Tarpeian, and from thence  
Into destruction cast him.

*Bru.* *Ædiles*, seize him.

*Cit.* Yield, *Marcius*, yield.

*Men.* Hear me one word.  
Beseech you, tribunes, hear me but a word.

*Ædi.* Peace, peace.

*Men.* Be that you seem, truly your country's friend,  
And temperately proceed to what you would  
Thus violently redress.

*Bru.* Sir, those cold ways  
That seem like prudent helps, are very poisonous  
Where the disease is violent:—Lay hands upon him,  
And bear him to the rock.

*Cor.* No; I'll die here.

[*Drawing his Sword.*

There's some among you have beheld me fighting;  
Come, try upon yourselves what you have seen me.

*Men.* Down with that sword;—Tribunes, with-  
draw awhile.

*Bru.* Lay hands upon him.

*Men.* Help, help, *Marcius*! help,  
You that be noble; help him, young, and old!

*Cit.* Down with him, down with him!

[*In this Mutiny, the Tribunes, the Ædiles,  
and the People, are all beat in.*

*Men.* Go, get you to your house; be gone, away,  
All will be naught else.

*2 Sen.* Get you gone.

*Cor.* Stand fast;  
We have as many friends as enemies.

*Men.* Shall it be put to that?

*1 Sen.* The gods forbid!  
I pr'ythee, noble friend, home to thy house;  
Leave us to cure this cause.

*Men.* For 'tis a sore upon us,  
You cannot tent yourself: Begone, 'beseech you.

*Com.* Come, sir, along with us.

*Cor.* I would they were barbarians (as they are,  
Though in Rome litter'd), not Romans (as they are  
not,

Though calv'd i'the porch o'the Capitol)—

*Men.*

Be gone;

Put not your worthy rage into your tongue;  
One time will owe another<sup>26</sup>.

*Cor.*

On fair ground,

I could beat forty of them.

*Men.*

I could myself

Take up a brace of the best of them; yea, the two  
tribunes.

*Com.* But now 'tis odds beyond arithmetick;  
And manhood is call'd foolery, when it stands  
Against a falling fabrick.—Will you hence,  
Before the tag<sup>27</sup> return? whose rage doth rend  
Like interrupted waters, and o'erbear  
What they are used to bear.

*Men.*

Pray you, be gone:

I'll try whether my old wit be in request  
With those that have but little; this must be patch'd  
With cloth of any colour.

*Com.*

Nay, come away.

[*Exeunt COR. COM. and others.*]

1 *Pat.* This man has marr'd his fortune.

*Men.* His nature is too noble for the world:  
He would not flatter Neptune for his trident,  
Or Jove for his power to thunder. His heart's his  
mouth;

What his breast forges, that his tongue must vent;  
And, being angry, does forget that ever

<sup>26</sup> 'One time will owe another.' I think Menenius means to say, 'Another time will offer when you may be quits with them.' There is a common proverbial phrase, 'One good turn deserves another.'

<sup>27</sup> The lowest of the populace, *tag, rag, and bobtail.*

He heard the name of death. [A noise within.  
Here's goodly work!

2 *Pat.* I would they were a-bed!

*Men.* I would they were in Tyber!—What, the  
vengeance,  
Could he not speak them fair?

*Re-enter BRUTUS and SICINIUS, with the Rabble.*

*Sic.* Where is this viper,  
That would depopulate the city, and  
Be every man himself?

*Men.* You worthy tribunes,—

*Sic.* He shall be thrown down the Tarpeian rock  
With rigorous hands; he hath resisted law,  
And therefore law shall scorn him further trial  
Than the severity of the public power,  
Which he so sets at nought.

1 *Cit.* He shall well know,  
The noble tribunes are the people's mouths,  
And we their hands.

*Cit.* He shall, sure on't<sup>28</sup>.

[Several speak together.

*Men.* Sir,—

*Sic.* Peace.

*Men.* Do not cry, havock<sup>29</sup>, where you should  
but hunt  
With modest warrant.

<sup>28</sup> We should probably read:—

'He shall, be sure on't.'

<sup>29</sup> This signal for general slaughter was not to be pronounced with impunity, but by authority: 'Item que nul soit si hardy de crier *havok*, sur peine d'avoir la test coupé.'—*Ordinances des Battailles*, 9 R. ii. Art. 10. Again, in the Statutes and Ordinances of Warre, printed by Pynson, 1513:—'That no man be so hardy to crye *havoke*, upon payne of him that is so founde begynner, to dye therfore, and the remenaunt to be emprysoned, and their bodies to be punyshed at the kinges wyll.' *ἄερος*, in Saxon, is a hawk, and Mr. Tyrwhitt thinks the cry may have originally been a sporting phrase. See Julius Cæsar, Act iii. Sc. 1, note 17.



*Sic.* Sir, how comes it, that you  
Have help to make this rescue?

*Men.* Hear me speak:—  
As I do know the consul's worthiness,  
So can I name his faults:—

*Sic.* Consul!—what consul?

*Men.* The consul Coriolanus.

*Bru.* He a consul!

*Cit.* No, no, no, no, no.

*Men.* If, by the tribunes' leave, and yours, good  
people,

I may be heard, I'd crave a word or two;  
The which shall turn you to no further harm<sup>30</sup>,  
Than so much loss of time.

*Sic.* Speak briefly then;  
For we are peremptory, to despatch  
This viperous traitor: to eject him hence,  
Were but one danger; and, to keep him here,  
Our certain death; therefore it is decreed,  
He dies to-night.

*Men.* Now the good gods forbid,  
That our renowned Rome, whose gratitude  
Towards her deserved<sup>31</sup> children is enroll'd  
In Jove's own book, like an unnatural dam  
Should now eat up her own!

*Sic.* He's a disease, that must be cut away.

*Men.* O, he's a limb, that has but a disease;  
Mortal, to cut it off; to cure it, easy.  
What has he done to Rome, that's worthy death?  
Killing our enemies? The blood he hath lost  
(Which, I dare vouch, is more than that he hath,

<sup>30</sup> 'The which shall *turn you to* no further harm.' This singular expression occurs again in *The Tempest*:—

' ————— my heart bleeds

To think o'the teen that I have *turn'd you to*.'

<sup>31</sup> *Deserved for deserving*; as *delighted for delighting* in *Othello*, and other similar changes of termination in words of like ending.

By many an ounce), he dropp'd it for his country:  
 And, what is left, to lose it by his country,  
 Were to us all, that do't, and suffer it,  
 A brand to the end o'the world.

*Sic.*

This is clean kam<sup>32</sup>.

*Bru.* Merely<sup>33</sup> awry: when he did love his country,  
 It honour'd him.

*Men.*

The service of the foot  
 Being once gangren'd, is not then respected  
 For what before it was?

*Bru.*

We'll hear no more:—  
 Pursue him to his house, and pluck him thence;  
 Lest his infection, being of catching nature,  
 Spread further.

*Men.*

One word more, one word.  
 This tiger-footed rage, when it shall find  
 The harm of unscann'd swiftness, will, too late,  
 Tie leaden pounds to his heels. Proceed by process;  
 Lest parties (as he is belov'd) break out,  
 And sack great Rome with Romans.

*Bru.*

If it were so,—

*Sic.* What do ye talk?

Have we not had a taste of his obedience?  
 Our Ædiles smote? ourselves resisted?—Come:—

*Men.* Consider this;—He has been bred i'the wars  
 Since he could draw a sword, and is ill school'd  
 In boulted language; meal and bran together  
 He throws without distinction. Give me leave,

<sup>32</sup> *Kam* is crooked. 'Clean contrarie, quite *kamme*, à contre-poil,' says Cotgrave: and the same worthy lexicographer explains 'à revers, cross, *cleane kamme*.' Stanyhurst in his Virgil, and the translator of Guzman d Alfarache, have it *kim kam*:—

Scinditur studia in contraria vulgus.

'The wavering commons in *kym kam* sectes are haled.'  
 The word is to be found in Welsh and Erse: *camurus*, in Latin, and *καμπύλος*, in Greek, have the same meaning, and the whole are doubtless derived from one common parent.

<sup>33</sup> i. e. absolutely.

I'll go to him, and undertake to bring him  
Where he shall answer, by a lawful form  
(In peace), to his utmost peril.

1 *Sen.* Noble tribunes,  
It is the humane way : the other course  
Will prove too bloody ; and the end of it  
Unknown to the beginning.

*Sic.* Noble Menenius,  
Be you then as the people's officer :  
Masters, lay down your weapons.

*Bru.* Go not home.

*Sic.* Meet on the market-place :—We'll attend you  
there :

Where, if you bring not Marcius, we'll proceed  
In our first way.

*Men.* I'll bring him to you :  
Let me desire your company. [*To the Senators.*]  
He must come,  
Or what is worst will follow.

1 *Sen.* Pray you, let's to him.  
[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II. *A Room in Coriolanus's House.*

*Enter CORIOLANUS, and Patricians.*

*Cor.* Let them pull all about mine ears ; present me  
Death on the wheel, or at wild horses' heels<sup>1</sup> ;  
Or pile ten hills on the Tarpeian rock,  
That the precipitation might down stretch  
Below the beam of sight, yet will I still  
Be thus to them.

<sup>1</sup> Breaking a criminal on the wheel was a punishment unknown to the Romans ; and, except in the single instance of Metius Suffetius, according to Livy, dismemberment by being torn to death by wild horses never took place in Rome. Shakspeare attributes to them the cruel punishments of a later age.

*Enter VOLUMNIA.*

1 *Pat.* You do the nobler.

*Cor.* I muse<sup>2</sup>, my mother  
Does not approve me further, who was wont  
To call them woollen vassals, things created  
To buy and sell with groats; to show bare heads  
In congregations, to yawn, be still, and wonder,  
When one but of my ordinance<sup>3</sup> stood up  
To speak of peace, or war. I talk of you;  
[*To VOLUMNIA.*  
Why did you wish me milder? Would you have me  
False to my nature? Rather say, I play  
The man I am.

*Vol.* O, sir, sir, sir,  
I would have had you put your power well on,  
Before you had worn it out.

*Cor.* Let go.

*Vol.* You might have been enough the man you are,  
With striving less to be so: Lesser had been  
The thwartings<sup>4</sup> of your dispositions, if  
You had not show'd them how you were dispos'd  
Ere they lack'd power to cross you.

*Cor.* Let them hang.

*Vol.* Ay, and burn too.

*Enter MENENIUS, and Senators.*

*Men.* Come, come, you have been too rough,  
something too rough;  
You must return, and mend it.

1 *Sen.* There's no remedy;  
Unless, by not so doing, our good city  
Cleave in the midst, and perish.

<sup>2</sup> I muse, that is, I wonder.

<sup>3</sup> Ordinance is here used for rank.

<sup>4</sup> The old copy reads 'things of your disposition.' The emendation is Theobald's.

*Vol.*

Pray be counsell'd :

I have a heart as little apt as yours,  
But yet a brain, that leads my use of anger,  
To better vantage.

*Men.*

Well said, noble woman :

Before he should thus stoop to the herd<sup>5</sup>, but that  
The violent fit o'the time craves it as physick  
For the whole state, I would put mine armour on,  
Which I can scarcely bear,

*Cor.* What must I do?*Men.*

Return to the tribunes.

*Cor.*

Well,

What then? what then?

*Men.*

Repent what you have spoke.

*Cor.* For them?—I cannot do it to the gods;  
Must I then do't to them?

*Vol.*

You are too absolute;

Though therein you can never be too noble,  
But when extremities speak. I have heard you say,  
Honour and policy, like unsever'd friends,  
I'the war do grow together<sup>6</sup>: Grant that, and tell me,  
In peace, what each of them by th' other lose,  
That they combine not there.

*Cor.*

Tush, tush!

*Men.*

A good demand.

*Vol.* If it be honour, in your wars, to seem  
The same you are not (which, for your best ends,  
You adopt your policy), how is it less, or worse,  
That it shall hold companionship in peace  
With honour, as in war; since that to both  
It stands in like request?

<sup>5</sup> Old copy, 'stoop to the heart.' Theobald made the correction. *Herd* being anciently *heard*, the error easily crept in. Coriolanus thus describes the people in another passage:—

'You shames of Rome, you *herd* of ——.'

<sup>6</sup> 'Except in cases of extreme necessity, when your resolute and noble spirit, however commendable at other times, ought to yield to the occasion.'

*Cor.*

Why force<sup>7</sup> you this?

*Vol.* Because that now it lies you on to speak  
To the people; not by your own instruction,  
Nor by the matter which your heart prompts you to<sup>8</sup>,  
But with such words that are but roted<sup>9</sup> in  
Your tongue, though but bastards, and syllables  
Of no allowance, to your bosom's truth<sup>10</sup>.  
Now, this no more dishonours you at all,  
Than to take in<sup>11</sup> a town with gentle words,  
Which else would put you to your fortune, and  
The hazard of much blood.—

I would dissemble with my nature, where  
My fortunes, and my friends, at stake, requir'd,  
I should do so in honour: I am in this,  
Your wife, your son, these senators, the nobles;  
And you will rather show our general lowts<sup>12</sup>  
How you can frown, than spend a fawn upon them,  
For the inheritance of their loves, and safeguard  
Of what that want<sup>13</sup> might ruin.

<sup>7</sup> 'Why urge you this?' So in King Henry VIII.:—

'If you will now unite in your complaints,  
And force them with a constancy.'

<sup>8</sup> The word *to*, which is wanting in the first folio, was supplied in the second. Malone contends for the old reading, and Steevens says that we should perhaps read:—

'Nor by the matter which your heart prompts *in* you.'  
Without some additional syllable the line, as it stands in the first folio, is defective.

<sup>9</sup> The old copy reads *roated*. Mr. Boswell says, perhaps it should be *rooted*: we have no example of *roated* for *got by rote*, but it is much in Shakspeare's manner of forming expressions.

<sup>10</sup> 'Of no allowance to your bosom's truth.'  
i. e. of no *approbation*. *Allowance* has no connection with the subsequent words, 'to your bosom's truth.' The construction is 'though but bastards to your bosom's truth, *not the lawful issue of your heart*.' The words 'and syllables of no allowance,' are put in opposition with bastards, and are as it were parenthetical.

<sup>11</sup> See Act i. Sc. 2, note 3.

<sup>12</sup> Common clowns.

<sup>13</sup> i. e. the want of their loves.

*Men.*

Noble lady!—

Come, go with us; speak fair: you may salve so,  
Not<sup>14</sup> what is dangerous present, but the loss  
Of what is past.

*Vol.*

I pr'ythee now, my son,  
Go to them, with this bonnet in thy hand;  
And thus far having stretch'd it (here be with  
them),

Thy knee bussing the stones (for in such business  
Action is eloquence, and the eyes of the ignorant  
More learned than the ears), waving thy head,  
Which often, thus, correcting thy stout heart<sup>15</sup>,  
Now humble, as the ripest mulberry,  
That will not hold the handling: Or, say to them,  
Thou art their soldier, and being bred in broils,

<sup>14</sup> *Not* seems here to signify *not only*.

<sup>15</sup> It is probably from want of a more complete acquaintance with the rules of grammar which guided our ancestors, that the use they made of the pronouns appears to us anomalous. *Which* here, as Malone observes, is to be understood as if the poet had written '*It* often,' &c. Steevens pertinaciously insists upon attributing these seeming anomalies of ancient grammar to the incorrectness of ancient printers, whose presswork, he supposes, seldom received any correction; but those who are familiar with the manuscripts of Shakspeare's age will at once acquit the learned and useful body of typographers. I had marked two or three similar instances of the use of *which* that occurred to me among the Conway MSS. but have unfortunately mislaid my memoranda. Malone has adduced some passages of similar construction from Shakspeare, in which *whom* is used where we now should use *him*, and *who* where we should place *they*. The meaning of the text seems to be 'Go to the people (says Volumnia), and appear before them in a supplicating attitude—with thy bonnet in thy hand, thy knees on the ground (for in such cases action is eloquence, &c.), waving thy head thus, *it* by its frequent bendings subduing thy stout heart, which now should be as humble as the ripest mulberry: or if these silent gestures of supplication do not move them, add words, and say to them,' &c. Æschylus, in a fragment preserved by Athenæus, lib. ii. says of Hector, that he was softer than mulberries:—

Ἄνὴρ δ' ἐκείνος ἦν πεπαίτερος μύρων.

Hast not the soft way<sup>16</sup>, which, thou dost confess,  
 Were fit for thee to use, as they to claim,  
 In asking their good loves; but thou wilt frame  
 Thyself, forsooth, hereafter theirs, so far  
 As thou hast power, and person.

*Men.* This but done,  
 Even as she speaks, why, their hearts were yours:  
 For they have pardons, being ask'd, as free  
 As words to little purpose.

*Vol.* Pr'ythee now,  
 Go, and be rul'd: although, I know, thou hadst  
 rather  
 Follow thine enemy in a fiery gulf,  
 Than flatter him in a bower<sup>17</sup>. Here is Cominius.

*Enter COMINIUS.*

*Com.* I have been i' the market-place: and, sir,  
 'tis fit  
 You make strong party, or defend yourself  
 By calmness, or by absence; all's in anger.

*Men.* Only fair speech.

*Com.* I think, 'twill serve, if he  
 Can thereto frame his spirit.

*Vol.* He must, and will:—  
 Pr'ythee, now, say, you will, and go about it.

*Cor.* Must I go show them my unbarb'd<sup>18</sup> sconce?  
 Must I

<sup>16</sup> Thus in *Othello*, folio ed. 1623:—

' ——— Rude am I in speech,  
 And little bless'd with the *soft* phrase of peace;  
 And little of this great world can I speak,  
 More than pertains to feats of *broils* and battles.'

<sup>17</sup> *Bower* was the ancient term for a *chamber*. Spenser, speaking of the Temple, Prothalamion, st. 8, says:—

' Where now the studious lawyers have their *bowers*.'

<sup>18</sup> *Unbarb'd* is *unarmed*, *unaccoutred*, *uncovered*. Cotgrave says that a *barbute* was a ridinghood, or a montero or close hood, and



With my base tongue, give to my noble heart  
 A lie, that it must bear? Well, I will do't:  
 Yet were there but this single plot<sup>19</sup> to lose,  
 This mould of Marcius, they to dust should grind it,  
 And throw it against the wind.—To the market-  
 place:—

You have put me now to such a part, which<sup>20</sup> never  
 I shall discharge to the life.

*Com.* Come, come, we'll prompt you.

*Vol.* I pr'ythee now, sweet son; as thou hast said,  
 My praises made thee first a soldier, so,  
 To have my praise for this, perform a part  
 Thou hast not done before.

*Cor.* Well, I must do't:  
 Away, my disposition, and possess me  
 Some harlot's spirit! My throat of war be turn'd,  
 Which quired<sup>21</sup> with my drum, into a pipe  
 Small as an eunuch, or the virgin voice  
 That babies lulls asleep! The smiles of knaves  
 Tent<sup>22</sup> in my cheeks; and schoolboys' tears take up  
 The glasses of my sight! A beggar's tongue

that it also signified *the beaver of a helmet*. It was probably used for any kind of covering that concealed the head and face. Thus in Chaucer, *Troilus and Cressida*, II. v. 110, Pandarus says to Cressida:—

'Do way your *barbe* and show your face *bare*.'

Where Speght explains *barbe* a *mask* or *visard*; Mr. Hawkins, a *veil* or *covering*; and Mr. Tyrwhitt, a *hood* or *muffler*. It should be remembered that a *barbed* steed was an accoutred steed, or one *covered* with trappings.

<sup>19</sup> *Plot* is piece, portion, applied to a piece of earth, and here elegantly transferred to the body, carcass.

<sup>20</sup> Some of the modern editors substituted *as* for *which* here. Malone has shown that this was Shakspeare's usual phraseology. And Horne Tooke tells us why *as* and *which* were convertible words. See note on *Julius Cæsar*, Act i. Sc. 2.

<sup>21</sup> i. e. 'which *played in concert* with my drum.' So in *The Merchant of Venice*:—

'Still *quiring* to the young-ey'd cherubims.'

<sup>22</sup> To *tent* is to *dwell*, to *take up residence*.

Make motion through my lips; and my arm'd knees,  
 Who bow'd but in my stirrup, bend like his  
 That hath receiv'd an alms!—I will not do't:  
 Lest I surcease to honour mine own truth,  
 And, by my body's action, teach my mind  
 A most inherent baseness.

*Vol.*

At thy choice then:

To beg of thee, it is my more dishonour,  
 Than thou of them. Come all to ruin; let  
 Thy mother rather feel thy pride, than fear  
 Thy dangerous stoutness<sup>23</sup>; for I mock at death  
 With as big heart as thou. Do as thou list.  
 Thy valiantness was mine, thou suck'dst it from me;  
 But owe<sup>24</sup> thy pride thyself.

*Cor.*

Pray, be content;

Mother, I am going to the market-place;  
 Chide me no more. I'll mountebank their loves,  
 Cog their hearts from them, and come home belov'd  
 Of all the trades in Rome. Look, I am going:  
 Commend me to my wife. I'll return consul;  
 Or never trust to what my tongue can do  
 I' the way of flattery, further.

*Vol.*

Do your will. [*Exit.*

*Com.* Away, the tribunes do attend you: arm your-  
 self

To answer mildly; for they are prepar'd  
 With accusations, as I hear, more strong  
 Than are upon you yet.

*Cor.* The word is, mildly:—Pray you, let us go;  
 Let them accuse me by invention, I  
 Will answer in mine honour.

*Men.*

Ay, but mildly.

*Cor.* Well, mildly be it then; mildly. [*Exeunt.*

<sup>23</sup> The meaning appears to be, 'Go, do thy worst; let me rather feel the utmost extremity that thy pride can bring upon us, than live thus in fear of thy dangerous obstinacy.'

<sup>24</sup> i. e. own.

SCENE III. *The same. The Forum.**Enter SICINIUS and BRUTUS.*

*Bru.* In this point charge him home, that he affects  
 Tyrannic<sup>al</sup> power: If he evade us there,  
 Enforce him with his envy<sup>1</sup> to the people;  
 And that the spoil, got on the Antiates,  
 Was ne'er distributed.—

*Enter an Ædile.*

What, will he come?

*Æd.* He's coming.

*Bru.* How accompanied?

*Æd.* With old Menenius, and those senators  
 That always favoured him.

*Sic.* Have you a catalogue  
 Of all the voices that we have procur'd,  
 Set down by the poll?

*Æd.* I have; 'tis ready.

*Sic.* Have you collected them by tribes?

*Æd.* I have.

*Sic.* Assemble presently the people hither;  
 And when they hear me say, *It shall be so.*  
*I'the right and strength o'the commons*, be it either  
 For death, for fine, or banishment, then let them,  
 If I say, fine, cry *fine*; if death, cry *death*;  
 Insisting on the old prerogative  
 And power, i'the truth o'the cause.

*Æd.* I shall inform them.

*Bru.* And when such time they have begun to cry,  
 Let them not cease, but with a din confus'd  
 Enforce the present execution  
 Of what we chance to sentence.

<sup>1</sup> *Enforce his envy*, i. e. *object his hatred*. See Act i. Sc. 8, note 3, and vol. iii. p. 72, note 1.

*Æd.*

Very well.

*Sic.* Make them be strong, and ready for this hint,  
When we shall hap to give't them.

*Bru.*

Go about it.—

[*Exit Ædile.*]

Put him to choler straight: He hath been us'd  
Ever to conquer, and to have his worth<sup>2</sup>  
Of contradiction: Being once chaf'd, he cannot  
Be rein'd again to temperance; then he speaks  
What's in his heart; and that is there, which looks  
With us to break his neck<sup>3</sup>.

*Enter* CORIOLANUS, MENENIUS, COMINIUS,  
Senators, and Patricians.

*Sic.* Well, here he comes.

*Men.*

Calmly, I do beseech you.

*Cor.* Ay, as an ostler, that for the poorest piece  
Will bear the knave by the volume<sup>4</sup>.—The honour'd  
gods

Keep Rome in safety, and the chairs of justice  
Supplied with worthy men! plant love among us!  
Throng our large temples with the shows of peace,  
And not our streets with war!

*1 Sen.*

Amen, amen!

*Men.* A noble wish.

*Re-enter Ædile, with Citizens.*

*Sic.* Draw near, ye people.

*Æd.* List to your tribunes; audience: Peace, I say.

*Cor.* First, hear me speak.

<sup>2</sup> i. e. his full *part* or *share*, as we should now say his *pennyworth* of contradiction. So in *Romeo and Juliet*:—

‘ ——— You take your *pennyworth* [of sleep] now.’

<sup>3</sup> ‘ The sentiments of Coriolanus’s heart are our coadjutors, and look to have their share in promoting his destruction.’

<sup>4</sup> ‘ Will bear being called a knave as often as would fill out a volume.’

*Both Tri.*

Well, say.—Peace, ho.

*Cor.* Shall I be charg'd no further than this present?  
Must all determine here?

*Sic.*

I do demand,

If you submit you to the people's voices,  
Allow their officers, and are content  
To suffer lawful censure for such faults  
As shall be prov'd upon you?

*Cor.*

I am content.

*Men.* Lo, citizens, he says, he is content:  
The warlike service he has done, consider;  
Think on the wounds his body bears, which show  
Like graves i'the holy churchyard.

*Cor.*

Scratches with briars;

Scars to move laughter only.

*Men.*

Consider further,

That when he speaks not like a citizen,  
You find him like a soldier: Do not take  
His rougher accents for malicious sounds,  
But, as I say, such as become a soldier,  
Rather than envy<sup>5</sup> you.

*Com.*

Well, well, no more.

*Cor.* What is the matter,  
That being pass'd for consul with full voice,  
I am so dishonour'd, that the very hour  
You take it off again?

*Sic.*

Answer to us.

*Cor.* Say then: 'tis true, I ought so.

*Sic.* We charge you, that you have contriv'd to take  
From Rome all season'd<sup>6</sup> office, and to wind  
Yourself into a power tyrannical;  
For which, you are a traitor to the people.

*Cor.* How! Traitor?

<sup>5</sup> 'Do not take his rougher accents for malicious sounds, but rather for such as become a soldier, than *spite* or *malign* you.' See the first note on this scene, and Act i. Sc. viii. note 3.

<sup>6</sup> i. e. *wisely tempered office*, established by time.

*Men.* Nay; temperately: Your promise.

*Cor.* The fires i'the lowest hell fold in the people!  
Call me their traitor!—Thou injurious tribune!  
Within thine eyes sat twenty thousand deaths,  
In thy hands clutch'd<sup>7</sup> as many millions, in  
Thy lying tongue both numbers, I would say,  
Thou liest, unto thee, with a voice as free  
As I do pray the gods.

*Sic.* Mark you this, people?

*Cit.* To the rock; to the rock with him!

*Sic.* Peace.

We need not put new matter to his charge:  
What you have seen him do, and heard him speak,  
Beating your officers, cursing yourselves,  
Opposing laws with strokes, and here defying  
Those whose great power must try him; even this,  
So criminal, and in such capital kind,  
Deserves the extremest death.

*Bru.* But since he hath  
Serv'd well for Rome,——

*Cor.* What do you prate of service?

*Bru.* I talk of that, that know it.

*Cor.* You?

*Men.* Is this

The promise that you made your mother?

*Com.* Know,

I pray you,——

*Cor.* I'll know no further:

Let them pronounce the steep Tarpeian death,  
Vagabond exile, flaying; Pent to linger  
But with a grain a day, I would not buy  
Their mercy at the price of one fair word;  
Nor check my courage for what they can give,  
To have't with saying, Good morrow.

<sup>7</sup> Grasp'd. So in Macbeth:—

'Come, let me clutch thee.'

*Sic.* For that he has  
 (As much as in him lies) from time to time  
 Envied<sup>8</sup> against the people, seeking means  
 To pluck away their power; as<sup>9</sup> now at last  
 Given hostile strokes, and that not<sup>10</sup> in the presence  
 Of dreaded justice, but on the ministers  
 That do distribute it; In the name o'the people,  
 And in the power of us the tribunes, we,  
 Even from this instant, banish him our city;  
 In peril of precipitation  
 From off the rock Tarpeian, never more  
 To enter our Rome gates: I' the people's name,  
 I say, it shall be so.

*Cit.* It shall be so, it shall be so; let him away:  
 He's banish'd, and it shall be so.

*Com.* Hear me, my masters, and my common  
 friends;——

*Sic.* He's sentenc'd: no more hearing.

*Com.* Let me speak:  
 I have been consul, and can show from<sup>11</sup> Rome,  
 Her enemies' marks upon me. I do love  
 My country's good, with a respect more tender,  
 More holy, and profound, than mine own life,

<sup>8</sup> Showed hatred.

<sup>9</sup> As may here be a misprint for *has*, or *and*; or it may signify *as well as*: such elliptical modes of expression are not uncommon in Shakspeare. We have *as* apparently for *as soon as* in *All's Well that Ends Well*. See vol. iii. p. 329, note 19.

<sup>10</sup> *Not* is here again used for *not only*. It is thus used in The New Testament, 1 Thess. iv. 8:—

‘He therefore that despiseth, despiseth *not* man, but God.’

<sup>11</sup> i. e. received in her service, or on her account. Theobald substituted *for*, and supported his emendation by these passages:—

‘To banish him that struck more blows *for* Rome.’

Again:—

‘Good man! the wounds that he does bear *for* Rome.’

My dear wife's estimate<sup>12</sup>, her womb's increase,  
And treasure of my loins; then if I would  
Speak that——

*Sic.* We know your drift: Speak what?

*Bru.* There's no more to be said, but he is banish'd,

As enemy to the people, and his country:  
It shall be so.

*Cit.* It shall be so, it shall be so.

*Cor.* You common cry<sup>13</sup> of curs! whose breath  
I hate

As reek o' the rotten fens<sup>14</sup>, whose loves I prize  
As the dead carcasses of unburied men  
That do corrupt my air, I banish you<sup>15</sup>;  
And here remain with your uncertainty!  
Let every feeble rumour shake your hearts!  
Your enemies, with nodding of their plumes,  
Fan you into despair! Have the power still  
To banish your defenders; till, at length,  
Your ignorance (which finds not, till it feels),  
Making but reservation of yourselves<sup>16</sup>,

<sup>12</sup> 'I love my country beyond the rate at which I value my dear wife,' &c.

<sup>13</sup> *Cry* here signifies a *pack*. So in a subsequent scene:—

'—— You have made good work,

You and your *cry*.'

A *cry* of hounds was the old term for a *pack*.

<sup>14</sup> So in *The Tempest*:—

'*Seb.* As if it had lungs, and rotten ones.

*Ant.* Or, as 'twere, perfum'd by a *fen*.'

<sup>15</sup> 'When it was cast in Diogenes' teeth that the Sinopenetes had banished him Pontus; yea, said he, *I them*.' We have the same thought in *King Richard II.*:—

'Think not the king did banish thee,

But thou the king.'

<sup>16</sup> Thus in the old copy. Malone, following Capell's meddling, changed this line to—

'Making *not* reservation of yourselves,' &c.

and attempted to defend his reading by a wordy argument, which shows that he did not understand the passage. Dr. John-



(Still your own foes), deliver you, as most  
 Abated<sup>17</sup> captives, to some nation  
 That won you without blows! Despising,  
 For you, the city, thus I turn my back:  
 There is a world elsewhere.

[*Exeunt* CORIOLANUS, COMINIUS, MENE-  
 NIUS, Senators, and Patricians.]

*Æd.* The people's enemy is gone, is gone!

*Cit.* Our enemy's banish'd! he is gone! Hoo!  
 hoo!

[*The People shout, and throw up their Caps.*]

*Sic.* Go, see him out at gates, and follow him,  
 As he hath follow'd you, with all despite;  
 Give him deserv'd vexation. Let a guard  
 Attend us through the city.

*Cit.* Come, come, let us see him out at gates;  
 come:—

The gods preserve our noble tribunes!—Come.

[*Exeunt.*]

son's explanation of the text is as correct as his subsequent remark upon it is judicious. Coriolanus imprecates upon the base plebeians that they may still retain the power of banishing their *defenders*, till their undiscerning folly, which can foresee no consequences, leave none in the city *but themselves*; so that for want of those capable of conducting their defence, they may fall an easy prey to some nation who may conquer them without a struggle. If we were to read as Malone would have us—

‘Making *not* reservation of yourselves,’

it would imply that the people *banished themselves*, after having banished their defenders.

‘It is remarkable (says Johnson), that, among the political maxims of the speculative Harrington, there is one that he might have borrowed from this speech:—“*The people cannot see, but they can feel.*” It is not much to the honour of the people, that they have the same character of stupidity from their enemy and their friend. Such was the power of our author's mind, that he looked through life in all its relations private and civil.’

<sup>17</sup> *Abated* is overthrown, depressed. To *abate* castles and houses, &c. is to *overthrow* them. See Blount's Glossography, in voce. To *abate the courage* of a man was to depress or diminish it.

## ACT IV.

SCENE I. *The same. Before a Gate of the City.*

*Enter* CORIOLANUS, VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, MENENIUS, COMINIUS, *and several young Patricians.*

*Cor.* Come, leave your tears ; a brief farewell :—  
the beast<sup>1</sup>

With many heads butts me away.—Nay, mother,  
Where is your ancient courage ? you were us'd  
To say, extremity<sup>2</sup> was the trier of spirits ;  
That common chances common men could bear ;  
That, when the sea was calm, all boats alike  
Show'd mastership in floating : fortune's blows,  
When most struck home, being gentle wounded,  
craves

A noble cunning<sup>3</sup> : you were us'd to load me  
With precepts, that would make invincible  
The heart that conn'd them.

*Vir.* O heavens ! O heavens !

*Cor.* Nay, I pr'ythee, woman,—

*Vol.* Now the red pestilence strike all trades in  
Rome,

And occupations perish !

*Cor.* What, what, what !  
I shall be lov'd when I am lack'd. Nay, mother,

<sup>1</sup> Horace, speaking of the Roman mob, says :—  
' *Bellua multorum est capitum.*'

<sup>2</sup> This is the reading of the second folio ; the first folio reads, *extremities was*, &c.

<sup>3</sup> ' When Fortune strikes her hardest blows, to be wounded, and yet continue calm, requires a noble wisdom.' *Cunning* is often used in this sense by Shakspeare. Johnson reprehends Warburton for misinterpreting the poet's words, and has himself mistaken the meaning of this.

Resume that spirit, when you were wont to say,  
 If you had been the wife of Hercules,  
 Six of his labours you'd have done, and sav'd  
 Your husband so much sweat.—Cominius,  
 Droop not; adieu:—Farewell, my wife! my mother!  
 I'll do well yet.—Thou old and true Menenius,  
 Thy tears are salter than a younger man's,  
 And venomous to thine eyes.—My sometime general,  
 I have seen thee stern, and thou hast oft beheld  
 Heart-hard'ning spectacles; tell these sad women,  
 'Tis fond <sup>4</sup> to wail inevitable strokes,  
 As 'tis to laugh at them.—My mother, you wot well,  
 My hazards still have been your solace: and  
 Believe't not lightly (though I go alone  
 Like to a lonely dragon, that his fen  
 Makes fear'd, and talk'd of more than seen), your son  
 Will, or exceed the common, or be caught  
 With cautelous <sup>5</sup> baits and practice.

*Vol.*

My first <sup>6</sup> son,  
 Whither wilt thou go? Take good Cominius  
 With thee a while: Determine on some course,  
 More than a wild exposure <sup>7</sup> to each chance  
 That starts i' the way before thee.

*Cor.*

O the gods!

*Com.* I'll follow thee a month, devise with thee  
 Where thou shalt rest, that thou may'st hear of us,  
 And we of thee: so, if the time thrust forth  
 A cause for thy repeal, we shall not send  
 O'er the vast world, to seek a single man;  
 And lose advantage, which doth ever cool  
 I' the absence of the needer.

*Cor.*

Fare ye well;—

<sup>4</sup> Foolish.

<sup>5</sup> *Cautelous* here means *insidious*.

<sup>6</sup> i. e. *noblest*.

<sup>7</sup> *Exposure*; for which it is probably a typographical error, as we have no other instance of the word *exposure*.

Thou hast years upon thee; and thou art too full  
 Of the wars' surfeits, to go rove with one  
 That's yet unbruised: bring me but out at gate.—  
 Come, my sweet wife, my dearest mother, and  
 My friends of noble touch<sup>8</sup>, when I am forth,  
 Bid me farewell, and smile. I pray you, come.  
 While I remain above the ground, you shall  
 Hear from me still; and never of me aught  
 But what is like me formerly.

*Men.* That's worthily  
 As any ear can hear. Come, let's not weep.—  
 If I could shake off but one seven years  
 From these old arms and legs, by the good gods,  
 I'd with thee every foot.

*Cor.* Give me thy hand:—  
 Come. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.

*The same. A Street near the Gate.*

*Enter SICINIUS, BRUTUS, and an Ædile.*

*Sic.* Bid them all home: he's gone, and we'll no  
 further.—

The nobility are vex'd, who, we see, have sided  
 In his behalf.

*Bru.* Now we have shown our power,  
 Let us seem humbler after it is done,  
 Than when it was a doing.

*Sic.* Bid them home:  
 Say, their great enemy is gone, and they  
 Stand in their ancient strength.

*Bru.* Dismiss them home.  
[*Exit Ædile.*

<sup>8</sup> i. e. of true metal. The metaphor from the touchstone for trying metals, is common in Shakspeare.

*Enter VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, and MENENIUS.*

Here comes his mother.

*Sic.* Let's not meet her.

*Bru.* Why?

*Sic.* They say, she's mad.

*Bru.* They have ta'en note of us :  
Keep on your way.

*Vol.* O, you're well met: The hoarded plague  
o'the gods  
Requite your love!

*Men.* Peace, peace; be not so loud.

*Vol.* If that I could for weeping, you should hear,—  
Nay, and you shall hear some.—Will you be gone?  
[*To BRUTUS.*

*Vir.* You shall stay too: [*To SIC.*] I would, I  
had the power  
To say so to my husband.

*Sic.* Are you mankind<sup>1</sup>?

*Vol.* Ay, fool; is that a shame?—Note but this  
fool.—

Was not a man my father? Hadst thou foxship<sup>2</sup>  
To banish him that struck more blows for Rome,  
Than thou hast spoken words?

*Sic.* O blessed heavens!

*Vol.* More noble blows, than ever thou wise words;  
And for Rome's good.—I'll tell thee what:—Yet  
go:—

Nay, but thou shalt stay too:—I would my son  
Were in Arabia, and thy tribe before him,  
His good sword in his hand.

<sup>1</sup> *Mankind* is *fierce, ferocious*. See vol. iv. p. 40, note 6. That it had this sense is evident, because we sometimes find it applied to a stubborn or ferocious animal. Volumnia chooses to understand it as meaning a *human* creature.

<sup>2</sup> i. e. mean cunning.

*Sic.* What then?

*Vir.* What then?

He'd make an end of thy posterity.

*Vol.* Bastards, and all.—

Good man, the wounds that he does bear for Rome!

*Men.* Come, come, peace.

*Sic.* I would he had continu'd to his country,  
As he began; and not unknot himself  
The noble knot he made.

*Bru.* I would he had.

*Vol.* I would he had! 'Twas you incens'd the  
rabble:

Cats, that can judge as fitly of his worth,  
As I can of those mysteries which heaven  
Will not have earth to know.

*Bru.* Pray, let us go.

*Vol.* Now, pray, sir, get you gone:  
You have done a brave deed, Ere you go, hear this:  
As far as doth the Capitol exceed  
The meanest house in Rome: so far, my son  
(This lady's husband here, this, do you see),  
Whom you have banish'd, does exceed you all.

*Bru.* Well, well, we'll leave you.

*Sic.* Why stay we to be baited  
With one that wants her wits?

*Vol.* Take my prayers with you.—  
I would the gods had nothing else to do,  
[*Exeunt Tribunes.*

But to confirm my curses! Could I meet them  
But once a day, it would unclog my heart  
Of what lies heavy to't.

*Men.* You have told them home,  
And, by my troth, you have cause. You'll sup  
with me?

*Vol.* Anger's my meat; I sup upon myself,  
And so shall starve with feeding.—Come, let's go:

leave this faint puling, and lament as I do,  
 in anger, Juno-like. Come, come, come.

*Men.* Fye, fye, fye!

[*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III.

*A Highway between Rome and Antium.*

*Enter a Roman and a Volce, meeting.*

*Rom.* I know you well, sir, and you know me:  
 your name, I think, is Adrian.

*Vol.* It is so, sir: truly, I have forgot you.

*Rom.* I am a Roman; and my services are, as  
 you are, against them: Know you me yet?

*Vol.* Nicanor? No.

*Rom.* The same, sir.

*Vol.* You had more beard, when I last saw you;  
 but your favour is well appayed<sup>1</sup> by your tongue.  
 What's the news in Rome? I have a note from  
 the Volcian state, to find you out there: You have  
 well saved me a day's journey.

*Rom.* There hath been in Rome strange insur-  
 rection: the people against the senators, patricians,  
 and nobles.

*Vol.* Hath been! Is it ended then? Our state

<sup>1</sup>The old copy reads, 'Your favour is well *appeared* by your  
 tongue.' For the emendation in the text I am answerable.  
 Warburton proposed *appealed*; Johnson, *affeaed*; Steevens, *ap-  
 pved*; and Malone thought the old reading might be right.  
 The phrase is more common in our elder language than *well ap-  
 ped*, i. e. satisfied, contented. The Volcian means to say, 'Your  
 countenance is altered, but your voice *perfectly satisfies* me.'

'They buy thy help: but sin ne'er gives a fee,  
 He gratis comes; and thou art *well appay'd*,  
 As well to hear as grant what he hath said.'

*Shakspeare's Rape of Lucrece.*

'Glad in his heart, and inly *well appay'd*,  
 That to his court so great a lord was brought.'

*Fairfax, Tasso, ix. 5.*

thinks not so; they are in a most warlike preparation, and hope to come upon them in the heat of their division.

*Rom.* The main blaze of it is past, but a small thing would make it flame again. For the nobles receive so to heart the banishment of that worthy Coriolanus, that they are in a ripe aptness, to take all power from the people, and to pluck from the their tribunes for ever. This lies glowing, I can tell you, and is almost mature for the violent breaking out.

*Vol.* Coriolanus banished?

*Rom.* Banished, sir.

*Vol.* You will be welcome with this intelligence Nicanor.

*Rom.* The day serves well for them now. I have heard it said, the fittest time to corrupt a married wife, is when she's fallen out with her husband. Your noble Tullus Aufidius will appear well in these wars, his great opposer, Coriolanus, being now in no request of his country.

*Vol.* He cannot choose. I am most fortunate thus accidentally to encounter you: You have ended my business, and I will merrily accompany you home.

*Rom.* I shall, between this and supper, tell you most strange things from Rome; all tending to the good of their adversaries. Have you an arrer ready, say you?

*Vol.* A most royal one: the centurions, and their charges, distinctly billeted, already in the entertainment<sup>2</sup>, and to be on foot at an hour's warning.

*Rom.* I am joyful to hear of their readiness, and am the man, I think, that shall set them in present action. So, sir, heartily well met, and most glad of your company.

<sup>2</sup> i. e. taken into pay.



*Vol.* You take my part from me, sir; I have the most cause to be glad of yours.

*Rom.* Well, let us go together. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE IV.

*Antium. Before Aufidius's House.*

*Enter CORIOLANUS, in mean Apparel, disguised and muffled.*

*Cor.* A goodly city is this Antium: City,  
'Tis I that made thy widows; many an heir  
Of these fair edifices 'fore my wars  
Have I heard groan, and drop: then know me not;  
'Lest that thy wives with spits, and boys with stones,

*Enter a Citizen.*

In puny battle slay me.—Save you, sir.

*Cit.* And you.

*Cor.* Direct me, if it be your will,  
Where great Aufidius lies: Is he in Antium?

*Cit.* He is, and feasts the nobles of the state,  
At his house this night.

*Cor.* Which is his house, 'beseech you?

*Cit.* This, here, before you.

*Cor.* Thank you, sir; farewell.  
[*Exit Citizen.*]

O, world, thy slippery turns<sup>1</sup>! Friends now fast  
sworn,

Whose double bosoms seem to wear one heart,  
Whose hours, whose bed, whose meal, and exercise,  
Are still together, who twin, as 'twere, in love  
Unseparable, shall within this hour,

<sup>1</sup> 'This fine picture of common friendship is an artful introduction to the sudden league which the poet makes him enter into with Aufidius, and a no less artful apology for his commencing enemy to Rome.'—*Warburton.*

On a dissension of a doit, break out;  
To bitterest enmity; So, fellest foes,  
Whose passions and whose plots have broke their  
sleep

To take the one the other, by some chance,  
Some trick not worth an egg, shall grow dear friends,  
And interjoin their issues. So with me:—  
My birth-place hate I, and my love's upon  
This enemy town.—I'll enter: if he slay me,  
He does fair justice; if he give me way,  
I'll do his country service. [Exit.

## SCENE V.

*The same. A Hall in Aufidius's House.*

*Musick within. Enter a Servant.*

1 *Serv.* Wine, wine, wine! What service is here!  
I think our fellows are asleep. [Exit.

*Enter another Servant.*

2 *Serv.* Where's Cotus! my master calls for him.  
Cotus! [Exit.

*Enter CORIOLANUS.*

*Cor.* A goodly house: The feast smells well:  
but I  
Appear not like a guest.

*Re-enter the first Servant.*

1 *Serv.* What would you have, friend? Whence  
are you? Here's no place for you: Pray, go to the  
door.

*Cor.* I have deserv'd no better entertainment,  
In being Coriolanus<sup>1</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> i. e. in having derived that surname from the sack of Corioli.

*Re-enter second Servant.*

**2 Serv.** Whence are you, sir? Has the porter his eyes in his head, that he gives entrance to such companions? Pray, get you out.

**Cor.** Away!

**2 Serv.** Away? Get you away.

**Cor.** Now thou art troublesome.

**2 Serv.** Are you so brave? I'll have you talked with anon.

*Enter a third Servant. The first meets him.*

**3 Serv.** What fellow's this?

**1 Serv.** A strange one as ever I looked on: I cannot get him out o'the house: Pr'ythee, call my master to him.

**3 Serv.** What have you to do here, fellow? Pray you, avoid the house.

**Cor.** Let me but stand; I will not hurt your hearth.

**3 Serv.** What are you?

**Cor.** A gentleman.

**3 Serv.** A marvellous poor one.

**Cor.** True, so I am.

**3 Serv.** Pray you, poor gentleman, take up some other station; here's no place for you; pray you, avoid: come.

**Cor.** Follow your function, go!

And batten<sup>2</sup> on cold bits. [*Pushes him away.*

**3 Serv.** What, will you not? Pr'ythee, tell my master what a strange guest he has here.

**2 Serv.** And I shall. [*Erit.*

**3 Serv.** Where dwellest thou?

**Cor.** Under the canopy.

**3 Serv.** Under the canopy?

<sup>2</sup> Feed.

*Cor.* Ay.

*3 Serv.* Where's that?

*Cor.* I' the city of kites and crows.

*3 Serv.* I' the city of kites and crows?—What an ass it is!—Then thou dwellest with daws too?

*Cor.* No, I serve not thy master.

*3 Serv.* How, sir! Do you meddle with my master?

*Cor.* Ay; 'tis an honest service than to meddle with thy mistress:

Thou prat'st, and prat'st; serve with thy trencher,  
hence! *[Beats him away.]*

*Enter AUFIDIUS and the second Servant.*

*Auf.* Where is this fellow?

*2 Serv.* Here, sir; I'd have beaten him like a dog, but for disturbing the lords within.

*Auf.* Whence comest thou? what wouldst thou?  
Thy name?

Why speak'st not? Speak, man: What's thy name?

*Cor.* If, Tullus, *[Unmuffling.]*

Not yet thou know'st me, and seeing me, dost not  
Think me for the man I am, necessity  
Commands me name myself.

*Auf.* What is thy name?

*[Servants retire.]*

*Cor.* A name unmusical to the Volcians' ears,  
And harsh in sound to thine.

*Auf.* Say, what's thy name?

Thou hast a grim appearance, and thy face  
Bears a command in't; though thy tackle's torn,  
Thou show'st a noble vessel: What's thy name?

*Cor.* Prepare thy brow to frown: Know'st thou  
me yet?

*Auf.* I know thee not:—Thy name?

*Cor.* My name is Caius Marcius, who hath done  
To thee particularly, and to all the Volces,

Great hurt and mischief; thereto witness may  
My surname, Coriolanus: The painful service,  
The extreme dangers, and the drops of blood  
Shed for my thankless country, are requited  
But with that surname; a good memory<sup>3</sup>,  
And witness of the malice and displeasure  
Which thou should'st bear me: only that name re-  
mains;

The cruelty and envy of the people,  
Permitted by our dastard nobles, who  
Have all forsook me, hath devour'd the rest;  
And suffered me by the voice of slaves to be  
Whoop'd out of Rome. Now, this extremity  
Hath brought me to thy hearth; Not out of hope,  
Mistake me not, to save my life; for if  
I had fear'd death, of all the men i' the world  
I would have 'voided thee: but in mere spite,  
To be full quit of those my banishers,  
Stand I before thee here. Then if thou hast  
A heart of wreak<sup>4</sup> in thee, that will revenge  
Thine own particular wrongs, and stop those maims  
Of shame<sup>5</sup> seen through thy country, speed thee  
straight,

And make my misery serve thy turn: so use it,  
That my revengeful services may prove  
As benefits to thee; for I will fight  
Against my canker'd country with the spleen  
Of all the under fiends. But if so be  
Thou dar'st not this, and that to prove more fortunes  
Thou art tir'd, then, in a word, I also am  
Longer to live most weary, and present  
My throat to thee, and to thy ancient malice:

<sup>3</sup> *Memory* for *memorial*. See vol. iii. p. 133, note 1.

<sup>4</sup> *Wreak* is an old term for *revenge*. So in *Titus Andronicus*:  
'Take *wreak* on Rome for this ingratitude.'

i. e. disgraceful diminutions of territory.

Which not to cut, would show thee but a fool;  
 Since I have ever follow'd thee with hate,  
 Drawn tuns of blood out of thy country's breast,  
 And cannot live but to thy shame, unless  
 It be to do thee service.

*Auf.* O, Marcius, Marcius,  
 Each word thou hast spoke hath weeded from my  
 heart

A root of ancient envy. If Jupiter  
 Should from yon cloud speak divine things, and say,  
 'Tis true; I'd not believe them more than thee,  
 All noble Marcius.—O, let me twine  
 Mine arms about that body, where against  
 My grained ash an hundred times hath broke,  
 And scarr'd the moon with splinters! Here I clip  
 The anvil of my sword<sup>6</sup>; and do contest  
 As hotly and as nobly with thy love,  
 As ever in ambitious strength I did  
 Contend against thy valour. Know thou first,  
 I love the maid I married; never man  
 Sigh'd truer breath; but that I see thee here,  
 Thou noble thing! more dances my rapt heart,  
 Than when I first my wedded mistress saw  
 Bestride my threshold<sup>7</sup>. Why, thou Mars! I tell thee,  
 We have a power on foot; and I had purpose

<sup>6</sup> To *clip* is to *embrace*. He calls Coriolanus the *anvil* of his sword, because he had formerly laid as heavy blows on him as a smith strikes on his anvil. Thus in Hamlet:—

‘And never did the Cyclops’ hammers fall  
 On Mars’s armour——

With less remorse than Pyrrhus’ bleeding sword  
 Now falls on Priam.’

<sup>7</sup> Shakspeare was unaware that a Roman bride, on her entry into her husband’s house, was prohibited from *bestriding* his threshold; and that, lest she should even touch it, she was always lifted over it. Thus Lucan, lib. ii. 359:—

‘Tralata vetuit contingere limine planta.’

*Steevens.*

Once more to hew thy target from thy brawn,  
 Or lose mine arm for't: Thou hast beat me out<sup>8</sup>  
 Twelve several times, and I have nightly since  
 Dreamt of encounters 'twixt thyself and me:  
 We have been down together in my sleep,  
 Unbuckling helms, fisting each other's throat,  
 And wak'd half dead with nothing. Worthy Marcius,  
 Had we no other quarrel else to Rome, but that  
 Thou art thence banish'd, we would muster all  
 From twelve to seventy; and pouring war  
 Into the bowels of ungrateful Rome,  
 Like a bold flood o'er-beat<sup>9</sup>. O, come, go in,  
 And take our friendly senators by the hands;  
 Who now are here, taking their leaves of me,  
 Who am prepar'd against your territories,  
 Though not for Rome itself.

*Cor.* You bless me, gods!

*Auf.* Therefore, most absolute sir, if thou wilt  
 have

The leading of thine own revenges, take  
 The one half of my commission; and set down,—  
 As best thou art experienc'd, since thou know'st  
 Thy country's strength and weakness,—thine own  
 ways:

Whether to knock against the gates of Rome,  
 Or rudely visit them in parts remote,  
 To fright them, ere destroy. But come in:  
 Let me commend thee first to those, that shall  
 Say, *yea*, to thy desires. A thousand welcomes!  
 And more a friend than e'er an enemy;  
 Yet, Marcius, that was much. Your hand! Most  
 welcome! [Exeunt COR. and AUF.]

<sup>8</sup> i. e. fully, completely.

<sup>9</sup> I think with Steevens that we should read, *o'er-bear* instead of *o'er-beat*. Thus in *Othello*:—

'Is of such flood-gate and o'er-bearing nature.'

1 *Serv.* [*Advancing.*] Here's a strange alteration!

2 *Serv.* By my hand, I had thought to have stricken him with a cudgel; and yet my mind gave me, his clothes made a false report of him.

1 *Serv.* What an arm he has! He turned me about with his finger and his thumb, as one would set up a top.

2 *Serv.* Nay, I knew by his face that there was something in him: He had, sir, a kind of face, methought,—I cannot tell how to term it.

1 *Serv.* He had so: looking as it were,——'Would I were hanged, but I thought there was more in him than I could think.

2 *Serv.* So did I, I'll be sworn: He is simply the rarest man i' the world.

1 *Serv.* I think, he is: but a greater soldier than he, you wot one.

2 *Serv.* Who? my master?

1 *Serv.* Nay, it's no matter for that.

2 *Serv.* Worth six of him.

1 *Serv.* Nay, not so neither; but I take him to be the greater soldier.

2 *Serv.* 'Faith; look you, one cannot tell how to say that: for the defence of a town, our general is excellent.

1 *Serv.* Ay, and for an assault too.

*Re-enter third Servant.*

3 *Serv.* O, slaves, I can tell you news; news, you rascals.

1, 2 *Serv.* What, what, what? let's partake.

3 *Serv.* I would not be a Roman, of all nations; I had as lieve be a condemned man.

1, 2 *Serv.* Wherefore? wherefore?

3 *Serv.* Why, here's he that was wont to thwack our general,—Caius Marcius.



1 *Serv.* Why do you say, thwack our general?

3 *Serv.* I do not say, thwack our general; but he was always good enough for him.

2 *Serv.* Come, we are fellows, and friends: he was ever too hard for him; I have heard him say so himself.

1 *Serv.* He was too hard for him directly, to say the truth on't: before Corioli, he scotched him and notched him like a carbonado<sup>10</sup>.

2 *Serv.* An he had been cannibally given, he might have broiled and eaten him too.

1 *Serv.* But, more of thy news?

3 *Serv.* Why, he is so made on here within, as if he were son and heir to Mars: set at upper end o' the table: no question asked him by any of the senators, but they stand bald before him: Our general himself makes a mistress of him; sanctifies himself with's hand<sup>11</sup>, and turns up the white o' the eye to his discourse. But the bottom of the news is, our general is cut i' the middle, and but one half of what he was yesterday; for the other has half, by the entreaty and grant of the whole table. He'll go, he says, and sowle<sup>12</sup> the porter of Rome

<sup>10</sup> See vol. iii. p. 317, note 10.

<sup>11</sup> 'Considers the touch of his hand as holy; clasps it with the same reverence as a lover would clasp the hand of his mistress.'

<sup>12</sup> To *sowle* is to pull by the ears. It is still provincially in use for pulling, dragging, or lugging. Heywood uses it in his comedy, called *Love's Mistress*, 1636:—

'Venus will *sowle* me by the ears for this.'

And in a letter from Mr. Garrard to Lord Strafford, *Straff. Lett.* vol. ii. p. 149:—'A lieutenant *soled* him well by the ears, and drew him by the hair about the room.' The etymology has not been pointed out; but as *sowle* or *sole* is a halter, from the A. S. *fæl*, its origin is pretty obvious: nothing could be more absurd than to derive it from *sow*, as Skinner does, because a sow's ears are sometimes lugged.

gates by the ears: He will mow down all before him, and leave his passage polled<sup>13</sup>.

2 *Serv.* And he's as like to do't, as any man I can imagine.

3 *Serv.* Do't? he will do't: For, look you, sir, he has as many friends as enemies: which friends, sir (as it were), durst not (look you, sir) show themselves (as we term it) his friends, whilst he's in directitude.

1 *Serv.* Directitude! what's that?

3 *Serv.* But when they shall see, sir, his crest up again, and the man in blood<sup>14</sup>, they will out of their burrows, like conies after rain, and revel all with him.

1 *Serv.* But when goes this forward?

3 *Serv.* To-morrow; to-day; presently. You shall have the drum struck up this afternoon: 'tis, as it were, a parcel of their feast, and to be executed ere they wipe their lips.

2 *Serv.* Why, then we shall have a stirring world again. This peace is nothing<sup>15</sup>, but to rust iron, increase tailors, and breed ballad-makers.

1 *Serv.* Let me have war, say I; it exceeds peace, as far as day does night; it's sprightly, waking, audible, and full of vent<sup>16</sup>. Peace is a very apoplexy, lethargy; mulled<sup>17</sup>, deaf, sleepy, insensible; a getter of more bastard children, than wars a destroyer of men.

<sup>13</sup> i. e. bared, cleared. To *poll* is to *crop close*, to *shear*; and has all the figurative meanings of *tondeo* in Latin. To *pill* and *poll* was to *plunder* and *strip*.

<sup>14</sup> See Act i. Sc. 1, note 14.

<sup>15</sup> We should probably read, 'This peace is *good for* nothing but,' &c.

<sup>16</sup> i. e. full of *rumour*, full of materials for discourse.

<sup>17</sup> *Mulled* is *softened*, as wine when it is burnt and sweetened.

2 *Serv.* 'Tis so: and as wars, in some sort, may be said to be a ravisher; so it cannot be denied, but peace is a great maker of cuckolds.

1 *Serv.* Ay, and it makes men hate one another.

3 *Serv.* Reason; because they then less need one another. The wars, for my money. I hope to see Romans as cheap as Volcians. They are rising, they are rising.

*All.* In, in, in, in.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE VI. Rome. *A publick Place.*

*Enter SICINIUS and BRUTUS.*

*Sic.* We hear not of him, neither need we fear him; His remedies are tame i' the present peace And quietness o' the people, which before Were in wild hurry. Here do we make his friends Blush, that the world goes well; who rather had, Though they themselves did suffer by't, behold Dissentious numbers pestering streets, than see Our tradesmen singing in their shops, and going About their functions friendly.

*Enter MENENIUS.*

*Bru.* We stood to't in good time. Is this Menenius?

*Sic.* 'Tis he, 'tis he: O, he is grown most kind Of late.—Hail, sir!

*Men.* Hail to you both!

*Sic.* Your Coriolanus, sir, is not much miss'd, But with his friends: the commonwealth doth stand; And so would do, were he more angry at it.

*Men.* All's well; and might have been much better, if He could have temporiz'd.

*Sic.* Where is he, hear you?

*Men.* Nay, I hear nothing; his mother and his wife  
Hear nothing from him.

*Enter Three or Four Citizens.*

*Cit.* The gods preserve you both!

*Sic.* Good e'en, our neighbours.

*Bru.* Good e'en to you all, good e'en to you all.

*1 Cit.* Ourselves, our wives, and children, on our  
knees,

Are bound to pray for you both.

*Sic.* Live, and thrive!

*Bru.* Farewell, kind neighbours; we wish'd Co-  
riolanus

Had lov'd you as we did.

*Cit.* Now the gods keep you!

*Both Tri.* Farewell, farewell. [*Exeunt Citizens.*

*Sic.* This is a happier and more comely time,  
Than when these fellows ran about the streets,  
Crying, Confusion.

*Bru.* Caius Marcius was  
A worthy officer i' the war; but insolent,  
O'ercome with pride, ambitious past all thinking,  
Self-loving,——

*Sic.* And affecting one sole throne,  
Without assistance<sup>1</sup>.

*Men.* I think not so.

*Sic.* We should by this, to all our lamentation,  
If he had gone forth consul, found it so<sup>2</sup>.

*Bru.* The gods have well prevented it, and Rome  
Sits safe and still without him.

*Enter Ædile.*

*Æd.* Worthy tribunes,  
There is a slave, whom we have put in prison,

<sup>1</sup> i. e. he aimed at absolute power, he wanted to sway the state alone without the participation of the tribunes.

<sup>2</sup> We should surely read, 'have found it so:' without this word the construction of the sentence is imperfect.

Reports,—the Volces with two several powers  
Are entered in the Roman territories;  
And with the deepest malice of the war  
Destroy what lies before them.

*Men.* 'Tis Aufidius,  
Who, hearing of our Marcius' banishment,  
Thrusts forth his horns again into the world:  
Which were inshell'd, when Marcius stood<sup>3</sup> for  
Rome  
And durst not once peep out.

*Sic.* Come, what talk you  
Of Marcius?

*Bru.* Go see this rumourer whipp'd.—It cannot be,  
The Volces dare break with us.

*Men.* Cannot be!  
We have record, that very well it can;  
And three examples of the like have been  
Within my age. But reason<sup>4</sup> with the fellow,  
Before you punish him, where he heard this:  
Lest you should chance to whip your information,  
And beat the messenger who bids beware  
Of what is to be dreaded.

*Sic.* Tell not me:  
I know, this cannot be.

*Bru.* Not possible.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* The nobles, in great earnestness, are going  
All to the senate-house: some news is come,  
That turns<sup>5</sup> their countenances.

<sup>3</sup> i. e. stood up in its defence. 'Had the expression in the text (says Steevens) been met with in a learned author, it might have passed for a Latinism:—

'—— Summis stantem pro turribus Idam.'

*Æneid* ix. 575.

<sup>4</sup> To reason with is to talk with. See vol. iii. p. 42, vol. ii. p. 372.

<sup>5</sup> Changes.

*Sic.* 'Tis this slave;—  
Go whip him 'fore the people's eyes:—his raising!  
Nothing but his report!

*Mess.* Yes, worthy sir,  
The slave's report is seconded; and more,  
More fearful is deliver'd.

*Sic.* What more fearful?

*Mess.* It is spoke freely out of many mouths  
(How probable, I do not know), that Marcius,  
Join'd with Aufidius, leads a power 'gainst Rome;  
And vows revenge as spacious, as between  
The young'st and oldest thing.

*Sic.* This is most likely!

*Bru.* Rais'd only, that the weaker sort may wish  
Good Marcius home again.

*Sic.* The very trick on't.

*Men.* This is unlikely:  
He and Aufidius can no more atone<sup>6</sup>,  
Than violentest contrariety.

*Enter another Messenger.*

*Mess.* You are sent for to the senate:  
A fearful army, led by Caius Marcius,  
Associated with Aufidius, rages  
Upon our territories; and have already,  
O'erborne their way, consum'd with fire, and took  
What lay before them.

*Enter COMINIUS.*

*Com.* O, you have made good work!

*Men.* What news? what news?

*Com.* You have help to ravish your own daughters, and

<sup>6</sup> i. e. atone, accord, agree. *Atone* and *atonement* are many times used by Shakspeare in this sense.

To melt the city leads upon your pates ;  
To see your wives dishonour'd to your noses ;——

*Men.* What's the news ? what's the news ?

*Com.* Your temples burned in their cement ; and  
Your franchises, whereon you stood, confin'd  
Into an augre's bore<sup>7</sup>.

*Men.* Pray now, your news ?——  
You have made fair work, I fear me :——Pray, your  
news ?

If Marcius should be join'd with Volcians,——

*Com.* If!

He is their god ; he leads them like a thing  
Made by some other deity than nature,  
That shapes man better : and they follow him,  
Against us brats, with no less confidence,  
Than boys pursuing summer butterflies,  
Or butchers killing flies.

*Men.* You have made good work,  
You, and your apron men ; you that stood so much  
Upon the voice of occupation<sup>8</sup>, and  
The breath of garlick-eaters !

*Com.* He will shake  
Your Rome about your ears.

*Men.* As Hercules  
Did shake down mellow fruit<sup>9</sup> : You have made  
fair work !

*Bru.* But is this true, sir ?

*Com.* Ay ; and you'll look pale

<sup>7</sup> So in *Macbeth* :——

‘ —— our fate hid in an *augre-hole*. ’

<sup>8</sup> i. e. *mechanics*. See *Julius Cæsar*, Act i. Sc. 2, note 20. Horace uses *artes* for *artifices*. In a future passage he calls them *crafts*. To smell of *garlick* was a brand of vulgarity ; as to smell of leeks was no less so among the Roman people :——

‘ —— quis tecum sectile porrum  
Sutor, et elixi vervecis labra comedit ? ’

<sup>9</sup> A ludicrous allusion to the apples of the Hesperides.

Before you find it other. All the regions  
 Do smilingly revolt<sup>10</sup>, and, who resist,  
 Are mock'd for valiant ignorance,  
 And perish constant fools. Who is't can blame him?  
 Your enemies, and his, find something in him.

*Men.* We are all undone, unless  
 The noble man have mercy.

*Com.* Who shall ask it?  
 The tribunes cannot do't for shame; the people  
 Deserve such pity of him, as the wolf  
 Does of the shepherds: for his best friends, if they  
 Should say, *Be good to Rome*, they charg'd him<sup>11</sup> even  
 As those should do that had deserv'd his hate,  
 And therein show'd like enemies.

*Men.* 'Tis true:  
 If he were putting to my house the brand  
 That should consume it, I have not the face  
 To say, '*Beseech you, cease*.—You have made fair  
 hands,  
 You, and your crafts! you have crafted fair!

*Com.* You have brought  
 A trembling upon Rome, such as was never  
 So incapable of help.

*Tri.* Say not, we brought it.

*Men.* How! Was it we? We lov'd him; but  
 like beasts,  
 And cowardly nobles, gave way to your clusters,  
 Who did hoot him out o' the city.

*Com.* But, I fear  
 They'll roar him in again<sup>12</sup>. Tullus Aufidius,  
 The second name of men, obeys his points

<sup>10</sup> Revolt with pleasure.

<sup>11</sup> 'They charg'd, and therein show'd,' has here the force  
 'they would charge, and therein show.'

<sup>12</sup> 'As they *hooted* at his departure, they will *roar* at his  
 turn; as he went out with scoffs, he will come back with lam-  
*tations*.'



As if he were his officer:—Desperation  
Is all the policy, strength, and defence,  
That Rome can make against them.

*Enter a Troop of Citizens.*

*Men.* Here come the clusters.—  
And is Aufidius with him?—You are they  
That made the air unwholesome, when you cast  
Your stinking, greasy caps, in hooting at  
Coriolanus' exile. Now he's coming;  
And not a hair upon a soldier's head,  
Which will not prove a whip: as many coxcombs,  
As you threw caps up, will he tumble down,  
And pay you for your voices. 'Tis no matter;  
If he could burn us all into one coal,  
We have deserv'd it.

*Cit.* 'Faith, we hear fearful news.

1 *Cit.* For mine own part,  
When I said, banish him, I said, 'twas pity.

2 *Cit.* And so did I.

3 *Cit.* And so did I; and, to say the truth, so  
did very many of us; That we did, we did for the  
best: and though we willingly consented to his  
banishment, yet it was against our will.

*Com.* You are goodly things, you voices!

*Men.* You have made  
Good work, you and your cry<sup>13</sup>!—Shall us to the  
Capitol?

*Com.* O, ay; what else?

[*Exeunt COM. and MEN.*

*Sic.* Go, masters, get you home, be not dismay'd;  
These are a side, that would be glad to have  
This true, which they so seem to fear. Go home,  
And show no sign of fear.

<sup>13</sup> *Pack*, alluding to a pack of hounds. See Act iii. Sc. 3,  
note 13.

1 *Cit.* The gods be good to us! Come, masters, let's home. I ever said, we were i' the wrong, when we banished him.

2 *Cit.* So did we all. But come, let's home.  
[*Exeunt* Citizens.]

*Bru.* I do not like this news.

*Sic.* Nor I.

*Bru.* Let's to the Capitol:—Would, half my wealth  
Would buy this for a lie!

*Sic.* Pray, let us go.  
[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE VII.

*A Camp; at a small distance from Rome.*

*Enter* AUFIDIUS, *and his* Lieutenant.

*Auf.* Do they still fly to the Roman?

*Lieu.* I do not know what witchcraft's in him; but  
Your soldiers use him as the grace 'fore meat,  
Their talk at table, and their thanks at end;  
And you are darken'd in this action, sir,  
Even by your own.

*Auf.* I cannot help it now;  
Unless, by using means, I lame the foot  
Of our design. He bears himself more proudlier  
Even to my person, than I thought he would,  
When first I did embrace him: Yet his nature  
In that's no changeling; and I must excuse  
What cannot be amended.

*Lieu.* Yet I wish, sir,  
(I mean for your particular), you had not  
Join'd in commission with him: but either  
Had borne the action of yourself, or else  
To him had left it solely.

*Auf.* I understand thee well; and be thou sure,  
When he shall come to his account, he knows not  
What I can urge against him. Although it seems,

And so he thinks, and is no less apparent  
 To the vulgar eye, that he bears all things fairly,  
 And shows good husbandry for the Volcian state;  
 Fights dragon-like, and does achieve as soon  
 As draw his sword: yet he hath left undone  
 That, which shall break his neck, or hazard mine,  
 Whene'er we come to our account.

*Lieu.* Sir, I beseech you, think you he'll carry  
 Rome?

*Auf.* All places yield to him ere he sits down;  
 And the nobility of Rome are his:  
 The senators, and patricians, love him too:  
 The tribunes are no soldiers; and their people  
 Will be as rash in the repeal, as hasty  
 To expel him thence. I think, he'll be to Rome,  
 As is the osprey<sup>1</sup> to the fish, who takes it  
 By sovereignty of nature. First he was  
 A noble servant to them; but he could not  
 Carry his honours even: whether 'twas pride,  
 Which out of daily fortune ever taints  
 The happy man; whether defect of judgment,  
 To fail in the disposing of those chances  
 Which he was lord of; or whether nature,  
 Not to be other than one thing, not moving  
 From the casque to the cushion<sup>2</sup>, but commanding  
 peace

<sup>1</sup> The following account of the *osprey* shows the justness and beauty of this simile:—

‘I will provide thee with a princely *osprey*,  
 That as she flieth over fish in pools,  
 The fish shall turn their glitt'ring bellies up,  
 And thou shalt take thy liberal choice of all.’

Drayton mentions the same fascinating power of the *osprey* in *Polyolbion*, Song xxv. The bird is described in Pennant's *British Zoology*.

<sup>2</sup> Aufidius assigns three probable reasons for the miscarriage of Coriolanus; pride, which easily follows an uninterrupted train of success; unskilfulness to regulate the consequences of his own victories; a stubborn uniformity of nature, which could

Even with the same austerity and garb  
 As he controll'd the war: but, one of these  
 (As he hath spices of them all, not all<sup>3</sup>,  
 For I dare so far free him), made him fear'd,  
 So hated, and so banish'd: But he has a merit,  
 To choke it in the utterance<sup>4</sup>. So our virtues  
 Lie in the interpretation of the time:  
 And power, unto itself most commendable,  
 Hath not a tomb so evident as a hair  
 To extol what it hath done<sup>5</sup>.  
 One fire drives out one fire; one nail, one nail;  
 Rights by rights fouler<sup>6</sup>, strengths by strengths do fail.  
 Come, let's away. When, Caius, Rome is thine,  
 Thou art poor'st of all; then shortly art thou mine.  
 [*Exeunt.*]

not make the proper transition from the *casque* to the *cushion*, or *chair of civil authority*; but acted with the same despotism in peace as in war.—*Johnson.*

<sup>3</sup> Not all in *their full extent*. So in the *Winter's Tale*:—  
 '————— for all

Thy by-gone fooleries were but *spices* of it.

<sup>4</sup> But such is his merit as ought to choke the utterance of his faults.

<sup>5</sup> '————— So our *virtue*  
 Lie in the interpretation of the time;  
 And power, unto itself most commendable,  
 Hath not a tomb so evident as a *chair*  
 To extol what it hath done.'

Thus the old copy. Well Steevens might exclaim that the passage and the comments upon it were equally intelligible. The whole speech is very incorrectly printed in the folio. Thus we have '*was*' for '*twas*'; *detect* for *defect*; *virtue* for *virtues*; and, evidently, *chair* for *hair*. What is the meaning of—

'Hath not a tomb so evident as a *chair*?'

A *hair* has some propriety, as used for a thing almost invisible. As in *The Tempest*:—

'——— not a *hair* perish'd.'

I take the meaning of the passage to be, 'So our virtues lie at the mercy of the time's interpretation, and power, which esteems itself while living so highly, hath not when defunct the least particle of praise allotted to it.'

<sup>6</sup> '*Rights by rights fouler, strengths by strengths do fail.*' *Malone* reads *fouder*, with a wordy but unsatisfactory argu-

## ACT V.

SCENE I. Rome. *A publick Place.*

*Enter MENENIUS, COMINIUS, SICINIUS, BRUTUS, and Others.*

*Men.* No, I'll not go: you hear, what he hath said,  
Which was sometime his general; who lov'd him  
In a most dear particular. He call'd me, father:  
But what o' that? Go, you that banish'd him,  
A mile before his tent fall down, and kneel  
The way into his mercy: Nay, if he coy'd<sup>1</sup>  
To hear Cominius speak, I'll keep at home.

*Com.* He would not seem to know me.

*Men.* Do you hear?

*Com.* Yet one time he did call me by my name:  
I urg'd our old acquaintance, and the drops  
That we have bled together. Coriolanus  
He would not answer to: forbad all names;  
He was a kind of nothing, titleless,  
Till he had forg'd himself a name i' the fire  
Of burning Rome.

*Men.* Why so: you have made good work:  
A pair of tribunes that have rack'd<sup>2</sup> for Rome,  
To make coals cheap: A noble memory<sup>3</sup>!

*Com.* I minded him, how royal 'twas to pardon  
When it was less expected: He replied,

ment in favour of his reading. I could wish to read, 'Rights by rights foiled,' &c. an easy and obvious emendation. Steevens has given the following explanation of the passage:—'What is already right, and is received as such, becomes less clear when supported by supernumerary proof.'

<sup>1</sup> i. e. condescended unwillingly, with reserve, coldness.

<sup>2</sup> Harassed by exactions.

<sup>3</sup> Memorial.

It was a bare<sup>4</sup> petition of a state  
To one whom they had punish'd.

*Men.*

Very well:

Could he say less?

*Com.* I offer'd to awaken his regard  
For his private friends: His answer to me was,  
He could not stay to pick them in a pile  
Of noisome, musty chaff: He said, 'twas folly,  
For one poor grain or two, to leave unburnt,  
And still to nose the offence.

*Men.*

For one poor grain  
Or two? I am one of those; his mother, wife,  
His child, and this brave fellow too, we are the  
grains:

You are the musty chaff; and you are smelt  
Above the moon: We must be burnt for you.

*Sic.* Nay, pray, be patient: If you refuse your aid  
In this so never-heeded help, yet do not  
Upbraid us with our distress. But, sure, if you  
Would be your country's pleader, your good tongue,  
More than the instant army we can make,  
Might stop our countryman.

*Men.*

No; I'll not meddle.

*Sic.* Pray you, go to him.

*Men.*

What should I do?

*Bru.* Only make trial what your love can do  
For Rome, towards Marcius.

*Men.*

Well, and say that Marcius  
Return me, as Cominius is return'd,  
Unheard; what then?—

But as a discontented friend, grief-shot  
With his unkindness? Say't be so?

*Sic.*

Yet your good will

<sup>4</sup> *Bare* may mean *palpable, evident*; but I think we should read *base*.

Must have that thanks from Rome, after the measure  
As you intended well.

*Men.* I'll undertake it:  
I think, he'll hear me. Yet to bite his lip,  
And hum at good Cominius, much unhearts me.  
He was not taken well; he had not din'd<sup>5</sup>:  
The veins unfill'd, our blood is cold, and then  
We pout upon the morning, are unapt  
To give or to forgive; but when we have stuff'd  
These pipes and these conveyances of our blood  
With wine and feeding<sup>6</sup>, we have suppler souls  
Than in our priest-like fasts: therefore I'll watch him  
Till he be dieted to my request,  
And then I'll set upon him.

*Bru.* You know the very road into his kindness,  
And cannot lose your way.

*Men.* Good faith, I'll prove him,  
Speed how it will. I shall ere long have knowledge  
Of my success. [*Exit.*

*Com.* He'll never hear him.

*Sic.* Not?

*Com.* I tell you, he does sit in gold<sup>7</sup>, his eye  
Red as 'twould burn Rome; and his injury  
The gaoler to his pity. I kneel'd before him;  
'Twas very faintly he said, *Rise*; dismiss'd me

<sup>5</sup> 'This observation is not only from nature, and finely expressed, but admirably befits the mouth of one who, in the beginning of the play, had told us that he loved convivial doings.'—*Warburton*.

<sup>6</sup> The poet had the discipline of modern Rome in his thoughts; by the discipline of whose church priests are forbid to break their fast before the celebration of mass, which must take place after sun-rise, and before mid-day.

<sup>7</sup> So in North's Plutarch:—'He was set in his chaire of state, with a marvellous and unspeakable majesty.' The idea expressed by Cominius occurs in the eighth Iliad. Pope was perhaps indebted to Shakspeare in the translation of the passage:—

'Th' eternal Thunderer *sat* throned in gold.'

Thus, with his speechless hand : What he would do,  
 He sent in writing after me ; what he would not,  
 Bound with an oath, to yield to his conditions<sup>8</sup> :  
 So, that all hope is vain,  
 Unless his noble mother, and his wife<sup>9</sup> ;  
 Who, as I hear, mean to solicit him  
 For mercy to his country. Therefore, let's hence,  
 And with our fair entreaties haste them on.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.

*An advanced Post of the Volcian Camp before  
 Rome. The Guard at their Stations.*

*Enter to them, MENENIUS.* .

1 G. Stay : Whence are you ?

2 G. Stand, and go back.

*Men.* You guard like men ; 'tis well : But, by  
 your leave,

I am an officer of state, and come  
 To speak with Coriolanus.

1 G. From whence ?

*Men.* From Rome.

<sup>8</sup> ' Bound with an oath, to yield to *his* conditions.'  
 None of the explanations or proposed emendations of this passage satisfy me. Perhaps we might read, 'to yield to *no* conditions.' The sense of the passage would then be, 'What he would do he sent in writing after me ; *the things* he would not do, he bound *himself* with an oath to yield to *no* conditions *that might be proposed.*' It afterwards appears what these were :—

' The things I have foresworn to grant may never  
 Be held by you denials. Do not bid me  
*Dismiss my soldiers, or capitulate*  
 Again with Rome's mechanicks.'

<sup>9</sup> To satisfy modern notions of construction, this line must be read as if written—

' Unless in his noble mother and his wife.'



1 *G.* You may not pass, you must return: our  
general  
Will no more hear from thence.

2 *G.* You'll see your Rome embrac'd with fire,  
before  
You'll speak with Coriolanus.

*Men.* Good my friends,  
If you have heard your general talk of Rome,  
And of his friends there, it is lots to blanks<sup>1</sup>,  
My name hath touch'd your ears: it is Menenius.

1 *G.* Be it so; go back: the virtue of your name  
Is not here passable.

*Men.* I tell thee, fellow,  
Thy general is my lover<sup>2</sup>: I have been  
The book of his good acts, whence men have read  
His fame unparallel'd, haply, amplified;  
For I have ever verified<sup>3</sup> my friends  
(Of whom he's chief), with all the size that verity  
Would without lapsing suffer: nay, sometimes,  
Like to a bowl upon a subtle<sup>4</sup> ground,  
I have tumbled past the throw; and in his praise  
Have, almost, stamp'd the leasing<sup>5</sup>: Therefore, fellow,  
I must have leave to pass.

<sup>1</sup> *Lots to blanks* is *chances to nothing*. Equivalent to another phrase in King Richard III.:—

'All the world to nothing.'

<sup>2</sup> i. e. friend. See vol. iii. p. 66, note 2.

<sup>3</sup> *Verified* must here be used for *displayed* or *testified*, if it be not a corruption of the text for *notified*, or some other word. Mr. Edwards proposed to read *varnished*, which, as it was anciently written *vernished*, might easily be mistaken for *verified*. Shakspeare, however, seems to have made Dogberry use *verified* for *testified*; but as he is never orthodox in his meaning, it may be no evidence:—'They have *verified* unjust things.' Much Ado about Nothing, Act v. Sc. 1.

<sup>4</sup> *Subtle* here means *smooth*, *level*. Tityus's breast is counted the *subtlest* bowling ground in all Tartary.

*Ben Jonson's Chlorida*, vol. viii. p. 105.

<sup>5</sup> i. e. have almost given the *lie* such a sanction as to render it *current*.

1 G. 'Faith, sir, if you had told as many lies in his behalf, as you have uttered words in your own, you should not pass here: no, though it were as virtuous to lie, as to live chastly. Therefore, go back.

*Men.* Pr'ythee, fellow, remember my name is Menenius, always factionary<sup>6</sup> on the party of your general.

2 G. Howsoever you have been his liar (as you say, you have), I am one that, telling true under him, must say, you cannot pass. Therefore, go back.

*Men.* Has he dined, canst thou tell? for I would not speak with him till after dinner.

1 G. You are a Roman, are you?

*Men.* I am as thy general is.

1 G. Then you should hate Rome, as he does. Can you, when you have pushed out your gates the very defender of them, and, in a violent popular ignorance, given your enemy your shield, think to front his revenges with the easy<sup>7</sup> groans of old women, the virginal palms of your daughters, or with the palsied intercession of such a decayed dotant<sup>8</sup> as you seem to be? Can you think to blow out the intended fire your city is ready to flame in, with such weak breath as this? No, you are deceived; therefore, back to Rome, and prepare for your execution: you are condemned, our general has sworn you out of reprieve and pardon.

*Men.* Sirrah, If thy captain knew I were here, he would use me with estimation.

<sup>6</sup> *Factionary* is *adherent, partisan*. See Sherwood in v. *faction*. Thus in King Henry VI. Part II.:—

'Her *faction* will be full as strong as ours.'

<sup>7</sup> i. e. slight, inconsiderable. So in King Henry VI. Part II. Act v. Sc. 2:—

'——these faults are *easy*, quickly answer'd.'

<sup>8</sup> Dotard.

2 *G.* Come, my captain knows you not.

*Men.* I mean, thy general.

1 *G.* My general cares not for you. Back, I say, go, lest I let forth your half pint of blood;—back,—that's the utmost of your having:—back.

*Men.* Nay, but fellow, fellow,——

*Enter CORIOLANUS and AUFIDIUS.*

*Cor.* What's the matter?

*Men.* Now, you companion, I'll say an errand for you; you shall know now that I am in estimation; you shall perceive that a Jack<sup>9</sup> guardant cannot office me from my son Coriolanus: guess, but by my entertainment with him, if thou stand'st not i' the state of hanging, or of some death more long in spectatorship, and crueller in suffering; behold now presently, and swoon for what's to come upon thee.—The glorious gods sit in hourly synod about thy particular prosperity, and love thee no worse than thy old father Menenius does! O, my son! my son! thou art preparing fire for us; look thee, here's water to quench it. I was hardly moved to come to thee; but being assured, none but myself could move thee, I have been blown out of your gates with sighs; and conjure thee to pardon Rome, and thy petitionary countrymen. The good gods assuage thy wrath, and turn the dregs of it upon this varlet here; this, who, like a block, hath denied my access to thee.

*Cor.* Away!

*Men.* How! away?

*Cor.* Wife, mother, child, I know not. My affairs Are servanted to others: Though I owe My revenge properly, my remission lies

<sup>9</sup> Equivalent to *Jack in office*, one who is proud of his petty consequence.

In Volcian breasts<sup>10</sup>. That we have been familiar,  
 Ingrate forgetfulness shall poison, rather  
 Than pity note how much.—Therefore, be gone.  
 Mine ears against your suits are stronger, than  
 Your gates against my force. Yet, for<sup>11</sup> I lov'd thee,  
 Take this along; I writ it for thy sake,

[*Gives a Letter.*

And would have sent it. Another word, Menenius,  
 I will not hear thee speak.—This man, Aufidius,  
 Was my beloved in Rome: yet thou behold'st——  
*Auf.* You keep a constant temper.

[*Exeunt COR. and AUF.*

1 *G.* Now, sir, is your name Menenius?

2 *G.* 'Tis a spell, you see, of much power: You  
 know the way home again.

1 *G.* Do you hear how we are shent for keeping  
 your greatness back?

2 *G.* What cause do you think, I have to swoon?

*Men.* I neither care for the world, nor your ge-  
 neral: for such things as you, I can scarce think  
 there's any, you are so slight. He that hath a will  
 to die by himself<sup>12</sup>, fears it not from another. Let  
 your general do his worst. For you, be that you  
 are, long; and your misery increase with your age!  
 I say to you, as I was said to, Away! [*Exit.*

1 *G.* A noble fellow, I warrant him.

2 *G.* The worthy fellow is our general: He is  
 the rock, the oak not to be wind-shaken. [*Exeunt.*

### SCENE III. *The Tent of Coriolanus.*

*Enter CORIOLANUS, AUFIDIUS, and Others.*

*Cor.* We will before the walls of Rome to-morrow  
 Set down our host.—My partner in this action,

<sup>10</sup> 'Though I have a *peculiar right* in revenge, in the power of  
 forgiveness the Volcians are joined.'

<sup>11</sup> i. e. cause, or because.

<sup>12</sup> i. e. by his own hands.

You must report to the Volcian lords, how plainly<sup>1</sup>  
I have borne this business.

*Auf.* Only their ends  
You have respected; stopp'd your ears against  
The general suit of Rome; never admitted  
A private whisper, no, not with such friends  
That thought them sure of you.

*Cor.* This last old man,  
Whom with a crack'd heart I have sent to Rome,  
Loved me above the measure of a father;  
Nay, godded me, indeed. Their latest refuge  
Was to send him: for whose old love, I have  
(Though I show'd sourly to him), once more offer'd  
The first conditions, which they did refuse,  
And cannot now accept, to grace him only,  
That thought he could do more; a very little  
I have yielded to: Fresh embassies, and suits,  
Nor from the state, nor private friends, hereafter  
Will I lend ear to.—Ha! what shout is this?

[*Shout within.*

Shall I be tempted to infringe my vow  
In the same time 'tis made? I will not.—

*Enter, in mourning habits, VIRGILIA, VOLUMNIA,  
leading young MARCIUS, VALERIA, and At-*  
*tendants.*

My wife comes foremost; then the honour'd mould  
Wherein this trunk was fram'd, and in her hand  
The grand-child to her blood. But, out, affection!  
All bond and privilege of nature, break!  
Let it be virtuous, to be obstinate.—  
What is that curt'sy worth? or those doves' eyes,  
Which can make gods forsworn?—I melt, and am  
not

<sup>1</sup> How *plainly* is how *openly*, how remotely from artifice or concealment.

Of stronger earth than others.—My mother bows;  
 As if Olympus to a molehill should  
 In supplication nod: and my young boy  
 Hath an aspect of intercession, which  
 Great nature cries, *Deny not*.—Let the Volces  
 Plough Rome, and harrow Italy; I'll never  
 Be such a gosling to obey instinct; but stand,  
 As if a man were author of himself,  
 And knew no other kin.

*Vir.* My lord and husband!

*Cor.* These eyes are not the same I wore in Rome.

*Vir.* The sorrow, that delivers us thus chang'd,  
 Makes you think so<sup>2</sup>.

*Cor.* Like a dull actor now,  
 I have forgot my part, and I am out<sup>3</sup>,  
 Even to a full disgrace. Best of my flesh,  
 Forgive my tyranny; but do not say,  
 For that, *Forgive our Romans*.—O, a kiss  
 Long as my exile, sweet as my revenge!  
 Now by the jealous queen<sup>4</sup> of heaven, that kiss  
 I carried from thee, dear; and my true lip  
 Hath virgin'd it e'er since. You gods! I prate,  
 And the most noble mother of the world  
 Leave unsaluted: Sink, my knee, i'the earth;  
[*Kneels.*

Of thy deep duty more impression show  
 Than that of common sons.

*Vol.* O, stand up bless'd!

<sup>2</sup> 'Virgilia makes a voluntary misinterpretation of her husband's words. He says, "These *eyes* are not the same," meaning that he saw things with *other eyes*, or other *dispositions*. She lays hold on the word *eyes*, to turn his attention on their present appearance.'—JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> 'As an *unperfect actor* on the stage,  
 Who with his fear is *put beside his part*.'

*Shakspeare's twenty-third Sonnet.*

<sup>4</sup> JUNO, the guardian of marriage, and consequently the avenger of connubial perfidy.

Whilst, with no softer cushion than the flint,  
 I kneel before thee; and improperly  
 Show duty, as mistaken all the while  
 Between the child and parent. [Kneels.]

*Cor.*

What is this?

Your knees to me? to your corrected son?  
 Then let the pebbles on the hungry beach<sup>5</sup>  
 Fillip the stars; then let the mutinous winds  
 Strike the proud cedars 'gainst the fiery sun;  
 Murd'ring impossibility, to make  
 What cannot be, slight work.

*Vol.*

Thou art my warrior;

I help to frame thee. Do you know this lady?

*Cor.* The noble sister of Publicola,

The moon of Rome; chaste as the icicle,  
 That's curd'd by the frost from purest snow,  
 And hangs on Dian's temple: Dear Valeria<sup>6</sup>!

*Vol.* This is a poor epitome of yours,  
 Which by the interpretation of full time  
 May show like all yourself.

*Cor.*

The god of soldiers,

With the consent of supreme Jove<sup>7</sup>, inform

<sup>5</sup> The *hungry beach* is the *sterile beach*; *hungry soil*, and *hungry gravel*, are common phrases. If it be necessary to seek a more recondite meaning, the shore *hungry*, or *eager* for shipwrecks, *littus avarum*, will serve.

<sup>6</sup> Though the scheme to solicit Coriolanus was originally proposed by Valeria, Plutarch has allotted her no address when she appears with his wife and mother on this occasion. The poet has followed him. Some lady of the name of Valeria was one of the great examples of chastity held out by the writers of the middle age. The following beautiful lines, from Shirley's *Gentleman of Venice*, in praise of a lady's chastity, deserve to be cited:—

‘ ————— thou art chaste

As the white down of heaven, whose feathers play

Upon the wings of the cold winter's gale,

Trembling with fear to touch th' impurer earth.'

<sup>7</sup> This is inserted with great decorum. Jupiter was the tutelary god of Rome.

Thy thoughts with nobleness; that thou may'st  
prove

To shame invulnerable, and stick i'the wars  
Like a great seamark, standing every flaw<sup>8</sup>.  
And saving those that eye thee!

*Vol.* Your knee, sirrah.

*Cor.* That's my brave boy.

*Vol.* Even he, your wife, this lady, and myself,  
Are suitors to you.

*Cor.* I beseech you, peace:  
Or, if you'd ask, remember this before;  
The things, I have forsworn to grant, may never  
Be held by you denials. Do not bid me  
Dismiss my soldiers, or capitulate  
Again with Rome's mechanicks:—Tell me not  
Wherein I seem unnatural: Desire not  
To allay my rages and revenges, with  
Your colder reasons.

*Vol.* O, no more, no more!  
You have said, you will not grant us any thing;  
For we have nothing else to ask, but that  
Which you deny already: Yet we will ask;  
That, if you fail in our request, the blame  
May hang upon your hardness: therefore hear us.

*Cor.* Aufidius, and you Volces, mark; for we'll  
Hear nought from Rome in private.—Your request?

<sup>8</sup> A *flaw* is a violent blast or sudden gust of wind. Carew thus describes it, in his Survey of Cornwall:—'One kind of these storms they call a *flaw*, or *flaugh*, which is a mighty gale of wind passing suddenly to the shore, and working strong effects upon whatsoever it encounters in its way.' The word is not obsolete, as stated in Todd's Johnson: it will be found in the interesting Journal of Captain Hall, 1824, vol. i. p. 4, and in Captain Lyon's Narrative of his attempt to reach Repulse Bay, 1824. There is a corresponding thought in Shakspeare's hundred and sixteenth sonnet:—

'O no! it is an *ever-fixed mark*,  
*That looks on tempests, and is never shaken.*'



*Vol.* Should we be silent and not speak, our  
raiment<sup>9</sup>,

And state of bodies would bewray what life  
We have led since thy exile. Think with thyself,  
How more unfortunate than all living women  
Are we come hither: since that thy sight, which should  
Make our eyes flow with joy, hearts dance with com-  
forts,

Constrains them weep, and shake with fear and  
sorrow;

Making the mother, wife, and child, to see  
The son, the husband, and the father, tearing  
His country's bowels out. And to poor we,  
Thine enmity's most capital: thou barr'st us  
Our prayers to the gods, which is a comfort  
That all but we enjoy: For how can we,  
Alas! how can we for our country pray,  
Where to we are bound; together with thy victory,  
Where to we are bound? Alack! or we must lose  
The country, our dear nurse; or else thy person,  
Our comfort in the country. We must find  
An evident calamity, though we had  
Our wish, which side should win: for either thou  
Must, as a foreign recreant, be led  
With manacles through our streets, or else  
Triumphantly tread on thy country's ruin;  
And bear the palm, for having bravely shed  
Thy wife and children's blood. For myself, son,  
I purpose not to wait on fortune, till  
These wars determine<sup>10</sup>: if I cannot persuade thee  
Rather to show a noble grace to both parts,  
Than seek the end of one, thou shalt no sooner

<sup>9</sup> This speech is very closely taken from North's Plutarch, the poet has done little more than throw the very words into blank verse.

<sup>10</sup> i. e. conclude, end. So in King Henry IV. Part II.:—

'Tell thy friend sickness have determin'd me.'

March to assault thy country, than to tread  
(Trust to't, thou shalt not) on thy mother's womb,  
That brought thee to this world.

*Vir.* Ay, and on mine,  
That brought you forth this boy, to keep your name  
Living to time.

*Boy.* He shall not tread on me;  
I'll run away, till I am bigger, but then I'll fight.

*Cor.* Not of a woman's tenderness to be,  
Requires nor child nor woman's face to see.  
I have sat too long. *[Rising.]*

*Vol.* Nay, go not from us thus.  
If it were so, that our request did tend  
To save the Romans, thereby to destroy  
The Volces whom you serve, you might condemn us,  
As poisonous of your honour: No; our suit  
Is, that you reconcile them: while the Volces  
May say, *This mercy we have show'd*; the Romans,  
*This we receiv'd*; and each in either side  
Give the all-hail to thee, and cry, *Be bless'd  
For making up this peace!* Thou know'st, great son,  
The end of war's uncertain; but this certain,  
That, if thou conquer Rome, the benefit  
Which thou shalt thereby reap, is such a name,  
Whose repetition will be dogg'd with curses:  
Whose chronicle thus writ,—*The man was noble,  
But with his last attempt he wip'd it out;  
Destroy'd his country; and his name remains  
To the ensuing age, abhorr'd.* Speak to me, son:  
Thou hast affected the fine strains of honour,  
To imitate the graces of the gods;  
To tear with thunder the wide cheeks o'the air,  
And yet to charge thy sulphur with a bolt  
That should but rive an oak. Why dost not speak?  
Think'st thou it honourable for a noble man  
Still to remember wrongs?—Daughter, speak you:

He cares not for your weeping.—Speak thou, boy :  
 Perhaps, thy childishness will move him more  
 Than can our reasons.—There is no man in the world  
 More bound to his mother ; yet here he lets me prate  
 Like one i'the stocks <sup>11</sup>. Thou hast never in thy life  
 Show'd thy dear mother any courtesy ;  
 When she (poor hen ! ) fond of no second brood,  
 Has cluck'd thee to the wars, and safely home,  
 Loaden with honour. Say, my request's unjust,  
 And spurn me back : But, if it be not so,  
 Thou art not honest ; and the gods will plague thee,  
 That thou restrain'st from me the duty, which  
 To a mother's part belongs.—He turns away :  
 Down, ladies ; let us shame him with our knees.  
 To his surname Coriolanus 'longs more pride,  
 Than pity to our prayers. Down ; an end :  
 This is the last ;—So we will home to Rome,  
 And die among our neighbours.—Nay, behold us :  
 This boy, that cannot tell what he would have,  
 But kneels, and holds up hands, for fellowship,  
 Does reason our petition <sup>12</sup> with more strength  
 Than thou hast to deny't.—Come, let us go :  
 This fellow had a Volcian to his mother ;  
 His wife is in Corioli, and his child  
 Like him by chance :—Yet give us our despatch ;  
 I am hush'd until our city be afire,  
 And then I'll speak a little.

*Cor.*

O mother, mother !

[*Holding VOLUMNIA by the Hands, silent.*

What have you done ? Behold, the heavens do ope,  
 The gods look down, and this unnatural scene  
 They laugh at. O my mother, mother ! O !  
 You have won a happy victory to Rome :  
 But, for your son,—believe it, O, believe it,

<sup>11</sup> ' Keeps me in a state of ignominy, talking to no purpose?'

<sup>12</sup> i. e. does *argue for us* and our petition.

Most dangerously you have with him prevail'd,  
 If not most mortal to him. But, let it come:—  
 Aufidius, though I cannot make true wars,  
 I'll frame convenient peace. Now, good Aufidius,  
 Were you in my stead, say, would you have heard  
 A mother less? or granted less, Aufidius?

*Auf.* I was mov'd withal.

*Cor.* I dare be sworn, you were:  
 And, sir, it is no little thing, to make  
 Mine eyes to sweat compassion. But, good sir,  
 What peace you'll make, advise me: For my part,  
 I'll not to Rome, I'll back with you; and pray you,  
 Stand to me in this cause.—O mother! wife!

*Auf.* I am glad, thou hast set thy mercy and thy  
 honour

At difference in thee: out of that I'll work  
 Myself a former fortune<sup>13</sup>.

[*Aside.*

[*The Ladies make signs to CORIOLANUS.*

*Cor.*

Ay, by and by;

[*To VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, &c.*

But we will drink together<sup>14</sup>; and you shall bear  
 A better witness back than words, which we,  
 On like conditions, will have counterseal'd.

Come, enter with us. Ladies, you deserve  
 To have a temple built you<sup>15</sup>: all the swords  
 In Italy, and her confederate arms,

Could not have made this peace.

[*Exeunt.*

<sup>13</sup> 'I will take advantage of this concession to restore myself to my former credit and power.'

<sup>14</sup> Farmer has suggested that we should perhaps read *think*. Shakspeare has however introduced *drinking* as a mark of confederation in King Henry IV. Part II.:—

'Let's *drink together* friendly, and embrace.'

The text therefore may be allowed to stand, though at the expense of female delicacy, which, in the present instance, has not been sufficiently consulted.

<sup>15</sup> Plutarch informs us that a temple dedicated to the *Fortune of the Ladies* was built on this occasion by order of the senate.

SCENE IV. Rome. *A publick Place.**Enter MENENIUS and SICINIUS.*

*Men.* See you yond' coign o'the Capitol: yond' corner stone?

*Sic.* Why, what of that?

*Men.* If it be possible for you to displace it with your little finger, there is some hope the ladies of Rome, especially his mother, may prevail with him. But I say, there is no hope in't; our throats are sentenced, and stay<sup>1</sup> upon execution.

*Sic.* Is't possible, that so short a time can alter the condition of a man?

*Men.* There is differency between a grub, and a butterfly; yet your butterfly was a grub. This Marcius is grown from man to dragon; he has wings; he's more than a creeping thing.

*Sic.* He loved his mother dearly.

*Men.* So did he me: and he no more remembers his mother now, than an eight year old horse. The tartness of his face sours ripe grapes. When he walks, he moves like an engine, and the ground shrinks before his treading. He is able to pierce a corslet with his eye; talks like a knell, and his hum is a battery. He sits in his state, as a thing made<sup>2</sup> for Alexander. What he bids be done, is finished with his bidding. He wants nothing of a god but eternity, and a heaven to throne in.

*Sic.* Yes, mercy, if you report him truly.

*Men.* I paint him in the character. Mark what mercy his mother shall bring from him: There is no more mercy in him, than there is milk in a male

<sup>1</sup> i. e. stay but for it. So in *Macbeth*:—

‘Worthy *Macbeth*, we *stay upon* your leisure.’

<sup>2</sup> That is, as one made to resemble Alexander.

tiger; that shall our poor city find: and all this is 'long of you.

*Sic.* The gods be good unto us!

*Men.* No, in such a case the gods will not be good unto us. When we banished him, we respected not them: and, he returning to break our necks, they respect not us.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* Sir, if you'd save your life, fly to your house; The plebeians have got your fellow tribune, And hale him up and down; all swearing, if The Roman ladies bring not comfort home, They'll give him death by inches.

*Enter another Messenger.*

*Sic.* What's the news?

*Mess.* Good news, good news:—The ladies have prevail'd,

The Volces are dislodg'd, and Marcius gone:  
A merrier day did never yet greet Rome,  
No, not the expulsion of the Tarquins.

*Sic.* Friend,

Art thou certain this is true? is it most certain?

*Mess.* As certain as I know the sun is fire:  
Where have you lurk'd, that you make doubt of it?  
Ne'er through an arch so hurried the blown tide<sup>3</sup>,  
As the recomforted through the gates. Why, hark  
you;

*[Trumpets and Hautboys sounded, and Drums  
beaten, all together. Shouting also within.]*

The trumpets, sackbuts, psalteries, and fifes,  
Tabors, and cymbals, and the shouting Romans,  
Make the sun dance. Hark you! *[Shouting again.]*

<sup>3</sup> 'As through an arch the violent roaring tide  
Outruns the eye that doth behold his haste.'

*Rape of Lucrece.*

*Men.* This is good news:  
 I will go meet the ladies. This Volumnia  
 Is worth of consuls, senators, patricians,  
 A city full ; of tribunes, such as you,  
 A sea and land full: You have pray'd well to-day;  
 This morning, for ten thousand of your throats  
 I'd not have given a doit. Hark, how they joy!  
*[Shouting and Musick.*

*Sic.* First, the gods bless you for your tidings ; next,  
 Accept my thankfulness.

*Mess.* Sir, we have all  
 Great cause to give great thanks.

*Sic.* They are near the city ?

*Mess.* Almost at point to enter.

*Sic.* We will meet them,  
 And help the joy. *[Going.*

*-Enter the Ladies, accompanied by Senators, Patri-  
 cians, and People. They pass over the Stage.*

1 *Sen.* Behold our patroness, the life of Rome :  
 Call all your tribes together, praise the gods,  
 And make triumphant fires ; strew flowers before  
 them ;

Unshout the noise that banish'd Marcius,  
 Repeal<sup>4</sup> him with the welcome of his mother ;  
 Cry,—Welcome, ladies, welcome!—

*All.* Welcome, ladies!  
 Welcome! *[A Flourish with Drums and Trumpets.*  
*[Exeunt.*

## SCENE V. Antium. A public Place.

*Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS, with Attendants.*

*Auf.* Go tell the lords of the city, I am here:  
 Deliver them this paper: having read it,  
 Bid them repair to the market-place; where I,

<sup>4</sup> Recall.

Even in theirs and in the commons' ears,  
Will vouch the truth of it. Him I accuse<sup>1</sup>,  
The city ports<sup>2</sup> by this hath enter'd, and  
Intends to appear before the people, hoping  
To purge himself with words : Despatch.

[*Exeunt Attendants.*]

*Enter Three or Four Conspirators of Aufidius' Faction.*

Most welcome!

1 *Con.* How is it with our general?

*Auf.* Even so,  
As with a man by his own alms empoison'd,  
And with his charity slain.

2 *Con.* Most noble sir,  
If you do hold the same intent wherein  
You wish'd us parties, we'll deliver you  
Of your great danger.

*Auf.* Sir, I cannot tell;  
We must proceed, as we do find the people.

3 *Con.* The people will remain uncertain, whilst  
'Twixt you there's difference; but the fall of either  
Makes the survivor heir of all.

*Auf.* I know it;  
And my pretext to strike at him admits  
A good construction. I rais'd him, and I pawn'd  
Mine honour for his truth : Who being so heighten'd,  
He water'd his new plants with dews of flattery,  
Seducing so my friends : and, to this end,  
He bow'd his nature, never known before  
But to be rough, unswayable, and free.

3 *Con.* Sir, his stoutness,

<sup>1</sup> i. e. *he whom I accuse* :—

' I am appointed *him* to murder you.'

*The Winter's Tale.*

<sup>2</sup> *Ports* are gates. See Act i. Sc. 7, note 1.



When he did stand for consul, which he lost  
By lack of stooping,——

*Auf.* That I would have spoke of:  
Being banish'd for't, he came unto my hearth;  
Presented to my knife his throat: I took him;  
Made him joint servant with me; gave him way  
In all his own desires: nay, let him choose  
Out of my files, his projects to accomplish,  
My best and freshest men; serv'd his designments  
In mine own person; help to reap the fame,  
Which he did end all his; and took some pride  
To do myself this wrong: till, at the last,  
I seem'd his follower, not partner; and  
He wag'd me with his countenance<sup>3</sup>, as if  
I had been mercenary.

1 *Con.* So he did, my lord:  
The army marvell'd at it. And, in the last,  
When he had carried Rome; and that we look'd  
For no less spoil, than glory,——

*Auf.* There was it;—  
For which my sinews shall be stretch'd upon him<sup>4</sup>.  
At a few drops of women's rheum, which are  
As cheap as lies, he sold the blood and labour  
Of our great action; Therefore shall he die,  
And I'll renew me in his fall. But, hark!

[*Drums and Trumpets sound, with great  
Shouts of the People.*]

1 *Con.* Your native town you enter'd like a post,

<sup>3</sup> The verb *to wage* was formerly in general use for *to stipend*, *to reward*. The meaning is, 'the countenance he gave me was a kind of wages.'—

'For his defence great store of men I wag'd.'

*Mirror for Magistrates.*

'—— I receive thee gladly to my house,  
And wage thy stay.'

*Heywood's Wise Woman of Hogsdon.*

<sup>4</sup> 'This is the point on which I will attack him with all my energy.'

And had no welcomes home; but he returns,  
Splitting the air with noise.

**2 Con.** And patient fools,  
Whose children he hath slain, their base throats tear,  
With giving him glory.

**3 Con.** Therefore, at your vantage,  
Ere he express himself, or move the people  
With what he would say, let him feel your sword,  
Which we will second. When he lies along,  
After your way his tale pronounc'd shall bury  
His reasons with his body.

**Auf.** Say no more;  
Here come the lords.

*Enter the Lords of the City.*

**Lords.** You are most welcome home.

**Auf.** I have not deserv'd it,  
But, worthy lords, have you with heed perus'd  
What I have written to you?

**Lords.** We have.

**1 Lord.** And grieve to hear it.  
What faults he made before the last, I think,  
Might have found easy fines: but there to end  
Where he was to begin; and give away  
The benefit of our levies, answering us  
With our own charge<sup>5</sup>; making a treaty, where  
There was a yielding; This admits no excuse.

**Auf.** He approaches, you shall hear him.

*Enter CORIOLANUS, with Drums and Colours; a  
Crowd of Citizens with him.*

**Cor.** Hail, lords! I am returned your soldier;  
No more infected with my country's love,  
Than when I parted hence, but still subsisting

<sup>5</sup> 'Rewarding us with our own expenses, making the cost of the war its recompense.'

Under your great command. You are to know,  
That prosperously I have attempted, and  
With bloody passage, led your wars, even to  
The gates of Rome. Our spoils we have brought home,  
Do more than counterpoise, a full third part,  
The charges of the action. We have made peace  
With no less honour to the Antiates,  
Than shame to the Romans: And we here deliver,  
Subscrib'd by the consuls and patricians,  
Together with the seal o'the senate, what  
We have compounded on.

*Auf.* Read it not, noble lords;  
But tell the traitor, in the highest degree  
He hath abus'd your powers.

*Cor.* Traitor!—How now?

*Auf.* Ay, traitor, Marcius.

*Cor.* Marcius!

*Auf.* Ay, Marcius, Caius Marcius; Dost thou think  
I'll grace thee with that robbery, thy stol'n name  
Coriolanus in Corioli?—

You lords and heads of the state, perfidiously  
He has betray'd your business, and given up,  
For certain drops of salt, your city Rome  
(I say, your city), to his wife and mother:  
Breaking his oath and resolution, like  
A twist of rotten silk; never admitting  
Counsel o'the war; but at his nurse's tears  
He whin'd and roar'd away your victory:  
That pages blush'd at him, and men of heart  
Look'd wondering each at other.

*Cor.* Hear'st thou, Mars?

*Auf.* Name not the god, thou boy of tears,—

*Cor.* Ha!

*Auf.* No more<sup>6</sup>.

<sup>6</sup> This must be considered as continuing the former speech of Aufidius; he means to tell Coriolanus that he was 'no more than a boy of tears.'



*Cor.* O, that I had him,  
With six Aufidiuses, or more, his tribe,  
To use my lawful sword!

*Auf.* Insolent villain!

*Con.* Kill, kill, kill, kill, kill him.

[AUFIDIUS and the Conspirators draw, and  
kill CORIOLANUS, who falls, and AUFIDIUS  
stands on him.]

*Lords.* Hold, hold, hold, hold.

*Auf.* My noble masters, hear me speak.

1 *Lord.* O Tullus.—

2 *Lord.* Thou hast done a deed whereat valour  
will weep.

3 *Lord.* Tread not upon him.—Masters all, be  
quiet;

Put up your swords.

*Auf.* My lords, when you shall know (as in this  
rage,  
Provok'd by him, you cannot) the great danger  
Which this man's life did owe you, you'll rejoice  
That he is thus cut off. Please it your honours  
To call me to your senate, I'll deliver  
Myself your loyal servant, or endure  
Your heaviest censure.

1 *Lord.* Bear from hence his body,  
And mourn you for him: let him be regarded  
As the most noble corse, that ever herald  
Did follow to his urn<sup>9</sup>.

2 *Lord.* His own impatience  
Takes from Aufidius a great part of blame.  
Let's make the best of it.

*Auf.* My rage is gone,  
And I am struck with sorrow.—Take him up:

<sup>9</sup> This allusion is to a custom which was most probably unknown to the ancients, but which was observed in the public funerals of English princes, at the conclusion of which a herald proclaims the style of the deceased.

Help, three o'the chiefest soldiers ; I'll be one.—  
Beat thou the drum that it speak mournfully :  
Trail your steel pikes.—Though in this city he  
Hath widow'd and unchilded many a one,  
Which to this hour bewail the injury,  
Yet he shall have a noble memory<sup>10</sup>.—  
Assist.

[*Exeunt, bearing the body of CORIOLANUS.*  
*A dead March sounded.*

<sup>10</sup> Memorial. See Act iv. Sc. 5, note 3.

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The tragedy of CORIOLANUS is one of the most amusing of our author's performances. The old man's merriment in Menenius; the lofty lady's dignity in Volumnia; the bridal modesty in Virgilia; the patrician and military haughtiness in Coriolanus; the plebeian malignity and tribunitian insolence in Brutus and Sici-nius, make a very pleasing and interesting variety; and the various revolutions of the hero's fortune fill the mind with anxious curiosity. There is, perhaps, too much bustle in the first Act, and too little in the last. JOHNSON.

## JULIUS CÆSAR.



*Brutus.* But here comes Antony.—Welcome, Mark Antony.

*Antony.* O mighty Cæsar! Dost thou lie so low?  
Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,  
Shrunk to this little measure?—Fare thee well.

Act III. Sc. 1.

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FROM THE CHISWICK PRESS.

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# Julius Caesar.

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## PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

It appears from the Appendix to Peck's Memoirs of Oliver Cromwell, &c. p. 14, that a Latin play on this subject had been written: 'Epilogus Cæsari interfecti, quomodo in scenam prodiit ea res acta, in Ecclesia Christi, Oxon. Qui epilogus a Magistro Ricardo Eedes, et scriptus, et in proscenio ibidem dictus fuit, A. D. 1582. Meres, in his Wits' Commonwealth, 1598, enumerates Dr. Eedes among the best tragick writers of that time.

From what Polonius says in Hamlet, it seems probable that there was also an English play on the story before Shakspeare commenced writer for the stage. Stephen Gosson, in his School of Abuse, 1579, mentions a play entitled The History of Cæsar and Pompey.

William Alexander, afterwards earl of Sterline, wrote a tragedy of the story of Julius Cæsar; the death of Cæsar, which is not exhibited, but related to the audience, forms the catastrophe of his piece, which appeared in 1607, when the writer was little acquainted with English writers; it abounds with Scotticisms, which the author corrected in the edition he gave of his works in 1637. There are parallel passages in the two plays, which may have arisen from the two authors drawing from the same source; but there is reason to think the coincidences more than accidental, and that Shakspeare was acquainted with the drama of Lord Sterline. It has been shown in a note on The Tempest, that the celebrated passage (The cloud-capt towers; &c.) had its prototype in Darius, another play of the same author. See vol. i. p. 74, note 13.

It should be remembered that Shakspeare has many plays founded on subjects which had been previously treated by others: whereas no proof has hitherto been produced that any cotemporary writer ever presumed to new model a story that had already employed the pen of Shakspeare. If the conjecture that Shakspeare was indebted to Lord Sterline be just, his drama must have been produced subsequent to 1607, or at latest in

that year; which is the date ascribed to it, upon these grounds, by Malone.

Upton has remarked that the real duration of time in Julius Cæsar is as follows:—About the middle of February, A. U. C. 709, a frantick festival sacred to Pan, and called *Lupercales*, was held in honour of Cæsar, when the regal crown was offered to him by Antony. On the 15th of March in the same year, he was slain. November 27, A. U. C. 710, the triumvirs met at a small island, formed by the river Rhenus, near Bononia, and there adjusted their cruel proscription. A. U. C. 711, Brutus and Cassius were defeated near Philippi.

Gildon long ago remarked that Brutus was the true hero of this tragedy, and not Cæsar; Schlegel makes the same observation: the poet has portrayed the character of Brutus with peculiar care, and developed all the amiable traits, the feeling, and patriotic heroism of it with supereminent skill. He has been less happy in personifying Cæsar, to whom he has given several ostentatious speeches, unsuited to his character, if we may judge from the impression made upon us by his own Commentaries. The character of Cassius is also touched with great nicety and discrimination, and is admirably contrasted to that of Brutus: his superiority ‘in independent volition, and his discernment in judging of human affairs, are pointed out;’ while the purity of mind and conscientious love of justice in Brutus, unfit him to be the head of a party in a state entirely corrupted: these amiable failings give, in fact, an unfortunate turn to the cause of the conspirators. The play abounds in well wrought and affecting scenes; it is scarcely necessary to mention the celebrated dialogue between Brutus and Cassius, in which the design of the conspiracy is opened to Brutus. The quarrel between them, rendered doubly touching by the close, when Cassius learns the death of Portia: and which one is surprised to think that any critic susceptible of feeling should pronounce ‘*cold and unaffecting*.’ The scene between Brutus and Portia, where she endeavours to extort the secret of the conspiracy from him, in which is that heart-thrilling burst of tenderness, which Portia’s heroic behaviour awakens:—

‘ You are my true and honourable wife,  
As dear to me as are the ruddy drops  
That visit my sad heart.’

The speeches of Mark Antony over the dead body of Cæsar, and the artful eloquence with which he captivates the multitude, are justly classed among the happiest effusions of poetic declamation.

There are also those touches of nature interspersed which we should seek in vain in the works of any other poet. In the otherwise beautiful scene with Lucius, an incident of this kind is introduced, which, though wholly immaterial to the plot or conduct of the scene, is perfectly congenial to the character of the agent, and beautifully illustrative of it. The sedate and philosophic Brutus, discomposed a little by the stupendous cares upon his mind, forgets where he had left his book of recreation:—

‘ Look, Lucius, here’s the book I sought for so.’

Another passage of the same kind, and of eminent beauty, is to be found in the scene where the conspirators assemble at the house of Brutus at midnight. Brutus, welcoming them all, says:—

‘ What watchful cares do interpose themselves  
Betwixt your eyes and night?

*Cassius.* Shall I entreat a word? [*They whisper.*]

*Decius.* Here lies the east: doth not the day break here?

*Casca.* No.

*Cinna.* O pardon, sir, it doth; and yon gray lines,  
That fret the clouds, are messengers of day.

*Casca.* You shall confess, that you are both deceiv’d:  
Here, as I point my sword, the sun arises;  
Which is a great way growing on the south,  
Weighing the youthful season of the year.  
Some two months hence, up higher toward the north  
He first presents his fire; and the high east  
Stands as the Capitol, directly here.’

It is not only heroic manners and incidents which the all powerful pen of Shakspeare has expressed with great historic truth in this play, he has entered with no less penetration into the manners of the factious plebeians, and has exhibited here, as well as in *Coriolanus*, the manners of a Roman mob. How could Johnson say that ‘ his adherence to the real story, and to Roman manners, seems to have impeded the natural vigour of his genius!!’

## PERSONS REPRESENTED.

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**JULIUS CÆSAR.**

**OCTAVIUS CÆSAR,**  
**MARCUS ANTONIUS,**  
**M. ÆMIL. LEPIDUS,** } *Triumvirs after the Death of Julius Cæsar.*

**CICERO, PUBLIUS, POPILIUS LENA,** *Senators.*

**MARCUS BRUTUS,**  
**CASSIUS,**  
**CASCA,**  
**TREBONIUS,**  
**LIGARIUS,**  
**DECIUS BRUTUS,**  
**METELLUS CIMBER,**  
**CINNA,** } *Conspirators against Julius Cæsar.*

**FLAVIUS and MARULLUS,** *Tribunes.*

**ARTEMIDORUS,** *a Sophist of Cnidos.*

**A Soothsayer.**

**CINNA,** *a Poet. Another Poet.*

**LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, MESSALA, young CATO, and VOLUMNIUS,** *Friends to Brutus and Cassius.*

**VARRO, CLITUS, CLAUDIUS, STRATO, LUCIUS, DARDANIUS,** *Servants to Brutus.*

**PINDARUS,** *Servant to Cassius.*

**CALPHURNIA,** *Wife to Cæsar.*

**PORTIA,** *Wife to Brutus.*

**Senators, Citizens, Guards, Attendants, &c.**

**SCENE,** *during a great part of the Play, at Rome; afterwards at Sardis; and near Philippi.*

# JULIUS CÆSAR.

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## ACT I.

### SCENE I. .Rome. *A Street.*

*Enter FLAVIUS, MARULLUS, and a Rabble of Citizens.*

*Flavius.*

**H**ENCE; home, you idle creatures, get you home;  
Is this a holiday? What! know you not,  
Being mechanical, you ought not walk,  
Upon a labouring day, without the sign  
Of your profession!—Speak, what trade art thou?

*1 Cit.* Why, sir, a carpenter.

*Mar.* Where is thy leather apron, and thy rule?  
What dost thou with thy best apparel on?—  
You, sir; what trade are you?

*2 Cit.* Truly, sir, in respect of a fine workman, I  
am but, as you would say, a cobbler.

*Mar.* But what trade art thou? Answer me directly.

*2 Cit.* A trade, sir, that, I hope, I may use with  
a safe conscience: which is, indeed, sir, a mender  
of bad soaks.

*Mar.* What trade, thou knave; thou naughty  
knave, what trade?

*2 Cit.* Nay, I beseech you, sir, be not out with  
me: yet, if you be out, sir, I can mend you.

*Mar.* What mean'st thou by that? Mend me, thou saucy fellow?

*2 Cit.* Why sir, cobble you.

*Flav.* Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

*2 Cit.* Truly, sir, all that I live by is, with the awl: I meddle with no tradesman's matters, nor women's matters, but with awl. I am, indeed, sir, a surgeon to old shoes; when they are in great danger, I recover them. As proper men as ever trod upon neat's leather, have gone upon my handy work.

*Flav.* But wherefore art not in thy shop to-day? Why dost thou lead these men about the streets?

*2 Cit.* Truly, sir, to wear out their shoes, to get myself into more work. But, indeed, sir, we make holiday, to see Cæsar, and to rejoice in his triumph.

*Mar.* Wherefore rejoice? What conquest brings he home?

What tributaries follow him to Rome,  
To grace in captive bonds his chariot wheels?  
You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things!

O, you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,  
Knew you not Pompey? Many a time and oft  
Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements,  
To towers and windows, yea, to chimney tops,  
Your infants in your arms, and there have sat  
The live-long day, with patient expectation,  
To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome;  
And when you saw his chariot but appear,  
Have you not made an universal shout,  
That Tyber trembled underneath her banks<sup>1</sup>,

<sup>1</sup> The Tyber being always personified as a god, the feminine gender is here, strictly speaking, improper. Milton says that—

‘ ——— the river of bliss

Rolls o'er Elysian flowers *her* amber streams.’

But he is speaking of the water, and not of its presiding power

To hear the replication of your sounds,  
 Made in her concave shores?  
 And do you now put on your best attire?  
 And do you now cull out a holiday?  
 And do you now strew flowers in his way,  
 That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood?  
 Be gone;  
 Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,  
 Pray to the gods to intermit the plague  
 That needs must light on this ingratitude.

*Flav.* Go, go, good countrymen, and, for this fault,  
 Assemble all the poor men of your sort<sup>2</sup>;  
 Draw them to Tyber banks, and weep your tears  
 Into the channel, till the lowest stream  
 Do kiss the most exalted shores of all.

[*Exeunt* Citizens.]

See, whe'r<sup>3</sup> their basest metal be not mov'd;  
 They vanish tongue-tied in their guiltiness.  
 Go you down that way towards the Capitol;  
 This way will I: Disrobe the images,  
 If you do find them deck'd with ceremonies<sup>4</sup>.

*Mar.* May we do so?  
 You know, it is the feast of Lupercal.

*Flav.* It is no matter; let no images  
 Be hung with Cæsar's trophies<sup>5</sup>. I'll about,  
 And drive away the vulgar from the streets:  
 So do you too, where you perceive them thick.  
 These growing feathers pluck'd from Cæsar's wing,

or genius. Malone observes that Drayton describes the presiding powers of the rivers of England as females; Spenser more classically represents them as males.

<sup>2</sup> Condition, rank.

<sup>3</sup> Whether.

<sup>4</sup> Honorary ornaments; tokens of respect.

<sup>5</sup> We gather from a passage in the next scene what these trophies were. Casca there informs Cassius that Marullus and Flavius, for pulling scarfs off Cæsar's images, are put to silence.

Will make him fly an ordinary pitch;  
 Who else would soar above the view of men,  
 And keep us all in servile fearfulness. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. *The same. A Publick Place.*

*Enter, in Procession, with Musick, CÆSAR, ANTONY, for the course; CALPHURNIA, PORTIA, DECIUS<sup>1</sup>, CICERO, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, and CASCA, a great Crowd following, among them a Soothsayer.*

*Cæs.* Calphurnia,—

*Casca.*

Peace, ho! Cæsar speaks.

[*Musick ceases.*

*Cæs.*

Calphurnia,—

*Cal.* Here, my lord.

*Cæs.* Stand you directly in Antonius' way<sup>2</sup>,  
 When he doth run his course.—Antonius.

<sup>1</sup> This person was not *Decius* but *Decimus Brutus*. The poet (as Voltaire has done since) confounds the characters of *Marcus* and *Decimus*. *Decimus Brutus* was the most cherished by Cæsar of all his friends, while *Marcus* kept aloof, and declined so large a share of his favours and honours as the other had constantly accepted. Lord Sterline has made the same mistake in his tragedy of *Julius Cæsar*. The error has its source in North's translation of *Plutarch*, or in *Holland's Suetonius*, 1606.

<sup>2</sup> The old copy reads '*Antonio's way*:' in other places we have *Octavio*, *Flavio*. The players were more accustomed to Italian than Latin terminations, on account of the many versions from Italian novels, and the many Italian characters in dramatic pieces formed on the same originals. The correction was made by Pope.

The allusion is to a custom at the *Lupercalia*, 'the which (says *Plutarch*) in olde time men say was the feaste of shep-herds or heardsmen, and is much like unto the feast *Lyceians* in *Arcadia*. But howsoever it is, that day there are diverse noble men's sonnes, young men (and some of them magistrates themselves that govern them) which run naked through the city, striking in sport them they meet in their way with leather thongs. And many noblewomen and gentlewomen also go of



*Ant.* Cæsar, my lord.

*Cæs.* Forget not, in your speed, Antonius,  
To touch Calphurnia: for our elders say,  
The barren, touched in this holy chase,  
Shake off their steril curse.

*Ant.* I shall remember:  
When Cæsar says, *Do this*, it is perform'd.

*Cæs.* Set on; and leave no ceremony out.

[*Musick.*

*Sooth.* Cæsar.

*Cæs.* Ha! who calls?

*Casca.* Bid every noise be still:—Peace yet again.

[*Musick ceases.*

*Cæs.* Who is it in the press, that calls on me?  
I hear a tongue, shriller than all the musick,  
Cry, Cæsar: Speak; Cæsar is turn'd to hear.

*Sooth.* Beware the ides of March.

*Cæs.* What man is that?

*Bru.* A soothsayer, bids you beware the ides of  
March.

*Cæs.* Set him before me, let me see his face.

*Cas.* Fellow, come from the throng: Look upon  
Cæsar.

*Cæs.* What say'st thou to me now? Speak once  
again.

*Sooth.* Beware the ides of March.

*Cæs.* He is a dreamer; let us leave him;—pass.

[*Sennet*<sup>3</sup>. *Exeunt all but BRU. and CAS.*

purpose to stand in their way, and doe put forth their handes to be stricken, persuading themselves that being with childe they shall have good deliverie; and also being barren, that it will make them conceive with child. Cæsar sat to behold that sport upon the pulpit for orations, in a chayre of gold, apparelled in triumphant manner. Antonius, who was consul at that time, was one of them that *ronne this holy course.*

*North's translation.*

<sup>3</sup> See King Henry VIII. Act ii. Sc. 4, note 1.

*Cas.* Will you go see the order of the course?

*Bru.* Not I,

*Cas.* I pray you, do.

*Bru.* I am not gamesome: I do lack some part  
Of that quick spirit that is in Antony,  
Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires;  
I'll leave you.

*Cas.* Brutus, I do observe you now of late:  
I have not from your eyes that gentleness,  
And show of love, as I was wont to have:  
You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand  
Over your friend that loves you.

*Bru.* Cassius,  
Be not deceiv'd: if I have veil'd my look,  
I turn the trouble of my countenance  
Merely upon myself. Vexed I am,  
Of late, with passions of some difference,  
Conceptions only proper to myself,  
Which give some soil, perhaps, to my behaviours:  
But let not therefore my good friends be griev'd  
(Among which number, Cassius, be you one);  
Nor construe any further my neglect,  
Than that poor Brutus, with himself at war,  
Forgets the shows of love to other men.

*Cas.* Then, Brutus, I have much mistook your  
passion<sup>4</sup>,  
By means whereof, this breast of mine hath buried  
Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.  
Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face?

*Bru.* No, Cassius: for the eye sees not itself,  
But by reflection, by some other things.

*Cas.* 'Tis just:  
And it is very much lamented, Brutus,

<sup>4</sup> i. e. the nature of the feelings which you are now suffering.  
Thus in Timon of Athens:—

‘I feel my master’s passion.’

That you have no such mirrors, as will turn  
 Your hidden worthiness into your eye,  
 That you might see your shadow. I have heard,  
 Where many of the best respect in Rome  
 (Except immortal Cæsar), speaking of Brutus,  
 And groaning underneath this age's yoke,  
 Have wish'd that noble Brutus had his eyes.

*Bru.* Into what dangers would you lead me,  
 Cassius,

That you would have me seek into myself  
 For that which is not in me?

*Cas.* Therefore, good Brutus, be prepar'd to hear:  
 And, since you know you cannot see yourself  
 So well as by reflection, I, your glass,  
 Will modestly discover to yourself  
 That of yourself which you yet know not of.  
 And be not jealous of me, gentle Brutus:  
 Were I a common laughèr, or did use  
 To stale<sup>5</sup> with ordinary oaths my love  
 To every new protester: if you know  
 That I do fawn on men, and hug them hard,  
 And after scandal them; or if you know  
 That I profess myself in banqueting  
 To all the rout, then hold me dangerous.

[*Flourish and Shout.*]

*Bru.* What means this shouting? I do fear, the  
 people  
 Choose Cæsar for their king.

<sup>5</sup> Johnson has erroneously given the meaning of *allurement* to *stale* in this place. 'To stale with ordinary oaths my love,' is 'to prostitute my love, or make it common with ordinary oaths,' &c. The use of the verb *to stale* here may be adduced as a proof that in a disputed passage of *Coriolanus*, Act i. Sc. 1, we should read *stale* instead of *scale*: see note there. Thus in Ben Jonson's *Every Man in his Humour*, Act ii. Sc. 1:—

'He's grown a stranger to all due respect,  
 ——— and not content  
 To stale himself in all societies,  
 He makes my house here common as a mart.'

*Cas.* Ay, do you fear it?  
Then must I think you would not have it so.

*Bru.* I would not, Cassius; yet I love him well:—  
But wherefore do you hold me here so long?  
What is it that you would impart to me?  
If it be aught toward the general good,  
Set honour in one eye, and death i'the other,  
And I will look on both indifferently:  
For, let the gods so speed me, as I love  
The name of honour more than I fear death.

*Cas.* I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,  
As well as I do know your outward favour.  
Well, honour is the subject of my story.—  
I cannot tell what you and other men  
Think of this life; but, for my single self,  
I had as lief not be, as live to be  
In awe of such a thing as I myself.  
I was born free as Cæsar; so were you:  
We both have fed as well: and we can both  
Endure the winter's cold, as well as he.  
For once, upon a raw and gusty day,  
The troubled Tyber chafing with her shores,  
Cæsar said to me, *Dar'st thou, Cassius, now  
Leap in with me into this angry flood<sup>6</sup>,  
And swim to yonder point?* Upon the word,  
Accouter'd as I was, I plunged in,  
And bade him follow: so, indeed, he did.  
The torrent roar'd; and we did buffet it  
With lusty sinews; throwing it aside  
And stemming it with hearts of controversy.

<sup>6</sup> Shakspeare probably remembered what Suetonius relates of Cæsar's leaping into the sea, when he was in danger by a boat being overladen, and swimming to the next ship with his Commentaries in his hand. Holland's Translation of Suetonius, 1606, p. 26. And in another passage, 'Were rivers in his way to hinder his passage, cross over them he would, either swimming, or else bearing himself upon blowed leather bottles.' Ibid. p. 24.

ut ere we could arrive<sup>7</sup> the point propos'd,  
 æsar cry'd, *Help me, Cassius, or I sink.*

as Æneas, our great ancestor,  
 did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder  
 the old Anchises bear, so, from the waves of Tyber  
 did I the tired Cæsar: And this man  
 now become a god; and Cassius is  
 a wretched creature, and must bend his body,  
 Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.

He had a fever when he was in Spain,  
 and, when the fit was on him, I did mark  
 how he did shake: 'tis true, this god did shake:  
 his coward lips did from their colour fly<sup>8</sup>;  
 and that same eye, whose bend doth awe the world,  
 did lose his lustre: I did hear him groan:  
 y, and that tongue of his, that bade the Romans  
 mark him, and write his speeches in their books,  
 alas! it cried, *Give me some drink, Titinius,*  
 as a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me,  
 a man of such a feeble temper<sup>9</sup> should  
 get the start of the majestick world,  
 and bear the palm alone. [Shout. Flourish.  
*Bru.* Another general shout!

<sup>7</sup> 'But ere we could arrive the point propos'd.' The verb *arrive*, in its active sense, according to its etymology, was formerly used for *to approach*, or come near. Milton several times uses it thus without the preposition. Thus in *Paradise Lost*, ii. :—

' ——— ere he *arrive*  
 The happy isle.'

and in his *Treatise of Civil Power*, 'Lest a worse woe *arrive* on.' Shakspeare has it again in the Third Part of *King Henry* [Act v. Sc. 3 :—

' ——— those powers that the queen  
 Hath rais'd in Gallia, have *arriv'd* our coast.'

<sup>8</sup> This is oddly expressed, but a quibble, alluding to a cowardling from his colours, was intended.

<sup>9</sup> Temperament, constitution.

I do believe, that these applauses are  
For some new honours that are heap'd on Cæsar.

*Cas.* Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world,  
Like a Colossus; and we petty men  
Walk under his huge legs<sup>10</sup>, and peep about  
To find ourselves dishonourable graves.  
Men at some time are masters of their fates:  
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,  
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.  
Brutus, and Cæsar: What should be in that Cæsar?  
Why should that name be sounded more than yours?  
Write them together, yours is as fair a name;  
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well<sup>11</sup>;  
Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with them,  
Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar. [*Shout.*]  
Now in the names of all the gods at once,  
Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,  
That he is grown so great? Age, thou art sham'd:  
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!  
When went there by an age, since the great flood,  
But it was fam'd with more than with one man?  
When could they say, till now, that talk'd of Rome,  
That her wide walks encompass'd but one man?  
Now is it Rome indeed, and room enough,  
When there is in it but one only man.  
O! you and I have heard our fathers say,  
There was a Brutus<sup>12</sup> once, that would have brook'd

<sup>10</sup> ' But I the meanest man of many more,  
Yet much disdaining unto him to lout,  
Or creep between his legs.'

*Spenser's Faerie Queene*, b. iv. c. x. st. 19.

<sup>11</sup> A similar thought occurs in Heywood's *Rape of Lucrece*:—  
' What diapason's more in Tarquin's name  
Than in a subject's? Or what's Tullia  
More in the sound than should become the name  
Of a poor maid?'

<sup>12</sup> ' Lucius Junius Brutus (says Dion Cassius) would as soon  
have submitted to the perpetual dominion of a dæmon, as to the  
lasting government of a king.'

The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome,  
As easily as a king.

*Bru.* That you do love me, I am nothing jealous;  
What you would work me to, I have some aim<sup>13</sup>;  
How I have thought of this, and of these times,  
I shall recount hereafter; for this present,  
I would not, so with love I might entreat you,  
Be any further mov'd. What you have said,  
I will consider; what you have to say,  
I will with patience hear: and find a time  
Both meet to hear, and answer, such high things.  
Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this<sup>14</sup>;  
Brutus had rather be a villager,  
Than to repute himself a son of Rome  
Under these hard conditions as<sup>15</sup> this time  
Is like to lay upon us.

*Cas.* I am glad that my weak words  
Have struck but thus much show of fire from Brutus.

*Re-enter CÆSAR, and his Train.*

*Bru.* The games are done, and Cæsar is returning.

*Cas.* As they pass by, pluck Casca by the sleeve;  
And he will, after his sour fashion, tell you  
What hath proceeded, worthy note, to-day.

<sup>13</sup> i. e. guess. So in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*:—  
'But fearing lest my jealous *aim* might err.'

<sup>14</sup> *Ruminate* on this, consider it at leisure.

<sup>15</sup> *As*, according to Tooke, is an article, and means the same as *that*, *which*, or *it*: accordingly we find it often so employed by old writers; and particularly in our excellent version of the Bible. Thus Lord Bacon also in his *Apophthegmes*, No. 210:—  
'One of the Romans said to his friend; what think you of such a one, *as* was taken with the manner in adultery?' Like other vestiges of old phraseology it still lingers among the common people: 'I cannot say *as* I did,' &c. for *that* I did. I will add an example from Langland, who flourished in the middle of the fourteenth century:—

'The godes of the ground aren like to the grete wawes  
*As* [which] wyndes and wederes walwen aboute.'

*Piers Plouhman*, ed. 1813, p. 168.

*Bru.* I will do so:—But, look you, Cassius,  
The angry spot doth glow on Cæsar's brow,  
And all the rest look like a chidden train:  
Calphurnia's cheek is pale; and Cicero  
Looks with such ferret and such fiery eyes,  
As we have seen him in the Capitol,  
Being cross'd in conference by some senators.

*Cas.* Casca will tell us what the matter is.

*Cæs.* Antonius.

*Ant.* Cæsar.

*Cæs.* Let me have men about me that are fat;  
Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights:  
Yond' Cassius has a lean and hungry look;  
He thinks too much: such men are dangerous.

*Ant.* Fear him not, Cæsar, he's not dangerous<sup>16</sup>:  
He is a noble Roman, and well given.

*Cæs.* 'Would he were fatter:—But I fear him not:  
Yet if my name were liable to fear,  
I do not know the man I should avoid  
So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much;  
He is a great observer, and he looks  
Quite through the deeds of men: he loves no plays,  
As thou dost, Antony; he hears no musick<sup>17</sup>:  
Seldom he smiles; and smiles in such a sort,  
As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit

<sup>16</sup> 'When Cæsar's friends complained unto him of Antonius and Dolabella, that they pretended some mischief towards him, he answered, As for those fat men and smooth-combed heads (quoth he), I never reckon of them; but these pale-visaged and carrion-lean people, I fear them most; meaning Brutus and Cassius.'—*North's Plutarch*, 1579.

And in another place:—'Cæsar had Cassius in great jealousy, and suspected him much; whereupon he said on a time to his friends, What will Cassius do, think you? I like not his pale looks.'

<sup>17</sup> Shakspeare considered this as an infallible mark of an austere disposition. The reader will remember the passage in *The Merchant of Venice* so often quoted:—

'The man who hath no music in himself  
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils.'



That could be mov'd to smile at any thing.  
Such men as he be never at heart's ease,  
Whiles they behold a greater than themselves;  
And therefore are they very dangerous.  
I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd,  
Than what I fear, for always I am Cæsar.  
Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,  
And tell me truly what thou think'st of him.

[*Exeunt CÆSAR and his Train. CASCA stays behind.*]

*Casca.* You pull'd me by the cloak; Would you speak with me?

*Bru.* Ay, Casca; tell us what hath chanc'd to-day,  
That Cæsar looks so sad.

*Casca.* Why you were with him, were you not?

*Bru.* I should not then ask Casca what hath  
chanc'd.

*Casca.* Why, there was a crown offer'd him<sup>18</sup>:  
and being offer'd him, he put it by with the back  
of his hand, thus; and then the people fell a' shout-  
ing.

*Bru.* What was the second noise for?

*Casca.* Why, for that too.

*Cas.* They shouted thrice? What was the last  
cry for?

*Casca.* Why, for that too.

*Bru.* Was the crown offer'd him thrice?

*Casca.* Ay, marry, was't, and he put it by thrice,  
every time gentler than other; and at every putting  
by, mine honest neighbours shouted.

*Cas.* Who offered him the crown?

*Casca.* Why, Antony.

*Bru.* Tell us the manner of it, gentle Casca.

<sup>18</sup> Thus in the old translation of Plutarch: '—— he came to Cæsar, and presented him a diadem wreathed about with laurel.'

*Casca.* I can as well be hanged, as tell the manner of it: it was mere foolery. I did not mark it. I saw Mark Antony offer him a crown;—yet 'twas not a crown neither, 'twas one of these coronets;—and, as I told you, he put it by once; but, for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he offered it to him again; then he put it by again: but, to my thinking, he was very loath to lay his fingers off it. And then he offered it the third time; he put it the third time by: and still as he refused it, the rabblement hooted, and clapped their chopped hands, and threw up their sweaty night-caps, and uttered such a deal of stinking breath because Cæsar refused the crown, that it had almost choked Cæsar; for he swooned, and fell down at it: And for mine own part, I durst not laugh, for fear of opening my lips, and receiving the bad air.

*Cas.* But, soft, I pray you: What? did Cæsar swoon?

*Casca.* He fell down in the market-place, and foamed at mouth, and was speechless.

*Bru.* 'Tis very like: he hath the falling-sickness.

*Cas.* No, Cæsar hath it not; but you, and I, And honest Casca, we have the falling-sickness.

*Casca.* I know not what you mean by that; but, I am sure, Cæsar fell down. If the tag-rag people did not clap him, and hiss him, according as he pleased, and displeased them, as they use to do the players in the theatre, I am no true<sup>19</sup> man.

*Bru.* What said he, when he came unto himself?

*Casca.* Marry, before he fell down, when he perceiv'd the common herd was glad he refused the crown, he plucked me ope his doublet, and offered them his throat to cut.—An I had been a

<sup>19</sup> i. e. no honest man.

an of any occupation<sup>20</sup>, if I would not have taken him at a word, I would I might go to hell among the rogues: and so he fell. When he came to himself again, he said, If he had done, or said anything amiss, he desired their worships to think it as his infirmity. Three or four wenches, where he stood, cried, *Alas, good soul!*—and forgave him with all their hearts: But there's no heed to be taken of them; if Cæsar had stabbed their mothers, they would have done no less.

*Bru.* And after that, he came, thus sad, away?

*Casca.* Ay.

*Cas.* Did Cicero say any thing?

*Casca.* Ay, he spoke Greek.

*Cas.* To what effect?

*Casca.* Nay, an I tell you that, I'll ne'er look you i' the face again: But those, that understood him, smiled at one another, and shook their heads; but, for mine own part, it was Greek to me. I could tell you more news too: Marullus and Flavius, for pulling scarfs off Cæsar's images, are put in silence. Fare you well. There was more foolery yet, if I could remember it.

*Cas.* Will you sup with me to-night, Casca?

*Casca.* No, I am promised forth.

*Cas.* Will you dine with me to-morrow?

*Casca.* Ay, if I be alive, and your mind hold, I'd your dinner worth the eating.

*Cas.* Good; I will expect you.

*Casca.* Do so: Farewell, both. [*Exit CASCA.*]

<sup>20</sup> 'Had I been a *mechanic*, one of the *plebeians* to whom he pierced his throat.' So in *Coriolanus*:—

'——— You have made good work,

You and your apron-men; you that stood so much

Upon the voice of *occupation*, and

The breath of garlick-eaters.'

*Men of occupation; Opifices et tabernarii.*—Baret.

**Bru.** What a blunt fellow is this grown to be?  
He was quick mettlé, when he went to school.

**Cas.** So he is now, in execution  
Of any bold or noble enterprize,  
However he puts on this tardy form.  
This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit,  
Which gives men stomach to digest his words  
With better appetite.

**Bru.** And so it is. For this time I will leave you:  
To-morrow, if you please to speak with me,  
I will come home to you: or, if you will,  
Come home with me, and I will wait for you.

**Cas.** I will do so:—till then, think of the world.  
[*Exit BRUTUS.*]

Well, Brutus, thou art noble; yet, I see,  
Thy honourable metal may be wrought  
From that it is disposed<sup>21</sup>: Therefore 'tis meet  
That noble minds keep ever with their likes:  
For who so firm, that cannot be seduc'd?  
Cæsar doth bear me hard<sup>22</sup>; but he loves Brutus:  
If I were Brutus now, and he were Cassius,  
He should not humour me<sup>23</sup>. I will this night,  
In several hands, in at his windows throw,  
As if they came from several citizens,  
Writings all tending to the great opinion  
That Rome holds of his name; wherein obscurely  
Cæsar's ambition shall be glanced at:  
And, after this, let Cæsar seat him sure;  
For we will shake him, or worse days endure.

[*Exit.*]

<sup>21</sup> 'The best *metal* or *temper* may be worked into qualities contrary to its *disposition*, or what it is disposed to.'

<sup>22</sup> 'Has an unfavourable opinion of me.' The same phrase occurs again in the first scene of Act iii.

<sup>23</sup> I think Warburton's explanation of this passage the true one:—'If I were Brutus (said he), and Brutus Cassius, he should not cajole me as I do him.' To *humour* signifies to turn and wind by inflaming his passions.

SCENE III. *The same. A Street.*

*Thunder and Lightning. Enter, from opposite sides, CASCA, with his sword drawn, and CICERO.*

*Cic.* Good even, Casca: Brought you Cæsar home<sup>1</sup>?

Why are you breathless? and why stare you so?

*Casca.* Are not you mov'd, when all the sway of earth<sup>2</sup>

Shakes, like a thing unfirm? O Cicero,  
I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds  
Have riv'd the knotty oaks; and I have seen  
The ambitious ocean swell, and rage, and foam,  
To be exalted with the threat'ning clouds:  
But never till to-night, never till now,  
Did I go through a tempest dropping fire.  
Either there is a civil strife in heaven;  
Or else the world, too saucy with the gods,  
Incenses them to send destruction.

*Cic.* Why, saw you any thing more wonderful?

*Casca.* A common slave<sup>3</sup> (you know him well  
by sight),

Held up his left hand, which did flame and burn  
Like twenty torches join'd; and yet his hand,  
Not sensible of fire, remain'd unscorch'd.  
Besides (I have not since put up my sword),  
Against the Capitol I met a lion,

<sup>1</sup> 'Did you attend Cæsar home.' So in Measure for Measure:—

'That we may bring you something on the way.'

<sup>2</sup> 'The whole weight or momentum of this globe.'

<sup>3</sup> 'A slave of the souldiers that did cast a marvellous burning flame out of his hande, insomuch as they that saw it thought he had been burnt; but when the fire was out, it was found that he had no hurt.'—*North's Plutarch.*

Who glar'd<sup>4</sup> upon me, and went surly by,  
 Without annoying me! And there were drawn  
 Upon a heap a hundred ghastly women,  
 Transformed with their fear; who swore, they saw  
 Men, all in fire, walk up and down the streets.  
 And yesterday, the bird of night did sit,  
 Even at noon-day, upon the market-place,  
 Hooting, and shrieking. When these prodigies  
 Do so conjointly meet, let not men say,  
*These are their reasons,—They are natural;*  
 For, I believe they are portentous things  
 Unto the climate that they point upon.

*Cic.* Indeed, it is a strange-disposed time:  
 But men may construe things after their fashion,  
 Clean<sup>5</sup> from the purpose of the things themselves.  
 Comes Cæsar to the Capitol to-morrow?

*Casca.* He doth; for he did bid Antonius  
 Send word to you, he would be there to-morrow.

*Cic.* Good night then, Casca: this disturbed sky  
 Is not to walk in.

*Casca.* Farewell, Cicero.

[*Exit CICERO.*

*Enter CASSIUS.*

*Cas.* Who's there?

*Casca.* A Roman.

<sup>4</sup> The old copies erroneously read:—

'Who glazd upon me.'—

Malone determined obstinately to oppose himself to Steevens's judicious reading of *glar'd*, and reads, with less propriety and probability, *gaz'd*. Steevens has clearly shown from the poet's own works that his emendation is the true one.

Mr. Boswell made a quotation from King James's translation of the *Urania* of Du Bartas, in which he found the word *glaise* (i. e. *glose*), which he professed not to understand; but supposed it might support the original reading. He was too well acquainted with the old Scottish and old English writers to fall often into such mistakes.

<sup>5</sup> Altogether, entirely.

**Cas.** Casca, by your voice.

**Casca.** Your ear is good. Cassius, what night is this?

**Cas.** A very pleasing night to honest men.

**Casca.** Who ever knew the heavens menace so?

**Cas.** Those, that have known the earth so full of faults.

For my part, I have walk'd about the streets,  
Submitting me unto the perilous night:

And, thus unbraced, Casca, as you see,

Have bar'd my bosom to the thunder-stone<sup>6</sup>:

And, when the cross blue lightning seem'd to open

The breast of heaven, I did present myself

Even in the aim and very flash of it.

**Casca.** But wherefore did you so much tempt  
the heavens?

It is the part of men to fear and tremble,

When the most mighty gods, by tokens, send

Such dreadful heralds to astonish us.

**Cas.** You are dull, Casca; and those sparks of life

That should be in a Roman, you do want,

Or else you use not: You look pale, and gaze,

And put on fear, and cast yourself in wonder,

To see the strange impatience of the heavens:

But if you would consider the true cause,

Why all these fires, why all these gliding ghosts,

Why birds, and beasts, from quality and kind;

Why old men, fools, and children calculate<sup>7</sup>;

<sup>6</sup> What is now, in modern language, called a *thunder-bolt*.

<sup>7</sup> i. e. 'why birds and beasts deviate from their condition and nature; why old men, fools, and children *calculate*;' i. e. foretell or prophecy. At the suggestion of Sir William Blackstone this last line has been erroneously pointed in all the late editions:—

'Why old men fools, and children calculate.'

He observed, that 'there was no prodigy in old men's *calculating*; but who were so likely to listen to prophecies as children, fools, and the superstitious old?'

Why all these things change, from their ordinance,  
Their natures, and preformed faculties,  
To monstrous quality; why, you shall find,  
That heaven hath infus'd them with these spirits,  
To make them instruments of fear, and warning,  
Unto some monstrous state. Now could I, Casca,  
Name to thee a man most like this dreadful night;  
That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and roars  
As doth the lion in the Capitol:

A man no mightier than thyself, or me,  
In personal action; yet prodigious<sup>8</sup> grown,  
And fearful, as these strange eruptions are.

*Casca.* 'Tis Cæsar that you mean: Is it not,  
Cassius?

*Cas.* Let it be who it is: for Romans now  
Have thewes<sup>9</sup> and limbs like to their ancestors;  
But, woe the while! our fathers' minds are dead,  
And we are govern'd with our mothers' spirits;  
Our yoke and sufferance show us womanish.

*Casca.* Indeed, they say, the senators to-morrow  
Mean to establish Cæsar as a king:  
And he shall wear his crown by sea and land,  
In every place, save here in Italy.

*Cas.* I know where I will wear this dagger then;  
Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius:  
Therein, ye gods, you make the weak most strong;  
Therein, ye gods, you tyrants do defeat:  
Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,  
Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,  
Can be retentive to the strength of spirit;  
But life, being weary of these worldly bars,  
Never lacks power to dismiss itself.  
If I know this, know all the world besides,

<sup>8</sup> Portentous.

<sup>9</sup> i. e. sinews, muscular strength. See note on King Henry IV.  
Part II. Act iii. Sc. 2.



That part of tyranny, that I do bear,  
I can shake off at pleasure.

*Casca.*

So can I:

So every bondman in his own hand bears  
The power to cancel his captivity<sup>10</sup>.

*Cas.* And why should Cæsar be a tyrant then?  
Poor man! I know, he would not be a wolf,  
But that he sees the Romans are but sheep:  
He were no lion, were not Romans hinds.  
Those that with haste will make a mighty fire,  
Begin it with weak straws: What trash is Rome,  
What rubbish, and what offal, when it serves  
For the base matter to illuminate  
So vile a thing as Cæsar? But, O, grief!  
Where hast thou led me? I, perhaps, speak this  
Before a willing bondman: then I know  
My answer must be made<sup>11</sup>: But I am arm'd,  
And dangers are to me indifferent.

*Casca.* You speak to Casca; and to such a man,  
That is no fleering tell-tale. Hold my hand:  
Be factious<sup>12</sup> for redress of all these griefs;  
And I will set this foot of mine as far,  
As who goes farthest.

*Cas.* There's a bargain made.  
Now know you, Casca, I have mov'd already  
Some certain of the noblest-minded Romans,  
To undergo, with me, an enterprize

<sup>10</sup> Thus in *Cymbeline*, Act v. Posthumus, speaking of his hains:—

‘ ———— take this life,  
And *cancel* these cold bonds.’

<sup>11</sup> ‘ I know I shall be called to account, and must *answer* for having uttered seditious words.’ So in *Much Ado about Nothing*:—‘ Sweet prince, let me go no further to mine *answer*; so you hear me, and let this count kill me.’

<sup>12</sup> ‘ Hold my hand’ is the same as ‘ Here’s my hand.’ ‘ Be *factious* for redress’ means, be *contentious*, *enterprising* for redress.

Of honourable-dangerous consequence;  
 And I do know, by this, they stay for me  
 In Pompey's porch; for now, this fearful night,  
 There is no stir, or walking in the streets;  
 And the complexion of the element,  
 In favour's<sup>13</sup>, like the work we have in hand,  
 Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible.

*Enter CINNA.*

*Casca.* Stand close awhile, for here comes one in haste.

*Cas.* 'Tis Cinna, I do know him by his gait:  
 He is a friend.—Cinna, where haste you so?

*Cin.* To find out you; Who's that? Metellus Cimber?

*Cas.* No, it is Casca; one incorporate  
 To our attempts. Am I not staid for, Cinna?

*Cin.* I am glad on't. What a fearful night is this!  
 There's two or three of us have seen strange sights.

*Cas.* Am I not staid for, Cinna? Tell me..

*Cin.* Yes,

You are. O, Cassius, if you could but win  
 The noble Brutus to our party——

*Cas.* Be you content: Good Cinna, take this paper,  
 And look you lay it in the prætor's chair,  
 Where Brutus may but find it; and throw this  
 In at his window: set this up with wax  
 Upon old Brutus' statue: all this done,  
 Repair to Pompey's porch, where you shall find us.  
 Is Decius Brutus, and Trebonius, there?

*Cin.* All but Metellus Cimber; and he's gone  
 To seek you at your house. Well, I will hie,  
 And so bestow these papers as you bade me.

*Cas.* That done, repair to Pompey's theatre.

[*Exit CINNA.*]

<sup>13</sup> The old copy reads, 'Is favours.' Favour here is put for appearance, look, countenance: to favour is to resemble.

Come, Casca, you and I will, yet, ere day,  
See Brutus at his house: three parts of him  
Is ours already; and the man entire,  
Upon the next encounter, yields him ours.

*Casca.* O, he sits high in all the people's hearts:  
And that, which would appear offence in us,  
His countenance, like richest alchymy,  
Will change to virtue, and to worthiness.

*Cas.* Him, and his worth, and our great need of  
him,  
You have right well conceited. Let us go,  
For it is after midnight; and, ere day,  
We will awake him, and be sure of him. [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT II.

### SCENE I. *The same.* Brutus's Orchard<sup>1</sup>.

*Enter BRUTUS.*

*Bru.* What, Lucius! ho!—  
I cannot, by the progress of the stars,  
Give guess how near to day.—Lucius, I say!—  
I would it were my fault to sleep so soundly.—  
When, Lucius, when<sup>2</sup>? Awake, I say: What,  
Lucius!

<sup>1</sup> *Orchard* and *garden* appear to have been synonymous with our ancestors. In *Romeo and Juliet* Capulet's *garden* is twice called *orchard*. The word was anciently written *hort-yard*; but it is a mistake to suppose this points at the Latin *hortus*. The word is from the Saxon *ortgeard*, which is itself put for *pyntgeard*, a place for herbs. In a subsequent scene of this play *orchard* is again used for *garden*:—

‘———— he hath left you all his walks,  
His private arbours, and new planted orchards  
On this side Tyber.’

<sup>2</sup> See vol. i. p. 25; and note on *King Richard II.* Act ii. Sc. 2.

*Enter LUCIUS.*

*Luc.* Call'd you, my lord?

*Bru.* Get me a taper in my study, Lucius:  
When it is lighted, come and call me here.

*Luc.* I will, my lord. [*Exit.*

*Bru.* It must be by his death: and, for my part,  
I know no personal cause to spurn at him,  
But for the general. He would be crown'd:—  
How that might change his nature, there's the ques-  
tion.

It is the bright day, that brings forth the adder;  
And that craves wary walking. Crown him?—

That;—

And then, I grant, we put a sting in him,  
That at his will he may do danger with.  
The abuse of greatness is, when it disjoins  
Remorse<sup>3</sup> from power: And to speak truth of Cæsar,  
I have not known when his affections sway'd  
More than his reason. But 'tis a common proof<sup>4</sup>,  
That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,  
Whereto the climber-upward turns his face:  
But when he once attains the utmost round,  
He then unto the ladder turns his back,  
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees  
By which he did ascend<sup>5</sup>: So Cæsar may;  
Then, lest he may, prevent. And, since the quarrel  
Will bear no colour for the thing he is,

<sup>3</sup> Shakspeare usually uses *remorse* for *pity*, *tenderness of heart*.

<sup>4</sup> i. e. a matter proved by common *experience*.

<sup>5</sup> 'The aspirer once attain'd unto the top,  
Cuts off those means by which himself got up:  
And with a harder hand, and straighter rein,  
Doth curb that looseness he did find before:  
Doubting the occasion like might serve again;  
His own example makes him fear the more.'

*Daniel's Civil Wars*, 1602.

Fashion it thus ; that what he is, augmented,  
Would run to these, and these extremities :  
And therefore think him as a serpent's egg,  
Which, hatch'd, would, as his kind<sup>6</sup>, grow mis-  
chievous,  
And kill him in the shell.

*Re-enter* LUCIUS.

*Luc.* The taper burneth in your closet, sir.  
Searching the window for a flint, I found  
This paper, thus seal'd up ; and, I am sure,  
It did not lie there, when I went to bed.

*Bru.* Get you to bed again, it is not day.  
Is not to-morrow, boy, the ides of March<sup>7</sup> ?

*Luc.* I know not, sir.

*Bru.* Look in the calendar, and bring me word.

*Luc.* I will, sir. *[Exit.]*

*Bru.* The exhalations, whizzing in the air,  
Give so much light, that I may read by them.

*[Opens the Letter, and reads.]*

*Brutus, thou sleep'st ; awake, and see thyself.*

*Shall Rome, &c. Speak, strike, redress !*

*Brutus, thou sleep'st ; awake,——*

Such instigations have been often dropp'd  
Where I have took them up.

*Shall Rome, &c. Thus, must I piece it out ;  
Shall Rome stand under one man's awe ? What !  
Rome ?*

My ancestors did from the streets of Rome  
The Tarquin drive, when he was call'd a king.

*Speak, strike, redress !—Am I entreated*

<sup>6</sup> ' As his kind,' like the rest of his species. Thus in Antony and Cleopatra:—' You must think this, look you, the worm [i. e. serpent] will do his *kind*.'

<sup>7</sup> The old copy erroneously reads, ' the *first* of March.' The correction was made by Theobald ; as was the following.

To speak, and strike? O Rome! I make thee promise,  
 If the redress will follow, thou receivest  
 Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus!

*Re-enter LUCIUS.*

*Luc.* Sir, March is wasted fourteen days<sup>8</sup>.

[*Knock within.*

*Bru.* 'Tis good. Go to the gate; somebody  
 knocks. [*Exit LUCIUS.*

Since Cassius first did whet me against Cæsar,  
 I have not slept.

Between the acting of a dreadful thing  
 And the first motion, all the interim is  
 Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream:  
 The genius, and the mortal instruments,  
 Are then in council; and the state of man<sup>9</sup>,  
 Like to a little kingdom, suffers then  
 The nature of an insurrection<sup>10</sup>.

<sup>8</sup> Here again the old copy reads, *fifteen*. This was only the dawn of the fifteenth when the boy makes his report.

<sup>9</sup> The old copy reads:—

‘Are then in council, and the state of a man,’ &c.

<sup>10</sup> There is a long and fanciful, but erroneous note by Warburton on this passage, which is curious, as being one of his earliest comments on Shakspeare, addressed to Concanen, when, in league with Theobald and others, he made war against Pope. The following note, by the Rev. Mr. Blakeway, is quite of another character, and takes with it my entire concurrence and approbation:—

‘The genius, and the mortal instruments,’ &c.

*Mortal* is assuredly *deadly*; as it is in *Macbeth*:—

‘—— Come, you spirits,  
 That tend on *mortal* thoughts.’

By *instruments*, I understand our bodily powers, our members: as Othello calls his eyes and hands his speculative and active instruments; and Menenius, in *Coriolanus*, Act i. Sc. 1, speaks of the

‘—— cranks and *offices* of man,

The strongest nerves, and small inferior veins.’

So intending to paint, as he does very finely, the inward conflict

*Re-enter LUCIUS.*

*Luc.* Sir, 'tis your brother Cassius at the door,  
Who doth desire to see you.

*Bru.* Is he alone?

*Luc.* No, sir; there are more with him.

*Bru.* Do you know them?

*Luc.* No, sir; their hats are pluck'd about their  
ears,

And half their faces buried in their cloaks,  
That by no means I may discover them  
By any mark of favour<sup>11</sup>.

*Bru.* Let them enter.

[*Exit LUCIUS.*

They are the faction. O conspiracy!  
Sham'st thou to show thy dangerous brow by night,

which precedes the commission of some dreadful crime; he represents, as I conceive him, the genius, or soul, consulting with the body, and, as it were, questioning the limbs, the instruments which are to perform this deed of death, whether they can undertake to bear her out in the affair, whether they can screw up their courage to do what she shall enjoin them. The tumultuous commotion of opposing sentiments and feelings produced by the firmness of the soul, contending with the secret misgivings of the body; during which the mental faculties are, though not actually dormant, yet in a sort of waking stupor, 'crushed by one overwhelming image,' is finely compared to a phantasm or a hideous dream, and by the *state of man* suffering the nature of an insurrection. Tibalt has something like it in *Romeo and Juliet*:—

'Patience perforce with wilful choler meeting,  
Makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting.'

And what Macbeth says of himself, in a situation nearly allied to this of Brutus, will in some degree elucidate the passage:—

'My thoughts, whose murder yet is but fantastical,  
Shakes so my single *statę of man*, that function  
Is smother'd in surmise.'

And again, in *Troilus and Cressida*, Ulysses says:—

'—— 'twixt his *mental* and his *active* parts,  
*Kingdom'd Achilles in commotion* rages,  
And batters down himself.'

<sup>11</sup> See Act i. Sc. 3, note 13.

When evils are most free? O, then, by day,  
Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough  
To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none, conspiracy;  
Hide it in smiles, and affability:  
For if thou path thy native semblance<sup>12</sup> on,  
Not Erebus itself were dim enough  
To hide thee from prevention.

*Enter CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, CINNA, METELLUS CIMBER, and TREBONIUS.*

*Cas.* I think we are too bold upon your rest;  
Good morrow, Brutus: Do we trouble you?

*Bru.* I have been up this hour; awake, all night.  
Know I these men, that come along with you?

*Cas.* Yes, every man of them; and no man here,  
But honours you: and every one doth wish,  
You had but that opinion of yourself,  
Which every noble Roman bears of you.  
This is Trebonius.

*Bru.* He is welcome hither.

*Cas.* This Decius Brutus.

*Bru.* He is welcome too.

*Cas.* This, Casca; this, Cinna;  
And this, Metellus Cimber.

*Bru.* They are all welcome.  
What watchful cares do interpose themselves  
Betwixt your eyes and night?

*Cas.* Shall I entreat a word? [*They whisper.*]

*Dec.* Here lies the east: Doth not the day break  
here?

*Casca.* No.

*Cin.* O, pardon, sir, it doth; and yon gray lines,  
That fret the clouds, are messengers of day.

*Casca.* You shall confess, that you are both de-  
ceiv'd.

<sup>12</sup> 'If thou walk in thy true form.'



ere, as I point my sword, the sun arises ;  
 hich is a great way growing on the south,  
 eighing the youthful season of the year.  
 me two months hence, up higher toward the north  
 e first presents his fire; and the high east  
 ands as the Capitol, directly here.

*Bru.* Give me your hands all over, one by one.

*Cas.* And let us swear our resolution.

*Bru.* No, not an oath: If not the face<sup>13</sup> of men,  
 ie sufferance of our souls, the time's abuse,—  
 these be motives weak, break off betimes,  
 and every man hence to his idle bed;  
 let high-sighted tyranny range on,  
 ll each man drop by lottery<sup>14</sup>. But if these,  
 s I am sure they do, bear fire enough  
 b kindle cowards, and to steel with valour

<sup>13</sup> Johnson thus explains this passage; in which, with a view  
 chaps to imitate the abruptness of discourse, Shakspeare has  
 instructed the latter part without any regard to the beginning.  
 he *face of men* is the '*countenance, the regard, the esteem of*  
 public; in other terms, *honour and reputation*: or the *face of*  
 n may mean 'the dejected look of the people.' Thus Cicero  
 Catilinam:—'*Nil horum ora vultusque moverunt.*'

Gray may perhaps support Johnson's explanation:

'And read their history in a *nation's eyes*.'

ason thought we should read, '*the faith of men*;' to which,  
 says, the context evidently gives support:—

'————— what other bond,

Than secret Romans, *that have spoke the word,*

*And will not palter,*' &c.

ie speech is formed on the following passage in North's Plu-  
 ch:—'*The conspirators having never taken oath together,*  
 r taken or given any caution or assurance, nor binding them-  
 lves one to another by any religious oaths, they kept the  
 utter so secret to themselves,' &c.

<sup>14</sup> Steevens thinks there may be an allusion here to the cus-  
 m of *decimation*, i. e. the selection by *lot* of every tenth soldier  
 a general mutiny for punishment. The poet speaks of this  
 Coriolanus:—

'By decimation and a tithed death  
 Take thou thy fate.'

The melting spirits of women; then, countrymen,  
 What need we any spur but our own cause,  
 To prick us to redress? what other bond,  
 Than secret Romans, that have spoke the word,  
 And will not palter<sup>15</sup>? and what other oath,  
 Than honesty to honesty engag'd,  
 That this shall be, or we will fall for it?  
 Swear priests, and cowards, and men cautelous<sup>16</sup>,  
 Old feeble carrions, and such suffering souls  
 That welcome wrongs: unto bad causes swear  
 Such creatures as men doubt: but do not stain  
 The even virtue of our enterprize,  
 Nor the insuppressive mettle of our spirits,  
 To think, that, or our cause, or our performance,  
 Did need an oath; when every drop of blood,  
 That every Roman bears, and nobly bears,  
 Is guilty of a several bastardy,  
 If he do break the smallest particle  
 Of any promise that hath pass'd from him.

*Cas.* But what of Cicero? Shall we sound him?  
 I think, he will stand very strong with us.

*Casca.* Let us not leave him out.

*Cin.* No, by no means.

*Met.* O let us have him; for his silver hairs  
 Will purchase us a good opinion<sup>17</sup>,  
 And buy men's voices to commend our deeds:  
 It shall be said, his judgment rul'd our hands;  
 Our youths, and wildness, shall no whit appear,  
 But all be buried in his gravity.

<sup>15</sup> To *palter* is to *shuffle*, to *equivocate*; to go from engagements once made.

<sup>16</sup> Though *cautelous* is often used for wary, circumspect, by old writers, the context plainly shows that Shakspeare uses it here for *artful*, *insidious*; opposed to honesty. It is used in *Coriolanus*, Act iv. Sc. 1, in the same sense.

<sup>17</sup> i.e. character. Thus in *King Henry IV. Part 1. Act v. Sc. 4*:—

‘Thou hast redeem'd thy lost opinion.’

*Bru.* O, name him not; let us not break<sup>18</sup> with him;  
For he will never follow any thing  
That other men begin.

*Cas.* Then leave him out.

*Casca.* Indeed, he is not fit.

*Dec.* Shall no man else be touch'd but only Cæsar?

*Cas.* Decius, well urg'd:—I think it is not meet,  
Mark Antony, so well belov'd of Cæsar,  
Should outlive Cæsar: We shall find of him  
A shrewd contriver; and, you know, his means,  
If he improves them, may well stretch so far,  
As to annoy us all: which to prevent,  
Let Antony, and Cæsar, fall together.

*Bru.* Our course will seem too bloody, Caius  
Cassius,  
To cut the head off, and then hack the limbs;  
Like wrath in death, and envy<sup>19</sup> afterwards:  
For Antony is but a limb of Cæsar.  
Let us be sacrificers, but not butchers, Caius.  
We all stand up against the spirit of Cæsar;  
And in the spirit of men there is no blood:  
O, that we then could come by Cæsar's spirit,  
And not dismember Cæsar! But, alas,  
Cæsar must bleed for it! And, gentle friends,  
Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully;  
Let's carve him as a dish fit for the gods,  
Not hew him as a carcase fit for hounds<sup>20</sup>:

<sup>18</sup> Let us not break the matter to him.

<sup>19</sup> *Envy* here, as almost always by Shakspeare, is used for *malice*.

<sup>20</sup> 'Gradive, dedisti,

Ne qua manus vatem, ne quid mortalia bello  
Lædere tela queant, sanotum et venerabile Diti  
Fumus erat.'

*Statius Theb.* vii. l. 696.

The following passage of the old translation of Plutarch was probably in the poet's thoughts:—'Cæsar turned himself nowhere but he was stricken at by some, and still naked swords in his face, and was *hacked* and *mangled* among them as a wild beast taken of hunters.'

And let our hearts, as subtle masters do,  
 Stir up their servants to an act of rage,  
 And after seem to chide them. This shall make  
 Our purpose necessary, and not envious:  
 Which so appearing to the common eyes,  
 We shall be call'd purgers, not murderers.  
 And for Mark Antony, think not of him;  
 For he can do no more than Cæsar's arm,  
 When Cæsar's head is off.

*Cas.* Yet I do fear him:  
 For in the ingrafted love he bears to Cæsar, —

*Bru.* Alas, good Cassius, do not think of him:  
 If he love Cæsar, all that he can do  
 Is to himself; take thought<sup>21</sup>, and die for Cæsar:  
 And that were much he should; for he is given  
 To sports, to wildness, and much company.

*Treb.* There is no fear in him; let him not die;  
 For he will live, and laugh at this hereafter.

[*Clock strikes.*

*Bru.* Peace, count the clock.

*Cas.* The clock hath stricken three.

*Treb.* 'Tis time to part.

*Cas.* But it is doubtful yet,  
 Whe'r<sup>22</sup> Cæsar will come forth to-day, or no:  
 For he is superstitious grown of late;  
 Quite from the main opinion he held once  
 Of fantasy, of dreams, and ceremonies<sup>23</sup>:

<sup>21</sup> To take thought is to grieve, to be troubled in mind. See note on Hamlet, Act iv. Sc. 5; and Antony and Cleopatra, Act iii. Sc. 2. 'My bodie surely is well, or in good case; but I take thought, or my minde is full of fancies and trouble.'—*Baret.*

<sup>22</sup> Whether.

<sup>23</sup> 'Quite from the main opinion he held once  
 Of fantasy, of dreams, and ceremonies.'

Main opinion is fixed opinion, general estimation. Thus in Troilus and Cressida:—

'Why then should we our main opinion crush  
 In taint of our best man?'

*Fantasy* was used for imagination or conceit in Shakspeare's

may be, these apparent prodigies,  
 he unaccustom'd terror of this night,  
 and the persuasion of his augurers,  
 lay hold him from the Capitol to-day.

*Dec.* Never fear that: If he be so resolv'd,  
 can o'ersway him: for he loves to hear,  
 that unicorns may be betray'd with trees,  
 and bears with glasses, elephants with holes <sup>24</sup>,  
 lions with toils, and men with flatterers:  
 but, when I tell him, he hates flatterers,  
 he says, he does; being then most flattered.  
 Let me work:

or I can give his humour the true bent;  
 and I will bring him to the Capitol.

*Cas.* Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch him.

*Bru.* By the eighth hour: Is that the uttermost?

*Cin.* Be that the uttermost, and fail not then.

*Met.* Caius Ligarius doth bear Cæsar hard,

me; but the following passage from Lavaterus on Ghostes and  
 pirates, 1572, may elucidate its meaning in the present instance:  
 'Suidas maketh a difference between *phantasma* and *phantasia*,  
 saying that *phantasma* is an imagination or appearance of a sight  
 thing which is not, as are those sights which men in their  
 eepe do thinke they see; but that *phantasia* is the seeing of  
 at only which is in very deede.' *Ceremonies* signify omens or  
 gns deduced from sacrifices or other ceremonial rites. Thus  
 a subsequent passage:—

'Cæsar, I never stood on ceremonies,  
 Yet now they fright me.'

<sup>24</sup> *Unicorns* are said to have been taken by one, who, running  
 behind a tree, eluded the violent push the animal was making  
 him, so that his horn spent its force on the trunk, and stuck  
 st, detaining the animal till he was despatched by the hunter.  
 his is alluded to by Spenser, *F. Q.* b. ii. c. 5; and by Chap-  
 an, in his *Bussy D'Ambois*, 1607. *Bears* are reported to have  
 en surprised by means of a *mirror*, which they would gaze  
 , affording their pursuers an opportunity of taking the surer  
 m. This circumstance is mentioned by Claudian. *Elephants*  
 ere seduced into pitfalls, lightly covered with hurdles and  
 urf, on which a proper bait to tempt them was placed. See  
 liny's *Natural History*, b. viii.

Who rated him for speaking well of Pompey;  
I wonder, none of you have thought of him.

*Bru.* Now, good Metellus, go along by him<sup>25</sup>:  
He loves me well, and I have given him reasons;  
Send him but hither, and I'll fashion him.

*Cas.* The morning comes upon us: We'll leave  
you, Brutus:—

And, friends, disperse yourselves: but all remember  
What you have said, and show yourselves true  
Romans.

*Bru.* Good gentlemen, look fresh and merrily;  
Let not our looks put on<sup>26</sup> our purposes;  
But bear it as our Roman actors do,  
With untir'd spirits, and formal constancy:  
And so, good-morrow to you every one.

[*Exeunt all but BRUTUS.*

Boy! Lucius!—Fast asleep?—It is no matter;  
Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber:  
Thou hast no figures<sup>27</sup>, nor no fantasies,  
Which busy care draws in the brains of men;  
Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.

*Enter PORTIA.*

*Por.* Brutus, my lord!

*Bru.* Portia, what mean you? Wherefore rise  
you now?

It is not for your health, thus to commit  
Your weak condition to the raw-cold morning.

*Por.* Nor for yours neither. You have ungently,  
Brutus,  
Stole from my bed: And yesternight, at supper,  
You suddenly arose, and walk'd about,  
Musing, and sighing, with your arms across:

<sup>25</sup> i. e. by his house; make that your way home.

<sup>26</sup> 'Let not our faces put on; that is, wear or show our designs.'

<sup>27</sup> Shapes created by imagination.

And when I ask'd you what the matter was,  
You star'd upon me with ungentle looks :  
I urg'd you further ; then you scratch'd your head,  
And too impatiently stamp'd with your foot :  
Yet I insisted, yet you answer'd not ;  
But, with an angry wafture of your hand,  
Gave sign for me to leave you : So I did ;  
Fearing to strengthen that impatience,  
Which seem'd too much enkindled ; and, withal,  
Hoping it was but an effect of humour,  
Which sometime hath his hour with every man.  
It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep ;  
And, could it work so much upon your shape,  
As it hath much prevail'd on your condition<sup>28</sup>,  
I should not know you, Brutus. Dear my lord,  
Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.

*Bru.* I am not well in health, and that is all.

*Por.* Brutus is wise, and were he not in health,  
He would embrace the means to come by it.

*Bru.* Why, so I do :—Good Portia, go to bed.

*Por.* Is Brutus sick ? and is it physical  
To walk unbraced, and suck up the humours  
Of the dank morning ? What, is Brutus sick ;  
And will he steal out of his wholesome bed,  
To dare the vile contagion of the night ?  
And tempt the rheumy and unpurged air  
To add unto his sickness ? No, my Brutus ;  
You have some sick offence within your mind,  
Which, by the right and virtue of my place,  
I ought to know of : And, upon my knees,  
I charm you<sup>29</sup>, by my once commended beauty,  
By all your vows of love, and that great vow

<sup>28</sup> *Condition* is temper, disposition, demeanour. See vol. iii. p. 123, note 13.

<sup>29</sup> ' I charm you.' This is the reading of the old copy, which Pope and Hanmer changed to ' I charge you,' without necessity.

Which did incorporate and make us one,  
 That you unfold to me, yourself, your half,  
 Why you are heavy; and what men to-night  
 Have had resort to you: for here have been  
 Some six or seven, who did hide their faces  
 Even from darkness.

*Bru.* Kneel not, gentle Portia.

*Por.* I should not need, if you were gentle Brutus  
 Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus,  
 Is it excepted, I should know no secrets  
 That appertain to you? Am I yourself,  
 But, as it were, in sort, or limitation;  
 To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed,  
 And talk to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the  
 suburbs

Of your good pleasure? If it be no more,  
 Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife<sup>30</sup>.

*Bru.* You are my true and honourable wife;  
 As dear to me, as are the ruddy drops  
 That visit my sad heart<sup>31</sup>.

To *charm* is to *invoke* or *entreat* by words or other fascinating means. Thus in *Cymbeline*:—

‘ ————— ’tis your graces  
 That from my mutest conscience to my tongue  
*Charms* this report out.’

<sup>30</sup> The general idea of this part of Portia's speech is taken from the old translation of Plutarch. Lord Sterline, in his *Julius Cæsar*, 1607, uses similar language:—

‘ I was not, Brutus, match'd with thee, to be  
 A partner only of thy board and bed;  
 Each servile whore in those might equal me,  
 That did herself to nought but pleasure wed.  
 No;—Portia spous'd thee with a mind t' abide  
 Thy fellow in all fortunes, good or ill,  
 With chains of mutual love together tied,  
 As those that have two breasts, one heart, two souls, one  
 will.’

<sup>31</sup> These glowing words have been adopted by Gray in his celebrated Ode:—

‘ Dear as the ruddy drops that warm my heart.’



*Por.* If this were true, then should I know this secret.

I grant, I am a woman; but, withal,  
A woman that Lord Brutus took to wife:  
I grant, I am a woman; but, withal,  
A woman well reputed; Cato's daughter.  
Think you, I am no stronger than my sex,  
Being so father'd, and so husbanded?  
Tell me your counsels, I will not disclose them:  
I have made strong proof of my constancy,  
Giving myself a voluntary wound  
Here, in the thigh: Can I bear that with patience,  
And not my husband's secrets?

*Bru.* O ye gods,  
Render me worthy of this noble wife!  
[*Knocking within.*

Hark, hark! one knocks: Portia, go in a while;  
And by and by thy bosom shall partake  
The secrets of my heart.  
All my engagements I will construe to thee,  
All the charactery<sup>32</sup> of my sad brows:—  
Leave me with haste. [Exit PORTIA.

*Enter LUCIUS and LIGARIUS.*

Lucius, who is that knocks?

*Luc.* Here is a sick man, that would speak with you.

*Bru.* Caius Ligarius, that Metellus spake of.—  
Boy, stand aside.—Caius Ligarius! how?

*Lig.* Vouchsafe good morrow from a feeble tongue.

*Bru.* O, what a time have you chose out, brave  
Caius,  
To wear a kerchief? 'Would, you were not sick!

<sup>32</sup> *Charactery* is defined 'writing by characters or strange marks.' Brutus therefore means that he will divulge to her the secret cause of the sadness marked on his countenance. In *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act v. Sc. 1, it is said, 'Fairies use flowers for their *charactery*.'

*Lig.* I am not sick; if Brutus have in hand  
Any exploit worthy the name of honour<sup>33</sup>.

*Bru.* Such an exploit have I in hand, Ligarius,  
Had you a healthful ear to hear of it.

*Lig.* By all the gods that Romans bow before,  
I here discard my sickness. Soul of Rome!  
Brave son, deriv'd from honourable loins!  
Thou, like an exorcist<sup>34</sup>, hast conjur'd up  
My mortified spirit. Now bid me run,  
And I will strive with things impossible;  
Yea, get the better of them. What's to do?

*Bru.* A piece of work, that will make sick men  
whole.

*Lig.* But are not some whole, that we must make  
sick?

*Bru.* That must we also. What it is, my Caius,  
I shall unfold to thee, as we are going  
To whom it must be done.

*Lig.* Set on your foot;  
And, with a heart new-fir'd, I follow you,

<sup>33</sup> This is from Plutarch's *Life of Brutus*, as translated by North:—'Brutus went to see him being sicke in his bedde, and sayed unto him, O Ligarius, *in what a time art thou sicke?* Ligarius, rising up in his bed and taking him by the right hande, sayed unto him, Brutus, *if thou hast any great enterprise in hande worthie of thy selfe, I am whole.*' Lord Sterline has also introduced this passage into his *Julius Cæsar*. Shakspeare has given to Romans the manners of his own time. It was a common practice in England for those who were sick to wear a kerchief on their heads, and still continues among the common people in many places. 'If (says Fuller) this county [Cheshire] hath bred no writers in that faculty [physic], the wonder is the less, if it be true what I read, that if any there be sick, they make him a posset and *tye a kerchief on his head*, and if that will not mend him, then God be merciful to him.'—*Worthies. Cheshire*, p. 180.

<sup>34</sup> Here and in all other places Shakspeare uses *exorcist* for one who raises spirits, not one who lays them; but it has been erroneously said that he is singular in this use of the word. See vol. iii. p. 335, note 31.

To do I know not what: but it sufficeth,  
That Brütus leads me on.

*Bru.*

Follow me then.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.

*The same. A Room in Cæsar's Palace.*

*Thunder and Lightning. Enter CÆSAR, in his Night-gown.*

*Cæs.* Nor heaven, nor earth, have been at peace  
to-night:

Thrice hath Calphurnia in her sleep cried out,  
*Help, ho! they murder Cæsar!—Who's within?*

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* My lord?

*Cæs.* Go bid the priests do present sacrifice,  
And bring me their opinions of success.

*Serv.* I will, my lord.

[*Exit.*]

*Enter CALPHURNIA.*

*Cal.* What mean you, Cæsar? Think you to  
walk forth?

You shall not stir out of your house to-day.

*Cæs.* Cæsar shall forth: The things that threat-  
en'd me,

Ne'er look'd but on my back; when they shall see  
The face of Cæsar, they are vanished.

*Cal.* Cæsar, I never stood on ceremonies<sup>1</sup>,

<sup>1</sup> Never paid a regard to prodigies or omens. See note 23, in the preceding scene. The adjective is used in the same sense in *The Devil's Charter*, 1607:—

'The devil hath provided in his covenant  
I should not cross myself at any time,  
I never was so ceremonious.'

Yet now they fright me. There is one within,  
 Besides the things that we have heard and seen,  
 Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.  
 A lioness hath whelped in the streets;  
 And graves have yawn'd, and yielded up their dead<sup>2</sup>:  
 Fierce fiery warriors fight upon the clouds,  
 In ranks, and squadrons, and right form of war<sup>3</sup>,  
 Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol:  
 The noise of battle hurtled<sup>4</sup> in the air,  
 Horses did neigh, and dying men did groan;  
 And ghosts did shriek, and squeal about the streets.  
 O Cæsar! these things are beyond all use,  
 And I do fear them.

*Cæs.* What can be avoided,  
 Whose end is purpos'd by the mighty gods?  
 Yet Cæsar shall go forth; for these predictions  
 Are to the world in general, as to Cæsar.

*Cal.* When beggars die, there are no comets seen;  
 The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of  
 princes<sup>5</sup>.

<sup>2</sup> Shakspeare has adverted to this again in *Hamlet*:—  
 'A little ere the mighty Julius fell  
 The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead  
 Did squeak and gibber in the streets of Rome.'

<sup>3</sup> 'Visæ per cœlum concurrere acies, rutilantia arma, et subito nubium igne collucere,' &c.—*Tacitus Hist.* b. v.

<sup>4</sup> To *hurtle* is to *clash* or move with violence and noise. See *As You Like It*, vol. iii. p. 195, note 29.

<sup>5</sup> This may have been suggested by Suetonius, who relates that a blazing star appeared for seven days together during the celebration of games, instituted by Augustus, in honour of Julius. The common people believed that this indicated his reception among the gods, his statues were accordingly ornamented with its figure, and medals struck on which it was represented; one of them is engraved in Mr. Douce's *Illustrations*, vol. ii. p. 82; from whence this note is taken. Henry Howard, Earl of Northampton, in his *Defensative against the Poison of supposed Prophecies*, 1583, says, 'Next to the shadows and pretences of experience (which have been met with all at large), they seem to brag most of the strange events which follow (for the

**Cæs.** Cowards die many times before their deaths<sup>6</sup>;  
 The valiant never taste of death but once.  
 Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,  
 It seems to me most strange that men should fear;  
 Seeing that death, a necessary end,  
 Will come, when it will come.

*Re-enter a Servant.*

What say the augurers?

**Serv.** They would not have you to stir forth to-day.  
 Plucking the entrails of an offering forth,  
 They could not find a heart within the beast.

**Cæs.** The gods do this in shame of cowardice<sup>7</sup>:  
 Cæsar should be a beast without a heart,  
 If he should stay at home to-day for fear.  
 No, Cæsar shall not: Danger knows full well,  
 That Cæsar is more dangerous than he.

most part) after *blazing starres*; as if they were the summonses of God to call princes to the seat of judgment. The surest way to shake their painted bulwarks of experience is, by making it plain that neither princes always dye when comets blaze, nor comets ever (i. e. always) when princes dye.' In this work is a curious anecdote of Queen Elizabeth, 'then lying at Richmond, being dissuaded from looking on a comet; with a courage equal to the greatness of her state she caused the window to be set open, and said, *jacta est alea*—the dice are thrown.'

<sup>6</sup> 'When some of his friends did counsel him to have a guard for the safety of his person, he would never consent to it; but said, it was better to die once than always to be afraid of death.'—*North's Plutarch*.

Lord Essex, in a letter to Lord Rutland, observes, 'That as those which dieth nobly doth live for ever, so *he that doth live in fear doth die continually*.'—And Marston, in his *Insatiate Countess*, 1613:—

'Fear is my vassal; when I frown he flies:  
*A hundred times in life a coward dies.*'

<sup>7</sup> Johnson remarks, 'That the ancients did not place courage in the heart.' Mr. Douce observes, that he had forgotten his classics strangely, as he has shown by several extracts from Virgil and Ovid.

We were<sup>8</sup> two lions litter'd in one day,  
And I the elder and more terrible;  
And Cæsar shall go forth<sup>9</sup>.

*Cal.*

Alas, my lord,

Your wisdom is consum'd in confidence.  
Do not go forth to-day: Call it my fear,  
That keeps you in the house, and not your own.  
We'll send Mark Antony to the senate-house;  
And he shall say, you are not well to-day:  
Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this.

*Cæs.* Mark Antony shall say, I am not well;  
And, for thy humour, I will stay at home.

*Enter DECIOUS.*

Here's Decius Brutus, he shall tell them so.

*Dec.* Cæsar, all hail! Good morrow, worthy  
Cæsar:

I come to fetch you to the senate-house.

<sup>8</sup> The old reads, 'We *heare*,' &c. The emendation was made by Theobald. Upton proposed to read, 'We *are*,' &c.

<sup>9</sup> Steevens observes, that any speech of Cæsar, throughout this scene, will appear to disadvantage, if compared with the following, put into his mouth by May in the seventh book of his Supplement to Lucan:—

' — Plus ine Calphurnia luctus,  
Et lachrymæ movere tuæ, quam tristia vatam  
Responsa, infaustæ volucres, aut ulla dieram  
Vana superstitio poterant. Ostenta timere  
Si nunc inciperem, quæ non mihi tempora posthac  
Anxia transirent? quæ lux jucunda maneret?  
Aut quæ libertas? frustra servire timori  
(Dum nec luce frui, nec mortem arcere licebit)  
Cogar, et huic capiti quod Roma veretur, aruspex  
Jus dabit, et vanus semper dominabitur augur.'

'There cannot (says Mr. Boswell) be a stronger proof of Shakespeare's want of classical knowledge than the boastful language he has put into the mouth of the most accomplished man of all antiquity, who was not more admirable for his achievements, than for the dignified simplicity with which he has recorded them.'

*Cæs.* And you are come in very happy time,  
To bear my greeting to the senators,  
And tell them, that I will not come to-day:  
Cannot; is false; and that I dare not, falser:  
I will not come to-day: Tell them so, Decius.

*Cal.* Say, he is sick.

*Cæs.* Shall Cæsar send a lie?  
Have I in conquest stretch'd mine arm so far,  
To be afeard to tell gray-breads the truth;  
Decius, go tell them, Cæsar will not come.

*Dec.* Most mighty Cæsar, let me know some cause,  
Lest I be laugh'd at, when I tell them so.

*Cæs.* The cause is in my will, I will not come;  
That is enough to satisfy the senate.  
But, for your private satisfaction,  
Because I love you, I will let you know;  
Calphurnia here, my wife, stays me at home:  
She dreamt to-night she saw my *statua*<sup>10</sup>,  
Which, like a fountain, with a hundred spouts,  
Did run pure blood; and many lusty Romans  
Came smiling, and did bathe their hands in it.  
And these doth she apply for warnings and portents,  
And evils imminent; and on her knee  
Hath begg'd, that I will stay at home to-day.

*Dec.* This dream is all amiss interpreted;  
It was a vision, fair and fortunate:  
Your statue spouting blood in many pipes,  
In which so many smiling Romans bath'd,

<sup>10</sup> The old copy reads *statue*; but it has been shown by Mr. Reed beyond controversy that *statua* was pronounced as a trisyllable by our ancestors, and hence generally written *statua*. Thus in Lord Bacon's *Advancement of Learning*, ed. 1633, p. 88:—'It is not possible to have the true pictures or *statuaes* of Cyrus, Alexander, Cæsar, no, nor of the kings or great personages of much later years.' Again: '—— without which the history of the world seems to be as the *statua* of Polyphemus, with his eye out.'

Signifies that from you great Rome shall suck  
Reviving blood: and that great men shall press  
For tinctures, stains, relicks, and cognizance<sup>11</sup>.  
This by Calphurnia's dream is signified.

*Cæs.* And this way have you well expounded it.

*Dec.* I have, when you have heard what I can say:  
And know it now: The senate have concluded  
To give, this day, a crown to mighty Cæsar.  
If you shall send them word, you will not come,  
Their minds may change. Besides, it were a mock  
Apt to be render'd, for some one to say,  
*Break up the senate till another time,  
When Cæsar's wife shall meet with better dreams.*  
If Cæsar hide himself, shall they not whisper,  
*Lo, Cæsar is afraid?*

Pardon me, Cæsar; for my dear, dear love  
To your proceeding bids me tell you this;  
And reason to my love is liable<sup>12</sup>.

*Cæs.* How foolish do your fears seem now, Calphurnia?

I am ashamed I did yield to them.—  
Give me my robe, for I will go:—

*Enter* PUBLIUS, BRUTUS, LIGARIUS, METELLUS,  
CASCA, TREBONIUS, and CINNA.

And look where Publius is come to fetch me.

*Pub.* Good morrow, Cæsar.

*Cæs.* Welcome, Publius.—

What, Brutus, are you stirr'd so early too?—  
Good morrow, Casca.—Caius Ligarius,  
Cæsar was ne'er so much your enemy,

<sup>11</sup> At the execution of several of our ancient nobility, martyrs, &c. we are told that handkerchiefs were *tinctured* with their blood, and preserved as affectionate or salutary memorials of the deceased.

<sup>12</sup> 'And reason, or propriety of conduct and language, is subordinate to my love.'



As that same ague which hath made you lean.—  
What is't o'clock?

*Bru.* Cæsar, 'tis strucken eight.

*Cæs.* I thank you for your pains and courtesy.

*Enter* ANTONY.

See! Antony, that revels long o'nights,  
Is notwithstanding up:——  
Good morrow, Antony.

*Ant.* So to most noble Cæsar.

*Cæs.* Bid them prepare within:—  
I am to blame to be thus waited for.—  
Now, Cinna:—Mow, Metellus:—What, Trebonius!  
I have an hour's talk in store for you;  
Remember that you call on me to-day:  
Be near me, that I may remember you.

*Treb.* Cæsar, I will:—and so near will I be,  
[*Aside.*

That your best friends shall wish I had been further.

*Cæs.* Good friends, go in, and taste some wine  
with me;

And we, like friends, will straightway go together.

*Bru.* That every like is not the same, O Cæsar,  
The heart of Brutus yearns to think upon!

[*Exeunt.*

### SCENE III.

*The same. A Street near the Capitol.*

*Enter* ARTEMIDORUS, *reading a Paper.*

*Art.* Cæsar, beware of Brutus; take heed of  
Cassius; come not near Casca; have an eye to  
Cinna; trust not Trebonius; mark well Metellus  
Cimber; Decius Brutus loves thee not; thou hast  
wronged Caius Ligarius. There is but one mind in  
all these men, and it is bent against Cæsar. If thou

*be'st not immortal, look about you: Security gives way to conspiracy. The mighty gods defend thee! Thy lover,*

ARTEMIDORUS.

Here will I stand, till Cæsar pass along,  
And as a suitor will I give him this.

My heart laments that virtue cannot live  
Out of the teeth of emulation<sup>1</sup>.

If thou read this, O Cæsar, thou may'st live;

If not, the fates with traitors do contrive<sup>2</sup>. [*Exit.*]

#### SCENE IV.

*The same. Another Part of the same Street, before the House of Brutus.*

*Enter PORTIA and LUCIUS.*

*Por.* I prythee, boy, run to the senate-house;  
Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone:  
Why dost thou stay<sup>1</sup>?

*Luc.* To know my errand, madam.

*Por.* I would have had thee there, and here again,  
Ere I can tell thee what thou should'st do there.—  
O constancy, be strong upon my side!  
Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue!  
I have a man's mind, but a woman's might.  
How hard it is for women to keep counsel!—  
Art thou here yet?

*Luc.* Madam, what should I do?

<sup>1</sup> *Emulation* is here used in its old sense, of envious, or factious rivalry. See *Troilus and Cressida*, Act ii. Sc. 3, note 37.

<sup>2</sup> 'The fates join with traitors in contriving thy destruction.'

<sup>1</sup> Shakspeare has expressed the perturbation of King Richard the Third's mind by the same incident:—

'—— Dull unmindful villain!

Why stayest thou here, and go'st not to the duke?

*Cat.* First, mighty liege, tell me your highness' pleasure,  
What from your grace I shall deliver to him.'

Run to the Capitol, and nothing else?

And so return to you, and nothing else?

*Por.* Yes, bring me word, boy, if thy lord look well,  
For he went sickly forth: And take good note,  
What Cæsar doth, what suitors press to him.  
Hark, boy! what noise is that?

*Luc.* I hear none, madam.

*Por.* Pr'ythee, listen well;  
I heard a bustling rumour, like a fray,  
And the wind brings it from the Capitol.

*Luc.* Sooth, madam, I hear nothing.

*Enter Soothsayer<sup>2</sup>.*

*Por.* Come hither, fellow:  
Which way hast thou been?

*Sooth.* At mine own house, good lady.

*Por.* What is't o'clock?

*Sooth.* About the ninth hour, lady.

*Por.* Is Cæsar yet gone to the Capitol?

*Sooth.* Madam, not yet; I go to take my stand,  
To see him pass on to the Capitol.

*Por.* Thou hast some suit to Cæsar, hast thou not?

*Sooth.* That I have, lady: if it will please Cæsar  
To be so good to Cæsar, as to hear me,  
I shall beseech him to befriend himself.

*Por.* Why, know'st thou any harm's intended  
towards him?

*Sooth.* None that I know will be, much that I  
fear may chance.

Good morrow to you. Here the street is narrow:  
The throng that follows Cæsar at the heels,  
Of senators, of prætors, common suitors,

<sup>2</sup> Mr. Tyrwhitt says, 'The introduction of the Soothsayer here is unnecessary, and improper. All that he is made to say should be given to Artemidorus; who is seen and accosted by Portia in his passage from his first stand to one more convenient.'

Will croud a feeble man almost to death :  
I'll get me to a place more void, and there  
Speak to great Cæsar as he comes along. [*Erit.*

*Por.* I must go in.—Ah me ! how weak a thing  
The heart of woman is ! O Brutus !  
The heavens speed thee in thine enterprize !  
Sure, the boy heard me :—Brutus hath a suit<sup>3</sup>,  
That Cæsar will not grant.—O, I grow faint :—  
Run, Lucius, and commend me to my lord ;  
Say, I am merry : come to me again,  
And bring me word what he doth say to thee.

[*Exeunt.*

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### ACT III.

SCENE I. *The same. The Capitol ; the Senate sitting.*

*A Croud of People in the Street leading to the Capitol ; among them ARTEMIDORUS, and the Soothsayer. Flourish. Enter CÆSAR, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, METELLUS, TREBONIUS, CINNA, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, POPILIUS, PUBLIUS, and Others.*

*Cæs.* The ides of March are come.

*Sooth.* Ay, Cæsar ; but not gone.

*Art.* Hail, Cæsar ! Read this schedule.

*Dec.* Trebonius doth desire you to o'er-read,  
At your best leisure, this his humble suit.

*Art.* O, Cæsar, read mine first ; for mine's a suit  
That touches Cæsar nearer : Read it, great Cæsar.

*Cæs.* What touches us ourself, shall be last serv'd.

<sup>3</sup> These words Portia addresses to Lucius, to deceive him, by assigning a false cause for her present perturbation.

*Art.* Delay not, Cæsar; read it instantly.

*Cæs.* What, is the fellow mad?

*Pub.* Sirrah, give place.

*Cæs.* What, urge you your petitions in the street?  
Come to the Capitol.

*CÆSAR enters the Capitol, the rest following.*

*All the Senators rise.*

*Pop.* I wish, your enterprize to-day may thrive.

*Cas.* What enterprize, Popilius?

*Pop.* Fare you well.

*[Advances to CÆSAR.]*

*Bru.* What said Popilius Lena?

*Cas.* He wish'd, to-day our enterprize might thrive.  
I fear our purpose is discover'd.

*Bru.* Look, how he makes to Cæsar: Mark him.

*Cas.* Casca, be sudden, for we fear prevention.—  
Brutus, what shall be done? If this be known,  
Cassius or Cæsar never shall turn back,  
For I will slay myself.

*Bru.* Cassius, be constant:  
Popilius Lena speaks not of our purposes;  
For, look, he smiles, and Cæsar doth not change.

*Cas.* Trebonius knows his time: for, look you,  
Brutus,  
He draws Mark Antony out of the way.

*[Exeunt ANTONY and TREBONIUS. CÆSAR  
and the Senators take their seats.]*

*Dec.* Where is Metellus Cimber? Let him go,  
And presently prefer his suit to Cæsar.

*Bru.* He is address'd<sup>1</sup>: press near, and second  
him.

*Cin.* Casca, you are the first that rears your<sup>2</sup> hand.

<sup>1</sup> i. e. he is ready.

<sup>2</sup> According to the rules of modern grammar Shakspeare  
should have written *his* hand; but other instances of simil

*Cæs.* Are we all ready? what is now amiss,  
That Cæsar and his senate must redress?

*Met.* Most high, most mighty, and most puissant  
Cæsar,  
Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat  
An humble heart:— [Kneeling.

*Cæs.* I must prevent thee, Cimber.  
These couchings, and these lowly courtesies,  
Might fire the blood of ordinary men;  
And turn pre-ordinance<sup>3</sup>, and first decree,  
Into the law of children<sup>4</sup>. Be not fond,  
To think that Cæsar bears such rebel blood,  
That will be thaw'd from the true quality  
With that which melteth fools; I mean, sweet words,  
Low-crooked curt'sies, and base spaniel fawning.  
Thy brother by decree is banished;  
If thou dost bend, and pray, and fawn for him,  
I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.  
Know, Cæsar doth not wrong; nor without cause  
Will he be satisfied<sup>5</sup>.

false concord are to be found in his compositions. Steevens is angry with Malone for laying them to the charge of the poet, and would transfer them to the player-editors or their printer. Ritson thinks the words 'Are we all ready?' should be given to Cinna, and not to Cæsar.

<sup>3</sup> *Pre-ordinance* for ordinance already established.

<sup>4</sup> The old copy erroneously reads, 'the *lane* of children.' *Lawe*, as anciently written, was easily confounded with *lane*.

<sup>5</sup> Ben Jonson has shown the ridicule of this passage in the Induction to *The Staple of News*; and notices it in his *Discoveries* as one of the lapses of Shakspeare's pen; but certainly without that malevolence which has been ascribed to him: and be it observed, that is almost the only passage in his works which can *justly* be construed into an attack on Shakspeare. He has been accused of quoting the passage unfaithfully; but Mr. Tyrwhitt surmised, and Mr. Gifford is decidedly of opinion, that the passage originally stood as cited by Jonson; thus:—

'*Met.* Cæsar, thou dost me wrong.

*Cæs.* Cæsar did never wrong, but with just cause.'

Mr. Tyrwhitt has endeavoured to defend the passage by observing, that *wrong* is not always a synonymous term for injury;

*Met.* Is there no voice more worthy than my own,  
To sound more sweetly in great Cæsar's ear,  
For the repealing of my banish'd brother?

*Bru.* I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery, Cæsar;  
Desiring thee, that Publius Cimber may  
Have an immediate freedom of repeal.

*Cæs.* What, Brutus!

*Cas.* Pardon, Cæsar; Cæsar, pardon:  
As low as to thy foot doth Cassius fall,  
To beg enfranchisement for Publius Cimber.

*Cæs.* I could be well mov'd, if I were as you;  
If I could pray to move, prayers would move me:  
But I am constant as the northern star,  
Of whose true-fix'd, and resting quality,  
There is no fellow in the firmament.

The skies are painted with unnumber'd sparks,  
They are all fire, and every one doth shine;  
But there's but one in all doth hold his place:  
So, in the world; 'Tis furnish'd well with men,  
And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive<sup>6</sup>;  
Yet, in the number, I do know but one  
That unassailable holds on his rank,  
Unshak'd of motion<sup>7</sup>; and, that I am he,  
Let me a little show it, even in this;  
That I was constant, Cimber should be banish'd,  
And constant do remain to keep him so.

*Cin.* O Cæsar,——

and that Cæsar is meant to say, that he doth not inflict any evil or punishment but with just cause. 'The fact seems to be (says Mr. Gifford), that this verse, which closely borders on absurdity, without being absolutely absurd, escaped the poet in the heat of composition; and being one of those quaint slips which are readily remembered, became a jocular and familiar phrase for reproving (as in the passage of Ben Jonson's *Induction*) the perverse, and unreasonable expectations of the male or female gossips of the day.'

<sup>6</sup> i. e. intelligent, capable of apprehending.

<sup>7</sup> i. e. 'still holds his place unshaken by suit or solicitation,' of which the object is to move the person addressed.

**Cæs.** Hence! Wilt thou lift up Olympus?

**Dec.** Great Cæsar,——

**Cæs.** Doth not Brutus bootless kneel?

**Casca.** Speak, hands, for me.

[**CASCA stabs CÆSAR in the Neck. CÆSAR catches hold of his Arm. He is then stabbed by several other Conspirators, and at last by MARCUS BRUTUS.**

**Cæs.** *Et tu, Brute*<sup>8</sup>?—Then, fall, Cæsar.

[**Dies.** *The Senators and People retire in confusion.*

<sup>8</sup> Suetonius says, that when Cæsar put Metellus Cimber back, ‘he caught hold of Cæsar’s gowne at both shoulders, whereupon, as he cried out, *This is violence*, Cassius came in second, full a front, and wounded him a little beneath the throat. Then Cæsar, catching Cassius by the arme, thrust it through with his stile or writing punches; and with that, being about to leap forward, he was met with another wound and stayed.’ Being then assailed on all sides, ‘with three and twenty he was stabbed, during which time he gave but one groan (without any word uttered), and that was at the first thrust; though some have written, that, as Marcus Brutus came running upon him, he said, *καὶ σὺ τέκνον, and thou my sonne.*’ Holland’s Translation, 1607. Plutarch says, that, on receiving his first wound from Casca, ‘he caught hold of Casca’s sword, and held it hard; and they both cried out, Cæsar in Latin, *O vile traitor Casca, what doest thou?* and Casca, in Greek, to his brother, *Brother, help me.*’ The conspirators, having then compassed him on every side, ‘hacked and mangled him,’ &c.; ‘and then Brutus himself gave him one wound above the privities. Men report also, that Cæsar did still defend himself against the reste, running every way with his bodie; but when he saw Brutus with his sworde drawn in his hande, then he pulled his gowne over his heade, and made no more resistance.’ Neither of these writers therefore furnished Shakspeare with this exclamation. It occurs in *The True Tragedie of Richard Duke of York*, 1600; on which he formed the Third Part of *King Henry VI.*:—

‘*Et tu, Brute? Wilt thou stab Cæsar too?*’

And is translated in *Cæsar’s Legend, Mirror for Magistrates*, 1587:—

‘*And Brutus thou my sonne, quoth I, whom erst  
I loved best.*’

The words probably appeared originally in the old Latin play on the Death of Cæsar.



*Cin.* Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead!—  
Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets.

*Cas.* Some to the common pulpits, and cry out,  
*Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement!*

*Bru.* People, and senators! be not affrighted;  
Fly not; stand still:—ambition's debt is paid.

*Casca.* Go to the pulpit, Brutus<sup>9</sup>.

*Dec.* And Cassius too.

*Bru.* Where's Publius?

*Cin.* Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.

*Met.* Stand fast together, lest some friend of  
Cæsar's

Should chance——

*Bru.* Talk not of standing;—Publius, good cheer;  
There is no harm intended to your person,  
Nor to no Roman else: so tell them, Publius.

*Cas.* And leave us, Publius; lest that the people,  
Rushing on us, should do your age some mischief.

*Bru.* Do so;—and let no man abide this deed,  
But we the doers.

*Re-enter TREBONIUS.*

*Cas.* Where's Antony?

*Tre.* Fled to his house amaz'd:  
Men, wives, and children, stare, cry out, and run,  
As it were doomsday.

*Bru.* Fates! we will know your pleasures:—  
That we shall die, we know; 'tis but the time,  
And drawing days out, that men stand upon.

*Cas.* Why, he that cuts off twenty years of life,  
Cuts off so many years of fearing death.

*Bru.* Grant that, and then is death a benefit:

<sup>9</sup> We have now taken leave of Casca. Shakspeare knew that he had a sufficient number of heroes on his hands, and was glad to lose an individual in the crowd. Casca's singularity of manners would have appeared to little advantage amid the succeeding war and tumult.

So are we Cæsar's friends, that have abridg'd  
His time of fearing death.—Stoop, Romans, stoop,  
And let us bathe our hands in Cæsar's blood  
Up to the elbows, and besmear our swords:  
Then walk we forth, even to the market-place;  
And, waving our red weapons o'er our heads,  
Let's all cry, Peace! Freedom! and Liberty!

*Cas.* Stoop then, and wash. How many ages  
hence,  
Shall this our lofty scene be acted over,  
In states unborn, and accents yet unknown?

*Bru.* How many times shall Cæsar bleed in sport,  
That now on Pompey's basis lies along,  
No worthier than the dust?

*Cas.* So oft as that shall be,  
So often shall the knot of us be call'd  
The men that gave our country liberty.

*Dec.* What, shall we forth?

*Cas.* Ay, every man away:  
Brutus shall lead; and we will grace his heels  
With the most boldest and best hearts of Rome.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Bru.* Soft, who comes here? A friend of Antony's.

*Serv.* Thus, Brutus, did my master bid me kneel;  
Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down:  
And, being prostrate, thus he bade me say:  
Brutus is noble, wise, valiant, and honest;  
Cæsar was mighty, bold, royal, and loving:  
Say, I love Brutus, and I honour him;  
Say, I fear'd Cæsar, honour'd him, and lov'd him.  
If Brutus will vouchsafe, that Antony  
May safely come to him, and be resolv'd  
How Cæsar hath deserv'd to lie in death,  
Mark Antony shall not love Cæsar dead  
So well as Brutus living; but will follow

The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus,  
Thorough the hazards of this untrod state,  
With all true faith. So says my master Antony.

*Bru.* Thy master is a wise and valiant Roman;  
I never thought him worse.

Tell him, so please him come unto this place,  
He shall be satisfied; and, by my honour,  
Depart untouch'd.

*Serv.* I'll fetch him presently.

[*Exit* Servant.]

*Bru.* I know, that we shall have him well to  
friend.

*Cas.* I wish, we may: but yet have I a mind,  
That fears him much; and my misgiving still  
Falls shrewdly to the purpose.

*Re-enter* ANTONY.

*Bru.* But here comes Antony.—Welcome, Mark  
Antony.

*Ant.* O mighty Cæsar! Dost thou lie so low?  
Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,  
Shrunk to this little measure?—Fare thee well.—  
I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,  
Who else must be let blood, who else is rank<sup>10</sup>:  
If I myself, there is no hour so fit  
As Cæsar's death's hour! nor no instrument  
Of half that worth, as those your swords, made rich  
With the most noble blood of all this world.  
I do beseech you, if you bear me hard,  
Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek and smoke,

<sup>10</sup> Johnson explains this:—'Who else may be supposed to have *overtopped* his equals, and *grown too high* for the public safety.' This explanation will derive more support than has yet been given to it from the following speech of Oliver in *As You Like It*, Act i. Sc. 1, when incensed at the high bearing of his brother Orlando:—'Is it even so? begin you to grow upon me? I will physick your *rankness*.'

Fulfil you pleasure. Live a thousand years,  
I shall not find myself so apt to die :  
No place will please me so, no mean of death,  
As here by Cæsar, and by you cut off,  
The choice and master spirits of this age.

*Bru.* O Antony! beg not your death of us.  
Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,  
As, by our hands, and this our present act,  
You see we do; yet see you but our hands,  
And this the bleeding business they have done :  
Our hearts you see not, they are pitiful;  
And pity to the general wrong of Rome  
(As fire drives out fire, so pity, pity),  
Hath done this deed on Cæsar. For your part,  
To you our swords have leaden points, Mark An-  
tony :

Our arms, in strength of malice, and our hearts,  
Of brothers' temper, do receive you in  
With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence<sup>11</sup>.

*Cas.* Your voice shall be as strong as any man's,  
In the disposing of new dignities<sup>12</sup>.

*Bru.* Only be patient, till we have appeas'd  
The multitude, beside themselves with fear,

<sup>11</sup> ' To you (says Brutus) our swords have leaden points: our arms, strong in the deed of malice they have just performed, and our hearts united like those of brothers in the action, are yet open to receive you with all possible regard.' This explanation by Steevens is, it must be confessed, very ingenious; and yet I think we should read, as he himself suggested:—

' Our arms *no* strength of malice.'

which would render the passage clear without a commentary.

<sup>12</sup> Mr. Blakeway observes, that Shakspeare has maintained the consistency of Cassius's character, who, being selfish and greedy himself, endeavours to influence Antony by similar motives. Brutus, on the other hand, is invariably represented as disinterested and generous, and is adorned by the poet with so many good qualities, that we are almost tempted to forget that he was an assassin.

And then we will deliver you the cause,  
Why I, that did love Cæsar when I struck him,  
Have thus proceeded.

*Ant.* I doubt not of your wisdom.  
Let each man render me his bloody hand :  
First, Marcus Brutus, will I shake with you :—  
Next, Caius Cassius, do I take your hand ;—  
Now, Decius Brutus, yours ;—now yours, Metellus ;  
Yours, Cinna ;—and, my valiant Casca, yours ;—  
Though last, not least in love, yours, good Trebo-  
nius.

Gentlemen all,—alas ! what shall I say ?  
My credit now stands on such slippery ground,  
That one of two bad ways you must conceit me,  
Either a coward or a flatterer.—  
That I did love thee, Cæsar, O, 'tis true :—  
If then thy spirit look upon us now,  
Shall it not grieve thee, dearer than thy death,  
To see thy Antony making his peace,  
Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,  
Most noble ! in the presence of thy corse ?  
Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds,  
Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,  
It would become me better, than to close  
In terms of friendship with thine enemies.  
Pardon me, Julius !—Here wast thou bay'd, brave  
hart :

Here didst thou fall ; and here thy hunters stand,  
Sign'd in thy spoil, and crimson'd in thy lethe<sup>13</sup>.

<sup>13</sup> *Lethe* is used by many old writers for *death*.

'The proudest nation that great Asia nurs'd  
Is now extinct in *lethe*.'

*Heywood's Iron Age*, Part II. 1632.

It appears to have been used as a word of one syllable in this sense ; and is derived from *lethum*, Lat. Our ancient language was also enriched with the derivatives *lethal*, *lethality*, *lethiferous*, &c.

O world! thou wast the forest to this hart;  
And this, indeed, O world, the heart of thee.—  
How like a deer, stricken by many princes,  
Dost thou here lie!

*Cas.* Mark Antony,——

*Ant.* Pardon me, Caius Cassius:  
The enemies of Cæsar shall say this;  
Then, in a friend, it is cold modesty.

*Cas.* I blame you not for praising Cæsar so;  
But what compáct mean you to have with us?  
Will you be prick'd in number of our friends;  
Or shall we on, and not depend on you?

*Ant.* Therefore I took your hands; but was, indeed,  
Sway'd from the point, by looking down on Cæsar.  
Friends am I with you all<sup>14</sup>, and love you all;  
Upon this hope, that you shall give me reasons,  
Why, and wherein, Cæsar was dangerous.

*Bru.* Or else were this a savage spectacle:  
Our reasons are so full of good regard,  
That were you, Antony, the son of Cæsar,  
You should be satisfied.

*Ant.* That's all I seek:  
And am moreover suitor, that I may  
Produce his body to the market-place;  
And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend,  
Speak in the order of his funeral.

*Bru.* You shall, Mark Antony.

*Cas.* Brutus, a word with you.—  
You know not what you do; Do not consent,  
[*Aside.*

That Antony speak in his funeral:  
Know you how much the people may be mov'd  
By that which he will utter?

<sup>14</sup> This grammatical impropriety is still so prevalent that the omission of the anomalous *s* would give some uncouthness to the sound of an otherwise familiar expression.

*Bru.* By your pardon;  
I will myself into the pulpit first,  
And show the reason of our Cæsar's death:  
What Antony shall speak, I will protest  
He speaks by leave and by permission;  
And that we are contented, Cæsar shall  
Have all true rites, and lawful ceremonies.  
It shall advantage more, than do us wrong.

*Cas.* I know not what may fall; I like it not.

*Bru.* Mark Antony, here, take you Cæsar's body.  
You shall not in your funeral speech blame us,  
But speak all good you can devise of Cæsar;  
And say, you do't by our permission;  
Else shall you not have any hand at all  
About his funeral: and you shall speak  
In the same pulpit whereto I am going,  
After my speech is ended.

*Ant.* Be it so;  
I do desire no more.

*Bru.* Prepare the body then, and follow us.

[*Exeunt all but ANTONY.*]

*Ant.* O, pardon me, thou piece of bleeding earth,  
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers!  
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man,  
That ever lived in the tide of times<sup>15</sup>.  
Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood!  
Over thy wounds now do I prophesy,—  
Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips,  
To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue!—  
A curse shall light upon the limbs of men<sup>16</sup>;

<sup>15</sup> That is, in the *course* of times.

<sup>16</sup> By *men* Antony means not mankind in general, but those *Romans* whose attachment to the cause of the conspirators, or wish to revenge Cæsar's death, would expose them to wounds in the civil wars which he supposed that event would give rise to. The generality of the curse is limited by the subsequent words, 'the parts of Italy,' and 'in these confines.'

Domestick fury, and fierce civil strife,  
 Shall cumber all the parts of Italy :  
 Blood and destruction shall be so in use,  
 And dreadful objects so familiar,  
 That mothers shall but smile, when they behold  
 Their infants quarter'd with the hands of war ;  
 All pity chok'd with custom of fell deeds :  
 And Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge,  
 With Até by his side, come hot from hell,  
 Shall in these confines, with a monarch's voice,  
 Cry *Havock*<sup>17</sup>, and let slip the dogs of war ;  
 That this foul deed shall smell above the earth  
 With carrion men, groaning for burial.

*Enter a Servant.*

You serve Octavius Cæsar, do you not ?

*Serv.* I do, Mark Antony.

*Ant.* Cæsar did write for him to come to Rome.

*Serv.* He did receive his letters, and is coming :  
 And bid me say to you by word of mouth,—  
 O Cæsar!—— [Seeing the Body.

*Ant.* Thy heart is big, get thee apart and weep.  
 Passion, I see, is catching ; for mine eyes,

<sup>17</sup> ' Cry *Havock*, and let *slip* the dogs of war.'

*Havock* was the word by which declaration was made, in the military operations of old, that no quarter should be given : as appears, ' the Office of the Constable and Mareschall in the Tyme of Werre' included in the Black Book of the Admiralty.

To *let slip* a dog was the technical phrase in hunting the hart, for releasing the hounds from the leash or *slip* of leather by which they were held in hand until it was judged proper to let them pursue the animal chased. Steele, in the Tattler, No. 137, and some others after him, think that, by the *dogs of war*, *fire*, *sword*, and *famine* are typified. So in the Chorus to Act i. of King Henry V.:—

' ——— at his heels,

*Leash'd* in like *hounds*, should *famine*, *sword*, and *fire*,  
 Crouch for employment.'



Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine,  
Began to water. Is thy master coming?

*Serv.* He lies to-night within seven leagues of  
Rome.

*Ant.* Post back with speed, and tell him what  
hath chanc'd:

Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,  
No Rome<sup>18</sup> of safety for Octavius yet;  
Hie hence, and tell him so. Yet, stay a while;  
Thou shalt not back, till I have borne this corse  
Into the market-place: there shall I try,  
In my oration, how the people take  
The cruel issue of these bloody men;  
According to the which, thou shalt discourse  
To young Octavius of the state of things.  
Lend me your hand.

[*Exeunt, with CÆSAR's Body.*]

SCENE II. *The same. The Forum.*

*Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS, and a Throng of  
Citizens.*

*Cit.* We will be satisfied; let us be satisfied.

*Bru.* Then follow me, and give me audience,  
friends.—

Cassius, go you into the other street,  
And part the numbers.—

Those that will hear me speak, let them stay here;

<sup>18</sup> This jingling quibble upon *Rome* and *room* has occurred  
before in Act i. Sc. 2:—

'Now is it *Rome* indeed, and *room* enough.'

It is deserving of notice on no other account than as it shows the  
pronunciation of *Rome* in Shakspeare's time. So in Heywood's  
*Rape of Lucrece*, 1638:—

'——— You shall have my *room*,  
My *Rome* indeed; for what I seem to be,  
Brutus is not, but born great *Rome* to free.'

Those that will follow Cassius, go with him;  
And publick reasons shall be rendered  
Of Cæsar's death.

1 *Cit.* I will hear Brutus speak.

2 *Cit.* I will hear Cassius; and compare their  
reasons,

When severally we hear them rendered.

[*Exit CASSIUS, with some of the Citizens,*  
*BRUTUS goes into the Rostrum.*

3 *Cit.* The noble Brutus is ascended: Silence!

*Bru.* Be patient till the last.

Romans, countrymen, and lovers<sup>1</sup>! hear me for my cause; and be silent, that you may hear: believe me for mine honour; and have respect to mine honour, that you may believe: censure me in your wisdom; and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say, that Brutus' love to Cæsar was no less than his. If then that friend demand, why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer,—Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves; than that Cæsar were dead, to live all free men? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honour him: but,

<sup>1</sup> Warburton thinks this speech very fine in its kind, though unlike the laconick style of ancient oratory attributed to Brutus. Steevens observes that 'this artificial jingle of short sentences was affected by most of the orators of Shakspeare's time, whether in the pulpit or at the bar. It may therefore be regarded rather as an imitation of the false eloquence then in vogue, than as a specimen of laconick brevity.' It is worthy of remark that Voltaire, who has stolen and transplanted into his tragedy of Brutus the fine speech of Antony to the people, and has unblushingly received the highest compliments upon it from the King of Prussia, Count Algarotti, and others, affects to extol this address of Brutus, while he is most disingenuously silent on the subject of that of Antony, which he chose to purloin.

as he was ambitious, I slew him: There is tears, for his love; joy, for his fortune; honour, for his valour; and death, for his ambition. Who is here so base, that would be a bondman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude, that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile, that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

*Cit.* None, Brutus, none.

[*Several speaking at once.*]

*Bru.* Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar, than you shall do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol: his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death.

*Enter ANTONY and Others, with CÆSAR'S Body.*

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony: who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth; As which of you shall not? With this I depart; That, as I slew my best lover<sup>2</sup> for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

*Cit.* Live, Brutus, live! live!

1 *Cit.* Bring him with triumph home unto his house.

2 *Cit.* Give him a statue with his ancestors.

<sup>2</sup> *Lover* and *friend* were synonymous with our ancestors. See vol. iii. p. 66, note 2. It would not have been again noticed, but for Mr. Reed's whimsical notion that it was not authenticated by examples, and that Shakspeare found it in North's Plutarch alone. Malone has adduced a host of examples, but any old Latin Dictionary, under the word *amicus*, would serve to confute Mr. Reed.

3 *Cit.* Let him be Cæsar.

4 *Cit.* Cæsar's better parts  
Shall now be crown'd in Brutus.

1 *Cit.* We'll bring him to his house with shouts  
and clamours.

*Bru.* My countrymen,——

2 *Cit.* Peace; silence! Brutus speaks.

1 *Cit.* Peace, ho!

*Bru.* Good countrymen, let me depart alone,  
And, for my sake, stay here with Antony:  
Do grace to Cæsar's corpse, and grace his speech  
Tending to Cæsar's glories; which Mark Antony,  
By our permission, is allow'd to make.  
I do entreat you not a man depart,  
Save I alone, till Antony have spoke. [*Exit.*

1 *Cit.* Stay, ho! and let us hear Mark Antony.

3 *Cit.* Let him go up into the publick chair;  
We'll hear him:—Noble Antony, go up.

*Ant.* For Brutus' sake, I am beholden to you.

4 *Cit.* What does he say of Brutus?

3 *Cit.* He says, for Brutus' sake,  
He finds himself beholden to us all.

4 *Cit.* 'Twere best he speak no harm of Brutus  
here.

1 *Cit.* This Cæsar was a tyrant.

3 *Cit.* Nay, that's certain:  
We are bless'd, that Rome is rid of him.

2 *Cit.* Peace; let us hear what Antony can say.

*Ant.* You gentle Romans,——

*Cit.* Peace, ho! let us hear him.

*Ant.* Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your  
ears;

I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.  
The evil, that men do, lives after them;  
The good is oft interred with their bones;  
So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus

Hath told you, Cæsar was ambitious ;  
If it were so, it was a grievous fault ;  
And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it .  
Here, under leave of Brutus, and the rest  
(For Brutus is an honourable man ;  
So are they all ; all honourable men),  
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.  
He was my friend, faithful and just to me :  
But Brutus says, he was ambitious,  
And Brutus is an honourable man.  
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,  
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill :  
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious ?  
When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept :  
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff :  
Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious ;  
And Brutus is an honourable man.  
You all did see, that on the Lupercal,  
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,  
Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition ?  
Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious ;  
And, sure, he is an honourable man.  
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,  
But here I am to speak what I do know.  
You all did love him once, not without cause ;  
What cause withholds you then to mourn for him ?  
O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,  
And men have lost their reason !—Bear with me ;  
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,  
And I must pause till it come back to me.

1 *Cit.* Methinks, there is much reason in his sayings.

2 *Cit.* If thou consider rightly of the matter, Cæsar has had great wrong.

3 *Cit.* Has he, masters ?  
I fear, there will a worse come in his place.

4 *Cit.* Mark'd ye his words? He would not take the crown;

Therefore, 'tis certain, he was not ambitious.

1 *Cit.* If it be found so, some will dear abide it.

2 *Cit.* Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire with weeping.

3 *Cit.* There's not a nobler man in Rome, than Antony.

4 *Cit.* Now mark him, he begins again to speak.

*Ant.* But yesterday, the word of Cæsar might Have stood against the world: now lies he there, And none so poor<sup>3</sup> to do him reverence.

O masters! if I were dispos'd to stir Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage, I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong, Who, you all know, are honourable men:

I will not do them wrong; I rather choose To wrong the dead, to wrong myself, and you, Than I will wrong such honourable men.

But here's a parchment, with the seal of Cæsar, I found it in his closet, 'tis his will:

Let but the commons hear his testament (Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read), And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds, And dip their napkins<sup>4</sup> in his sacred blood;

• Yea, beg a hair of him for memory, And, dying, mention it within their wills, Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy, Unto their issue.

4 *Cit.* We'll hear the will: Read it, Mark Antony.

*Cit.* The will, the will; we will hear Cæsar's will.

*Ant.* Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it;

<sup>3</sup> 'The meanest man is now too high to do reverence to Cæsar.'

<sup>4</sup> Handkerchiefs. See vol. iii. p. 194, note 25.

It is not meet you know how Cæsar lov'd you.  
You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;  
And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,  
It will inflame you, it will make you mad:  
'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs;  
For if you should, O, what would come of it!

4 *Cit.* Read the will; we will hear it, Antony;  
You shall read us the will; Cæsar's will.

*Ant.* Will you be patient? Will you stay a while?  
I have o'ershot myself, to tell you of it.

I fear, I wrong the honourable men,  
Whose daggers have stabb'd Cæsar; I do fear it.

4 *Cit.* They were traitors: Honourable men!

*Cit.* The will! the testament!

2 *Cit.* They were villains, murderers: The will!  
read the will!

*Ant.* You will compel me then to read the will?  
Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,  
And let me show you him that made the will.  
Shall I descend? And will you give me leave?

*Cit.* Come down.

2 *Cit.* Descend.

*[He comes down from the Pulpit.]*

3 *Cit.* You shall have leave.

4 *Cit.* A ring; stand round.

1 *Cit.* Stand from the hearse, stand from the body.

2 *Cit.* Room for Antony;—most noble Antony.

*Ant.* Nay, press not so upon me; stand far off.

*Cit.* Stand back! room! bear back!

*Ant.* If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.  
You all do know this mantle: I remember  
The first time ever Cæsar put it on;  
'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent;  
That day he overcame the Nervii:—  
Look! in this place, ran Cassius' dagger through:  
See, what a rent the envious Casca made:

Through this, the well beloved Brutus stabb'd;  
 And, as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,  
 Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it;  
 As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd  
 If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no;  
 For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel<sup>5</sup>:  
 Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar lov'd him!  
 This was the most unkindest cut of all:  
 For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,  
 Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,  
 Quite vanquish'd him: then burst his mighty heart;  
 And, in his mantle muffling up his face,  
 Even at the base of Pompey's statua<sup>6</sup>,  
 Which all the while ran blood<sup>7</sup>, great Cæsar fell.  
 O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!  
 Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,  
 Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.  
 O, now you weep; and, I perceive, you feel  
 The dint<sup>8</sup> of pity: these are gracious drops.  
 Kind souls, what, weep you, when you but behold  
 Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here,  
 Here is himself, marr'd<sup>9</sup>, as you see, with traitors.

1 *Cit.* O piteous spectacle!

2 *Cit.* O noble Cæsar!

3 *Cit.* O woful day!

4 *Cit.* O traitors, villains!

<sup>5</sup> i. e. his guardian angel, or the being in whom he put most trust.

<sup>6</sup> See Act ii. Sc. 2, p. 315, note 10. Beaumont in his *Masque* writes this word *statua*, and its plural *statuaes*. *Even* is generally used as a dissyllable by Shakspeare.

<sup>7</sup> The image seems to be that the blood flowing from Cæsar's wounds appeared to run from the statue; the words are from North's Plutarch:—'Against the very base whereon Pompey's image stood, which ran all a gore of blood, till he was slain.'

<sup>8</sup> *Dint* anciently written *dent*; 'a *stroke*, and the *impression* which it makes on any thing.'

<sup>9</sup> *Marr'd* is *defaced, destroyed*. It is often, for the sake of the jingle, opposed to *make*.



1 *Cit.* O most bloody sight!

2 *Cit.* We will be revenged: revenge: about,—  
seek,—burn,—fire,—kill,—slay!—let not a traitor  
live.

*Ant.* Stay, countrymen.

1 *Cit.* Peace there;—Hear the noble Antony.

2 *Cit.* We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll die  
with him.

*Ant.* Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir  
you up

To such a sudden flood of mutiny.

They, that have done this deed, are honourable;

What private griefs<sup>10</sup> they have, alas, I know not,  
That made them do it; they are wise and honourable,  
And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.

I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts;

I am no orator, as Brutus is:

But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,

That love my friend; and that they know full well

That gave me publick leave to speak of him.

For I have neither wit<sup>11</sup>, nor words, nor worth,

Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,

To stir men's blood: I only speak right on;

I tell you that, which you yourselves do know;

Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb  
mouths,

And bid them speak for me: But were I Brutus,

And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony

Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue

In every wound of Cæsar, that should move

The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

<sup>10</sup> Grievances. See vol. i. p. 161, note 4.

<sup>11</sup> The first folio reads, 'For I have neither *writ*.' The second folio corrects it to *wit*, which Johnson supposed might mean 'a penned and premeditated oration.' Malone perversely adheres to the erroneous reading. The context, I think, fully calls for the emendation, which Steevens has well defended.

*Cit.* We'll mutiny.

1 *Cit.* We'll burn the house of Brutus.

3 *Cit.* Away then, come, seek the conspirators.

*Ant.* Yet hear me, countrymen; yet hear me speak.

*Cit.* Peace, ho! Hear Antony, most noble Antony.

*Ant.* Why, friends, you go to do you know not what:

Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserv'd your loves?

Alas, you know not:—I must tell you then:

You have forgot the will I told you of.

*Cit.* Most true;—the will;—let's stay, and hear the will.

*Ant.* Here is the will, and under Cæsar's seal.

To every Roman citizen he gives,

To every several man, seventy-five drachmas<sup>12</sup>.

2 *Cit.* Most noble Cæsar!—we'll revenge his death.

3 *Cit.* O royal Cæsar!

*Ant.* Hear me with patience.

*Cit.* Peace, ho!

*Ant.* Moreover he hath left you all his walks,

His private arbours, and new planted orchards,

On this side Tyber<sup>13</sup>; he hath left them you,

And to your heirs for ever; common pleasures,

<sup>12</sup> A *drachma* was a Greek coin, the same as the Roman *denier*, of the value of four sesterces, i. e. 7d.

<sup>13</sup> 'This scene (says Theobald) lies in the Forum, near the Capitol, and in the most frequented part of the city; but Cæsar's gardens were very remote from that quarter:—

*Trans Tiberim longe cubat is. prope Cæsaris hortos*, says Horacq; and both the Naumachia and gardens of Cæsar were separated from the main city by the river, and lay out wide on a line with Mount Janiculum.' He would therefore read 'on that side Tyber.' But Dr. Farmer has shown that Shakspeare's study lay in the old translation of Plutarch, 'He bequeathed unto every citizen of Rome seventy-five drachmas a man, and left his gardens and arbours unto the people, which he had on this side of the river Tyber.'

To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.  
Here was a Cæsar: When comes such another?

1 *Cit.* Never, never:—Come, away, away:  
We'll burn his body in the holy place,  
And with the brands fire<sup>14</sup> the traitors' houses.  
Take up the body.

2 *Cit.* Go, fetch fire.

3 *Cit.* Pluck down benches.

4 *Cit.* Pluck down forms, windows, any thing.

[*Exeunt Citizens, with the Body.*]

*Ant.* Now let it work: Mischief, thou art afoot,  
Take thou what course thou wilt!—How now, fellow?

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome.

*Ant.* Where is he?

*Serv.* He and Lepidus are at Cæsar's house.

*Ant.* And thither will I straight to visit him:  
He comes upon a wish. Fortune is merry,  
And in this mood will give us any thing.

*Serv.* I heard him say, Brutus and Cassius  
Are rid like madmen through the gates of Rome.

*Ant.* Belike, they had some notice of the people,  
How I had mov'd them. Bring me to Octavius.

[*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III. *The same. A Street.*

*Enter CINNA, the Poet.*

*Cin.* I dreamt to-night, that I did feast with Cæsar,  
And things unluckily charge my fantasy<sup>1</sup>:  
I have no will to wander forth of doors,  
Yet something leads me forth.

<sup>14</sup> *Fire* again as a dissyllable.

<sup>1</sup> i. e. circumstances oppress my fancy with an ill omened weight. 'I learn (says Steevens) from an old Treatise on Fortune Telling, &c. that to dream of being at banquets betokeneth misfortune, &c.' The subject of this scene is taken from Plutarch.

*Enter Citizens.*

1 *Cit.* What is your name?

2 *Cit.* Whither are you going?

3 *Cit.* Where do you dwell?

4 *Cit.* Are you a married man, or a bachelor?

2 *Cit.* Answer every man directly.

1 *Cit.* Ay, and briefly.

4 *Cit.* Ay, and wisely.

3 *Cit.* Ay, and truly, you were best.

*Cin.* What is my name? Whither am I going? Where do I dwell? Am I a married man, or a bachelor? Then to answer every man directly, and briefly, wisely, and truly. Wisely I say, I am a bachelor.

2 *Cit.* That's as much as to say, they are fools that marry:—You'll bear me a bang for that, I fear. Proceed; directly.

*Cin.* Directly, I am going to Cæsar's funeral.

1 *Cit.* As a friend, or an enemy?

*Cin.* As a friend.

2 *Cit.* That matter is answered directly.

4 *Cit.* For your dwelling,—briefly.

*Cin.* Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.

3 *Cit.* Your name, sir, truly.

*Cin.* Truly, my name is Cinna.

1 *Cit.* Tear him to pieces, he's a conspirator.

*Cin.* I am Cinna the poet, I am Cinna the poet.

4 *Cit.* Tear him for his bad verses, tear him for his bad verses.

2 *Cit.* It is no matter, his name's Cinna; pluck but his name out of his heart, and turn him going.

3 *Cit.* Tear him, tear him. Come, brands, ho! firebrands. To Brutus', to Cassius'; burn all. Some to Decius' house, and some to Casca's; some to Ligarius': away; go. [*Exeunt.*

## ACT IV.

SCENE I. *The same. A Room in Antony's House*<sup>1</sup>.

ANTONY, OCTAVIUS, and LEPIDUS, *seated at a Table.*

*Ant.* These many then shall die; their names are prick'd.

*Oct.* Your brother too must die; Consent you, Lepidus?

*Lep.* I do consent.

*Oct.* Prick him down, Antony.

*Lep.* Upon condition Publius<sup>2</sup> shall not live, Who is your sister's son, Mark Antony.

*Ant.* He shall not live; look, with a spot I damn<sup>3</sup> him.

But, Lepidus, go you to Cæsar's house;  
Fetch the will hither, and we will determine  
How to cut off some charge in legacies.

<sup>1</sup> The place of this scene is not marked in the old copy. It appears from Plutarch and Appian, that these triumvirs met, upon the proscription, in a little island near Mutina, upon the river Lavinius. That Shakspeare, however, meant the scene to be at Rome may be inferred from what almost immediately follows:—

*Lep.* What, shall I find you here?

*Oct.* Or here, or at the Capitol.'

Malone placed the scene in Antony's house.

<sup>2</sup> Upton has shown that the poet made a mistake as to this character mentioned by Lepidus; Lucius, not Publius, was the person meant, who was uncle by the mother's side to Mark Antony.

<sup>3</sup> i. e. condemn him.

' Vouchsafe to give my *damned* husband life.'

*Promos and Cassandra, 1578.*

*Lep.* What, shall I find you here?

*Oct.*

Or here, or at

The Capitol.

[*Exit* LEPIDUS.]

*Ant.* This is a slight unmeritable man,  
Meet to be sent on errands: Is it fit,  
The threefold world divided, he should stand  
One of the three to share it?

*Oct.*

So you thought him;

And took his voice who should be prick'd to die,  
In our black sentence and proscription.

*Ant.* Octavius, I have seen more days than you:  
And though we lay these honours on this man,  
To ease ourselves of divers slanderous loads,  
He shall but bear them as the ass bears gold<sup>4</sup>.  
To groan and sweat under the business,  
Either led or driven, as we point the way;  
And having brought our treasure where we will,  
Then take we down his load, and turn him off,  
Like to the empty ass, to shake his ears,  
And graze in commons.

*Oct.*

You may do your will;

But he's a tried and valiant soldier.

*Ant.* So is my horse, Octavius; and, for that,  
I do appoint him store of provender.  
It is a creature that I teach to fight,  
To wind, to stop, to run directly on;  
His corporal motion govern'd by my spirit.  
And, in some taste, is Lepidus but so;  
He must be taught, and train'd, and bid go forth:  
A barren-spirited fellow; one that feeds  
On objects, arts, and imitations;  
Which, out of use, and stal'd by other men,

<sup>4</sup> So in *Measure for Measure*, Act iii. Sc. 1:—

‘ ——— like an ass, whose back with ingots bows,  
Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey,  
Till death unloads thee.’

Begin his fashion<sup>5</sup>. Do not talk of him,  
 But as a property<sup>6</sup>. And now, Octavius,  
 Listen great things.—Brutus and Cassius  
 Are levying powers: we must straight make head:  
 Therefore, let our alliance be combin'd,  
 Our best friends made, and our best means stretch'd  
 out<sup>7</sup>,

And let us presently go sit in council,  
 How covert matters may be best disclos'd,  
 And open perils surest answered.

*Oct.* Let us do so; for we are at the stake<sup>8</sup>,  
 And bay'd about with many enemies;  
 And some, that smile, have in their hearts, I fear,  
 Millions of mischiefs. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.

*Before Brutus' Tent, in the Camp near Sardis.*

*Drum.* Enter BRUTUS, LUCILIUS, LUCIUS, and  
 Soldiers: TITINIUS and PINDARUS meeting  
 them.

*Bru.* Stand ho!

*Luc.* Give the word, ho! and stand.

<sup>5</sup> Shakspeare had already woven this circumstance into the character of Justice Shallow:—‘He came ever in the rearward of the fashion; and sung those tunes that he heard the carmen whistle.’

<sup>6</sup> i. e. as a thing quite at our disposal, and to be treated as we please. Malvolio complains in *Twelfth Night*:—

‘They have *propertied* me, kept me in darkness.’

<sup>7</sup> The old copy gives this line imperfectly:—

‘Our best friends made, our means stretch’d.’

Malone supplied it thus:—

‘Our best friends made, our means stretch’d to the utmost.’

The reading of the text is that of the second folio edition, which is sufficiently perspicuous.

<sup>8</sup> An allusion to bear baiting. Thus in *Macbeth*, Act v. Sc. 7:—

‘They have chain’d me to a stake, I cannot fly,  
 But, bear-like, I must fight the course.’

*Bru.* What now, Lucilius? is Cassius near?

*Luc.* He is at hand; and Pindarus is come  
To do you salutation from his master.

[PINDARUS gives a Letter to BRUTUS.]

*Bru.* He greets me well.—Your master, Pindarus,  
In his own change, or by ill officers<sup>1</sup>,  
Hath given me some worthy cause to wish  
Things done, undone: but, if he be at hand,  
I shall be satisfied.

*Pin.* I do not doubt,  
But that my noble master will appear  
Such as he is, full of regard, and honour.

*Bru.* He is not doubted.—A word, Lucilius:  
How he receiv'd you, let me be resolv'd.

*Luc.* With courtesy, and with respect enough;  
But not with such familiar instances,  
Nor with such free and friendly conference,  
As he hath used of old.

*Bru.* Thou hast describ'd  
A hot friend cooling: Ever note, Lucilius,  
When love begins to sicken and decay,  
It useth an enforced ceremony.  
There are no tricks in plain and simple faith:  
But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,  
Make gallant show and promise of their mettle:  
But when they should endure the bloody spur,  
They fall their crests, and, like deceitful jades,  
Sink in the trial. Comes his army on?

*Luc.* They mean this night in Sardis to be quarter'd;  
The greater part, the horse in general,  
Are come with Cassius. [March within.]

<sup>1</sup> It having been thought that alteration was requisite in this line, it may be as well to observe Brutus charges both Cassius and his officer, Lucius Pella, with corruption; and he says to Lucilius, when he hears how he had been received by Cassius:—

‘Thou hast describ’d  
A hot friend cooling.’

This is the change which Brutus complains of.



*Bru.* Hark, he is arriv'd :—  
March gently on to meet him.

*Enter CASSIUS and Soldiers.*

*Cas.* Stand, ho !

*Bru.* Stand, ho ! Speak the word along.

*Within.* Stand.

*Within.* Stand.

*Within.* Stand.

*Cas.* Most noble brother, you have done me wrong.

*Bru.* Judge me, you gods ! Wrong I mine enemies ?  
And, if not so, how should I wrong a brother ?

*Cas.* Brutus, this sober form of yours hides wrongs ;  
And when you do them——

*Bru.* Cassius, be content,  
Speak your griefs<sup>2</sup> softly,—I do know you well :—  
Before the eyes of both our armies here,  
Which should perceive nothing but love from us,  
Let us not wrangle : Bid them move away ;  
Then in my tent, Cassius, enlarge your griefs,  
And I will give you audience.

*Cas.* Pindarus,  
Bid our commanders lead their charges off  
A little from this ground.

*Bru.* Lucilius, do you the like ; and let no man  
Come to our tent, till we have done our conference.  
Let Lucius and Titinius guard our door. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Within the Tent of Brutus.*

*Lucius and Titinius at some distance from it.*

*Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS.*

*Cas.* That you have wrong'd me, doth appear in  
this :

You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella,  
For taking bribes here of the Sardians ;

<sup>2</sup> See note 10, p. 341, ante.

Wherein, my letters, praying on his side,  
Because I knew the man, were slighted off.

*Bru.* You wrong'd yourself, to write in such a case.

*Cas.* In such a time as this, it is not meet  
That every nice<sup>1</sup> offence should bear his comment.

*Bru.* Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself  
Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm;  
To sell and mart your offices for gold,  
To undeservers.

*Cas.* I an itching palm?  
You know, that you are Brutus that speak this,  
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.

*Bru.* The name of Cassius honours this corruption,  
And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.

*Cas.* Chastisement!

*Bru.* Remember March, the ides of March re-  
member!

Did not great Julius bleed for justice sake?  
What villain touch'd his body, that did stab,  
And not for justice<sup>2</sup>? What, shall one of us,  
That struck the foremost man of all this world,  
But for supporting robbers; shall we now  
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes?  
And sell the mighty space of our large honours,  
For so much trash, as may be grasped thus?—  
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,  
Than such a Roman.

*Cas.* Brutus, bay<sup>3</sup> not me,

<sup>1</sup> *Nice* here means *silly, simple*. See vol. iii. p. 393, note 6.

<sup>2</sup> This question is far from implying that any of those who touched Cæsar's body were villains. On the contrary, it is an indirect way of asserting that there was not one man among them who was base enough to stab him for any cause but that of justice.

<sup>3</sup> The old copy reads, 'Brutus, *bait* not me.' Theobald made the alteration, which has been adopted by all subsequent editors except Malone. The fact is, that *bay* and *bait* are both frequently used by Shakspeare in the same sense, and as the repetition of the word used by Brutus seems to add spirit to the reply, I have continued it in the text.

I'll not endure it: you forget yourself,  
To hedge me in<sup>4</sup>; I am a soldier, I  
Older in practice, abler than yourself  
To make conditions<sup>5</sup>.

*Bru.* Go to; you're not, Cassius.

*Cas.* I am.

*Bru.* I say, you are not<sup>6</sup>.

*Cas.* Urge me no more, I shall forget myself;  
Have mind upon your health, tempt me no further.

*Bru.* Away, slight man!

*Cas.* Is't possible?

*Bru.* Hear me, for I will speak.  
Must I give way and room to your rash choler?  
Shall I be frighted, when a madman stares?

*Cas.* O ye gods! ye gods! Must I endure all this?

*Bru.* All this? ay, more: Fret, till your proud  
heart break;

Go, show your slaves how cholerick you are,  
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?  
Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch  
Under your testy humour? By the gods,  
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,  
Though it do split you: for, from this day forth,  
I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,  
When you are waspish.

*Cas.* Is it come to this?

*Bru.* You say, you are a better soldier:  
Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,  
And it shall please me well: For mine own part,  
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

<sup>4</sup> i. e. to limit my authority by your direction or censure.

<sup>5</sup> To know on what terms it is fit to confer the offices at my disposal.

<sup>6</sup> 'This passage (says Steevens) may be easily reduced to metre if we read:—

*Cas.* Brutus, I am.

*Bru.* Cassius, I say you are not.'

*Cas.* You wrong me every way, you wrong me,  
Brutus;  
I said, an elder soldier, not a better:  
Did I say, better?

*Bru.* If you did, I care not.

*Cas.* When Cæsar liv'd, he durst not thus have  
mov'd me.

*Bru.* Peace, peace; you durst not so have  
tempted him.

*Cas.* I durst not?

*Bru.* No.

*Cas.* What? durst not tempt him?

*Bru.* For your life you durst not.

*Cas.* Do not presume too much upon my love,  
I may do that I shall be sorry for.

*Bru.* You have done that you should be sorry for.  
There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats;  
For I am arm'd so strong in honesty,  
That they pass by me, as the idle wind,  
Which I respect not. I did send to you  
For certain sums of gold, which you denied me;—  
For I can raise no money by vile means:  
By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,  
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring  
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash,  
By any indirection. I did send  
To you for gold to pay my legions,  
Which you denied me: Was that done like Cassius?  
Should I have answer'd Caius Cassius so?  
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,  
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,  
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,  
Dash him to pieces!

*Cas.* I denied you not.

*Bru.* You did.

*Cas.* I did not; he was but a fool

That brought my answer back.—Brutus hath riv'd  
my heart:

A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,  
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

*Bru.* I do not, till you practise them on me<sup>7</sup>.

*Cas.* You love me not.

*Bru.* I do not like your faults.

*Cas.* A friendly eye could never see such faults.

*Bru.* A flatterer's would not, though they do appear  
As huge as high Olympus.

*Cas.* Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come,  
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,  
For Cassius is aweary of the world:  
Hated by one he loves; brav'd by his brother;  
Check'd like a bondman; all his faults observ'd,  
Set in a note-book, learn'd, and conn'd by rote,  
To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep  
My spirit from mine eyes!—There is my dagger,  
And here my naked breast; within, a heart  
Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold:  
If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth;  
I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart:  
Strike as thou didst at Cæsar; for, I know,  
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lov'dst him  
better

Than ever thou lov'dst Cassius.

*Bru.* Sheath your dagger:

Be angry when you will, it shall have scope;  
Do what you will, dishonour shall be humour.  
O Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb  
That carries anger, as the flint bears fire;  
Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark,  
And straight is cold again.

<sup>7</sup> The meaning is this:—'I do not look for your faults, I only see them, and mention them with vehemence, when you force them into my notice, by practising them on me.'

*Cas.* Hath Cassius liv'  
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,  
When grief, and blood ill temper'd, vexeth him

*Bru.* When I spoke that, I was ill temper'd

*Cas.* Do you confess so much? Give me your

*Bru.* And my heart too.

*Cas.* O Brutus!—

*Bru.* What's the matter?

*Cas.* Have you not love enough to bear with  
When that rash humour, which my mother gave  
Makes me forgetful?

*Bru.* Yes, Cassius; and, from hence  
When you are over earnest with your Brutus,  
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you  
[Noise within]

*Poet.* [Within.] Let me go in to see the generals  
There is some grudge between them, 'tis not right  
They be alone.

*Luc.* [Within.] You shall not come to them

*Poet.* [Within.] Nothing but death shall stop me

Enter Poet<sup>8</sup>.

*Cas.* How now? What's the matter?

*Poet.* For shame, you generals; What do you  
mean?

Love, and be friends, as two such men should  
For I have seen more years, I am sure, than

*Cas.* Ha, ha; how vilely doth this cynick rail

<sup>8</sup> Shakspeare found the present incident in Plutarch; the  
intruder, however, was Marcus Phaonius, who had been a  
friend and follower of Cato; not a poet, but one who assumed  
the character of a cynick philosopher.

<sup>9</sup> This passage is a translation from the following one in  
the first book of Homer's Iliad:—

‘Αλλὰ πιθεσθ’ ἄμφω δὲ νεωτέρω ἐσὸν ἐμεῖο :

Which is thus given in Sir Thomas North's Plutarch:—

‘My lords, I pray you hearken both to me,  
For I have seen more years than such ye three.’

*Bru.* Get you hence, sirrah ; saucy fellow, hence.

*Cas.* Bear with him, Brutus ; 'tis his fashion.

*Bru.* I'll know his humour, when he knows his time.  
What should the wars do with these jigging fools<sup>10</sup> ?  
Companion<sup>11</sup>, hence.

*Cas.*

Away, away, be gone.

[*Exit* Poet.]

*Enter* LUCILIUS and TITINIUS.

*Bru.* Lucilius and Titinius, bid the commanders  
Prepare to lodge their companies to-night.

*Cas.* And come yourselves, and bring Messala  
with you  
Immediately to us.

[*Exeunt* LUCILIUS and TITINIUS.]

*Bru.* Lucius, a bowl of wine.

*Cas.* I did not think you could have been so angry.

*Bru.* O Cassius, I am sick of many griefs.

*Cas.* Of your philosophy you make no use,  
If you give place to accidental evils.

*Bru.* No man bears sorrow better ;—Portia is dead.

*Cas.* Ha ! Portia ?

*Bru.* She is dead.

*Cas.* How scap'd I killing, when I cross'd you  
so ?—

O insupportable and touching loss !—

Upon what sickness ?

*Bru.* Impatient of my absence ;  
And grief, that young Octavius with Mark Antony  
Have made themselves so strong ;—for with her death

<sup>10</sup> i. e. these silly poets. A jig signified a ballad or ditty, as well as a dance. See note on Hamlet, Act ii. Sc. 2.

<sup>11</sup> *Companion* is used as a term of contempt in many of the old plays ; as we say at present *fellow* ! Doll Tearsheet says to Pistol :—

‘ ——— I scorn you, scurvy companion,’ &c.

That tidings came;—With this she fell distract,  
And, her attendants absent, swallow'd fire<sup>12</sup>.

*Cas.* And died so?

*Bru.* Even so.

*Cas.* O ye immortal gods!

*Enter LUCIUS, with Wine and Tapers.*

*Bru.* Speak no more of her.—Give me a bow  
wine:—

In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius. [*Drin*

*Cas.* My heart is thirsty for that noble pledge:  
Fill, Lucius, till the wine o'erswell the cup;  
I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love. [*Drin*

*Re-enter TITINIUS, with MESSALA.*

*Bru.* Come in, Titinius:—Welcome, good M  
sala.—

Now sit we close about this taper here,  
And call in question our necessities.

*Cas.* Portia, art thou gone?

*Bru.* No more, I pray you.  
Messala, I have here received letters,  
That young Octavius, and Mark Antony,  
Come down upon us with a mighty power,  
Bending their expedition toward Philippi.

*Mes.* Myself have letters of the selfsame tenor

*Bru.* With what addition?

*Mes.* That by proscription, and bills of outlaw  
Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus,  
Have put to death an hundred senators.

*Bru.* Therein our letters do not well agree;  
Mine speak of seventy senators, that died  
By their proscriptions, Cicero being one.

<sup>12</sup> This circumstance is taken from Plutarch. It is also mentioned by Valerius Maximus, iv. 6. Portia is however reported by Pliny to have died at Rome of a lingering illness while Brutus was abroad.



*Cas.* Cicero one?

*Mes.* Ay, Cicero is dead,  
And by that order of proscription.—  
Had you your letters from your wife, my lord?

*Bru.* No, Messala.

*Mes.* Nor nothing in your letters writ of her?

*Bru.* Nothing, Messala.

*Mes.* That, methinks, is strange.

*Bru.* Why ask you? Hear you aught of her in  
yours?

*Mes.* No, my lord.

*Bru.* Now, as you are a Roman, tell me true.

*Mes.* Then like a Roman bear the truth I tell:  
For certain she is dead, and by strange manner.

*Bru.* Why, farewell, Portia.— We must die,  
Messala:

With meditating that she must die once<sup>13</sup>,  
I have the patience to endure it now.

*Mes.* Even so great men great losses should endure.

*Cas.* I have as much of this in art<sup>14</sup> as you,  
But yet my nature could not bear it so.

*Bru.* Well, to our work alive. What do you think  
Of marching to Philippi presently?

*Cas.* I do not think it good.

*Bru.* Your reason?

*Cas.* This it is:

'Tis better that the enemy seek us:  
So shall he waste his means, weary his soldiers,  
Doing himself offence; whilst we, lying still,  
Are full of rest, defence, and nimbleness.

*Bru.* Good reasons must, of force, give place to  
better.

<sup>13</sup> i. e. at some time or other. So in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, vol. i. p. 250:—

‘—— I pray thee, once to-night  
Give my sweet Nan this ring.’

<sup>14</sup> In art, that is, in theory.

The people, 'twixt Philippi and this ground,  
 Do stand but in a forc'd affection;  
 For they have grudg'd us contribution:  
 The enemy, marching along by them,  
 By them shall make a fuller number up,  
 Come on refresh'd, new added, and encourag'd;  
 From which advantage shall we cut him off,  
 If at Philippi we do face him there,  
 These people at our back.

*Cas.* Hear me, good brother.

*Bru.* Under your pardon.—You must note beside,  
 That we have try'd the utmost of our friends,  
 Our legions are brim full, our cause is ripe:  
 The enemy increaseth every day,  
 We, at the height, are ready to decline.  
 There is a tide in the affairs of men,  
 Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;  
 Omitted, all the voyage of their life  
 Is bound in shallows, and in miseries<sup>15</sup>.  
 On such a full sea are we now afloat;  
 And we must take the current when it serves,  
 Or lose our ventures.

*Cas.* Then, with your will, go on;  
 We'll along ourselves, and meet them at Philippi.

<sup>15</sup> Beaumont and Fletcher have more than once imitated this passage, but with very little success:—

'There is an hour in each man's life appointed  
 To make his happiness, if then he seize it,' &c.

*Custom of the Country.*

'——— Consider then, and quickly:  
 And like a wise man take the current with you,  
 Which once turn'd head will sink you.'

*Bloody Brother.*

A similar sentiment is found in Chapman's *Bussy d'Ambois*, 1607:—

'There is a deep nick in time's restless wheel,  
 For each man's good, when which nick comes, it strikes,  
 So no man riseth by his real merit,  
 But when it cries click in the raiser's spirit.'

*Bru.* The deep of night is crept upon our talk,  
And nature must obey necessity;  
Which we will niggard with a little rest.  
There is no more to say?

*Cas.* No more. Good night;  
Early to-morrow will we rise, and hence.

*Bru.* Lucius, my gown. [*Exit LUCIUS.*] Fare-  
well, good Messala;—  
Good night, Titinius:—Noble, noble Cassius,  
Good night, and good repose.

*Cas.* O my dear brother!  
This was an ill beginning of the night:  
Never come such division 'tween our souls!  
Let it not, Brutus.

*Bru.* Every thing is well.

*Cas.* Good night, my lord.

*Bru.* Good night, good brother.

*Tit. Mes.* Good night, Lord Brutus.

*Bru.* Farewell, every one.

[*Exeunt CAS. TIT. and MES.*]

*Re-enter LUCIUS, with the Gown.*

Give me the gown. Where is thy instrument?

*Luc.* Here in the tent.

*Bru.* What, thou speak'st drowsily?  
Poor knave, I blame thee not; thou art o'er-watch'd.  
Call Claudiŭs, and some other of my men;  
I'll have them sleep on cushions in my tent.

*Luc.* Varro, and Claudius!

*Enter VARRO and CLAUDIUS.*

*Var.* Calls my lord?

*Bru.* I pray you, sirs, lie in my tent, and sleep;  
It may be, I shall raise you by and by  
On business to my brother Cassius.

*Var.* So please you, we will stand, and watch  
*your pleasure.*

**Bru.** I will not have it so : lie down, good sirs ;  
It may be, I shall otherwise bethink me.  
Look, Lucius, here's the book I sought for so ;  
I put it in the pocket of my gown.

[*Servants lie down.*

**Luc.** I was sure, your lordship did not give it me.

**Bru.** Bear with me, good boy, I am much forgetful.

Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes awhile,  
And touch thy instrument a strain or two ?

**Luc.** Ay, my lord, an it please you.

**Bru.** It does, my boy :  
I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.

**Luc.** It is my duty, sir.

**Bru.** I should not urge thy duty past thy might ;  
I know, young bloods look for a time of rest.

**Luc.** I have slept, my lord, already.

**Bru.** It is well done ; and thou shalt sleep again ;  
I will not hold thee long : if I do live,  
I will be good to thee. [*Musick, and a Song.*  
This is a sleepy tune :—O murd'rous slumber !  
Lay'st thou thy leaden mace<sup>16</sup> upon my boy,  
That plays the musick ?—Gentle knave, good night !  
I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee.  
If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy instrument ;  
I'll take it from thee ; and, good boy, good night.  
Let me see, let me see ;—Is not the leaf turn'd down,  
Where I left reading ? Here it is, I think.

[*He sits down.*

<sup>16</sup> A mace is the ancient term for a *sceptre* :—

' ——— proud Tarquinius

Rooted from Rome the sway of kingly mace.'

*Marius and Scylla*, 1594.

Shakspeare probably remembered Spenser in his *Faerie Queene*,  
b. i. c. iv. st. 44 :—

' When as *Morpheus* had with *leaden mace*  
Arrested all that courtly company.'

*Enter the Ghost of CÆSAR.*

How ill this taper burns!—Ha! who comes here?  
I think, it is the weakness of mine eyes,  
That shapes this monstrous apparition.  
It comes upon me:—Art thou any thing?  
Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,  
That mak'st my blood cold, and my hair to stare?  
Speak to me, what thou art.

*Ghost.* Thy evil spirit, Brutus.

*Bru.* Why com'st thou?

*Ghost.* To tell thee, thou shalt see me at Philippi.

*Bru.* Well;

Then I shall see thee again <sup>17</sup>?

*Ghost.* Ay, at Philippi.

[*Ghost vanishes.*]

*Bru.* Why, I will see thee at Philippi then.—  
Now I have taken heart, thou vanishest:  
Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with thee.—  
Boy! Lucius!—Varro! Claudius! Sirs, awake!—  
Claudius!

*Luc.* The strings, my lord, are false.

*Bru.* He thinks, he still is at his instrument.—  
Lucius, awake.

*Luc.* My lord!

*Bru.* Didst thou dream, Lucius, that thou so  
cry'dst out?

<sup>17</sup> Shakspeare has on this occasion deserted his original. It does not appear from Plutarch that the ghost of Cæsar appeared to Brutus, but 'a wonderful strange and monstrous shape of a body.' This apparition could not be at once the *shade* of Cæsar and the *evil genius* of Brutus. See the story of Cassius Parmensis in Valerius Maximus, lib. i. c. vii. Shakspeare had read the account of this vision in Plutarch's Life of Cæsar, as well as in that of Brutus; it is there called the *ghost*, and it is said that '*the light of the lampe waxed very dimme.*' It is more than probable that the poet would consult the Life of Cæsar, as well as that of Brutus, in search of materials for his play.

*Luc.* My lord, I do not know that I did cry.

*Bru.* Yes, that thou didst: Didst thou see thing?

*Luc.* Nothing, my lord.

*Bru.* Sleep again, Lucius.—Sirrah, Claudius Fellow thou! awake.

*Var.* My lord.

*Clau.* My lord.

*Bru.* Why did you so cry out, sirs, in your sleep?

*Var. Clau.* Did we, my lord?

*Bru.* Ay; Saw you any thing?

*Var.* No, my lord, I saw nothing.

*Clau.* Nor I, my lord.

*Bru.* Go, and commend me to my brother Cassius.  
Bid him set on his powers betimes before,  
And we will follow.

*Var. Clau.* It shall be done, my lord.  
[*Exe*

## ACT V.

### SCENE I. *The Plains of Philippi.*

*Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, and their Armies.*

*Oct.* Now, Antony, our hopes are answered.  
You said, the enemy would not come down,  
But keep the hills and upper regions;  
It proves not so: their battles are at hand;  
They mean to warn<sup>1</sup> us at Philippi here,  
Answering before we do demand of them.

*Ant.* Tut, I am in their bosoms, and I know

<sup>1</sup> To *warn* is to summon. So in King John:—

‘Who is it that hath *warn’d* us to the walls.’

And in King Richard III.:—

‘And sent to *warn* them to his royal presence.’

Wherefore they do it: they could be content  
To visit other places; and come down  
With fearful bravery<sup>2</sup>, thinking, by this face,  
To fasten in our thoughts that they have courage;  
But 'tis not so.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* Prepare you, generals:  
The enemy comes on in gallant show,  
Their bloody sign of battle is hung out,  
And something to be done immediately.

*Ant.* Octavius, lead your battle softly on,  
Upon the left hand of the even field.

*Oct.* Upon the right hand I, keep thou the left.

*Ant.* Why do you cross me in this exigent?

*Oct.* I do not cross you; but I will do so.

*[March.]*

*Drum.* Enter BRUTUS, CASSIUS, and their Army;  
LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, MESSALA, and Others.

*Bru.* They stand, and would have parley.

*Cas.* Stand fast, Titinius: We must out and talk.

*Oct.* Mark Antony, shall we give sign of battle?

*Ant.* No, Cæsar, we will answer on their charge.  
Make forth, the generals would have some words.

*Oct.* Stir not until the signal.

*Bru.* Words before blows: Is it so, countrymen?

*Oct.* Not that we love words better, as you do.

*Bru.* Good words are better than bad strokes,  
Octavius.

<sup>2</sup> 'Fearful bravery.' Though *fearful* is often used by Shakespeare and his cotemporaries in an active sense, for *producing fear*, or *terrible*, it may in this instance bear its usual acceptance of *timorous*, or, as it was sometimes expressed, *false-hearted*. Thus in a passage, cited by Steevens, from Sidney's *Arcadia*, lib. ii.:—'Her horse faire and lustie; which she rid so as might show a *fearefull boldness*, daring to do that which she knew that she knew not how to doe.'

*Ant.* In your bad strokes, Brutus, you give good words :

Witness the hole you made in Cæsar's heart,  
Crying, *Long live! hail, Cæsar!*

*Cas.*

*Antony,*

The posture of your blows are yet unknown<sup>3</sup>;  
But for your words, they rob the Hybla bees,  
And leave them honeyless.

*Ant.*

Not stingless too.

*Bru.* O, yes, and soundless too;

For you have stol'n their buzzing, Antony,  
And, very wisely, threat before you sting.

*Ant.* Villains, you did not so, when your vile  
daggers

Hack'd one another in the sides of Cæsar:

You show'd your teeth like apes, and fawn'd like  
hounds,

And bow'd like bondmen, kissing Cæsar's feet;

Whilst damned Casca, like a cur, behind,

Struck Cæsar on the neck. O flatterers!

*Cas.* Flatterers!—Now, Brutus, thank yourself:  
This tongue had not offended so to-day,  
If Cassius might have rul'd.

*Oct.* Come, come, the cause: If arguing make  
us sweat,

The proof of it will turn to redder drops.

Look;

I draw a sword against conspirators;

When think you that the sword goes up again?—

<sup>3</sup> 'The posture of your blows are yet unknown.'

It should be 'is yet unknown;' but the error was probably the poet's: more correct writers than Shakspeare have committed this error, where a plural noun immediately precedes the verb; although it be the nominative case by which it is governed. Steevens attributes the error to the transcriber or printer, and would have it corrected; but Malone has adduced several examples of similar inaccuracy in Shakspeare's writings. See vol. i. p. 370, note 27.



Never, till Cæsar's three and twenty wounds<sup>4</sup>  
Be well aveng'd; or till another Cæsar  
Have added slaughter to the sword of traitors.

*Bru.* Cæsar, thou canst not die by traitors,  
Unless thou bring'st them with thee.

*Oct.* So I hope;  
I was not born to die on Brutus' sword.

*Bru.* O, if thou wert the noblest of thy strain,  
Young man, thou could'st not die more honourable.

*Cas.* A peevish schoolboy, worthless of such  
honour,  
Join'd with a masker and a reveller.

*Ant.* Old Cassius still!

*Oct.* Come, Antony; away.—  
Defiance, traitors, hurl<sup>5</sup> we in your teeth:  
If you dare fight to-day, come to the field;  
If not, when you have stomachs.

[*Exeunt OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, and their Army.*]

*Cas.* Why now, blow, wind; swell, billow; and  
swim, bark!

The storm is up, and all is on the hazard.

*Bru.* Ho!

Lucilius; hark, a word with you.

*Luc.* My lord.

[*BRUTUS and LUCILIUS converse apart.*]

*Cas.* Messala,—

<sup>4</sup> The old copy reads, *two and thirty* wounds. Theobald corrected the error, which Beaumont and Fletcher have also fallen into in their *Noble Gentleman*.

<sup>5</sup> *Hurl* is peculiarly expressive. The challenger was said to hurl down his gage when he threw his glove down as a pledge that he would make good his charge against his adversary.

'And interchangeably *hurl* down my gage  
Upon this over-weening traitor's foot.'

*King Richard II.*

Milton perhaps had this passage in mind, *Paradise Lost*, b. i. v. 669:—

'*Hurling defiance toward the vault of Heaven;*

*Mes.* What says my general?

*Cas.* Messala<sup>6</sup>,

This is my birth-day; as this very day  
Was Cassius born. Give me thy hand, Messala:  
Be thou my witness, that against my will,  
As Pompey was, am I compell'd to set  
Upon one battle all our liberties.  
You know, that I held Epicurus strong,  
And his opinion: now I change my mind,  
And partly credit things that do presage.  
Coming from Sardis, on our former<sup>7</sup> ensign  
Two mighty eagles fell, and there they perch'd,  
Gorging and feeding from our soldier's hands;  
Who to Philippi here consorted us;  
This morning are they fled away, and gone;  
And in their steads, do ravens, crows, and kites,  
Fly o'er our heads, and downward look on us,  
As we were sickly prey<sup>8</sup>; their shadows seem  
A canopy most faithful, under which  
Our army lies, ready to give up the ghost.

*Mes.* Believe not so.

*Cas.* I but believe it partly;  
For I am fresh of spirit, and resolv'd  
To meet all perils very constantly.

*Bru.* Even so, Lucilius.

*Cas.* Now, most noble Brutus,  
The gods to-day stand friendly; that we may,  
Lovers in peace, lead on our days to age!  
But, since the affairs of men rest still uncertain,  
Let's reason with the worst that may befall.  
If we do lose this battle, then is this

<sup>6</sup> Almost every circumstance in this speech is taken from Sir Thomas North's translation of Plutarch.

<sup>7</sup> i. e. *fore* ensign; it probably means the *chief* ensign. Baret has 'the *former* teeth [i. e. *fore* teeth], dentes primores.' It is derived from the Saxon *forþma*, first.

<sup>8</sup> So in King John:—

'As doth a raven on a sick-fallen prey.'

The very last time we shall speak together :  
What are you then determined to do<sup>9</sup>?

*Bru.* Even by the rule of that philosophy,  
By which I did blame Cato for the death  
Which he did give himself:—I know not how,  
But I do find it cowardly and vile,  
For fear of what might fall, so to prevent<sup>10</sup>  
The time of life:—arming myself with patience,  
To stay the providence of some high powers,  
That govern us below.

*Cas.* Then, if we lose this battle,  
You are contented to be led in triumph  
Thorough the streets of Rome?

*Bru.* No, Cassius, no: think not, thou noble  
Roman,  
That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome;  
He bears too great a mind. But this same day  
Must end that work, the ides of March begun<sup>11</sup>;  
And whether we shall meet again, I know not.  
Therefore our everlasting farewell take:—

<sup>9</sup> i. e. I am resolved in such a case to kill myself. What are you determined of?

<sup>10</sup> 'To *prevent*' is here used for to *anticipate*. By *time* is meant the full and complete time; the natural period. See note on King Henry IV. Part II. Act i. Sc. 2.

It has been said that there is an apparent contradiction between the sentiments Brutus expresses in this and in his subsequent speech; but there is no real inconsistency. Brutus had laid down to himself as a principle, to abide every chance and extremity of war; but when Cassius reminds him of the disgrace of being led in triumph through the streets of Rome, he acknowledges that to be a trial which he could not endure. Shakspeare, in the first speech, makes that to be the *present* opinion of Brutus, which in Plutarch is mentioned only as one he *formerly* entertained, and that, being now in the midst of danger, he was of a contrary mind.

<sup>11</sup> This, though censured as ungrammatical, was the phraseology of the poet's day, as might be shown by numerous examples. But Dryden and Pope have used it, and Johnson has sanctioned it in his Dictionary: 'Begin, *v. n.* I began, or begun. The fact is, that the past tense was, in our old language, written *begon* or *begonne*.'

For ever, and for ever, farewell, Cassius!  
If we do meet again, why we shall smile;  
If not, why then this parting was well made.

*Cas.* For ever, and for ever, farewell, Brutus!  
If we do meet again, we'll smile indeed:  
If not, 'tis true, this parting was well made.

*Bru.* Why, then, lead on.—O, that a man might  
know  
The end of this day's business, ere it come!  
But it sufficeth, that the day will end,  
And then the end is known.—Come, ho! away!  
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The same. The Field of Battle.*

*Alarum.* Enter BRUTUS and MESSALA.

*Bru.* Ride, ride, Messala, ride, and give these  
bills<sup>1</sup>  
Unto the legions on the other side: [*Loud Alarum.*]  
Let them set on at once; for I perceive  
But cold demeanour in Octavius' wing,  
And sudden push gives them the overthrow.  
Ride, ride, Messala: let them all come down.  
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

*The same. Another Part of the Field.*

*Alarum.* Enter CASSIUS and TITINIUS.

*Cas.* O, look, Titinius, look, the villains fly!  
Myself have to mine own turn'd enemy:  
This ensign here of mine was turning back;  
I slew the coward, and did take it from him.

*Tit.* O Cassius, Brutus gave the word too early:

<sup>1</sup> This and much of the subsequent scene is from the old translation of Plutarch:—'In the meane tyme Brutus, that led the right winge, sent little billes to the collonels and captaines of private bandes, in which he wrote the order of the battle.'

Who having some advantage on Octavius,  
Took it too eagerly; his soldiers fell to spoil,  
Whilst we by Antony are all enclos'd.

*Enter* PINDARUS.

*Pin.* Fly further off, my lord, fly further off;  
Mark Antony is in your tents, my lord!  
Fly therefore, noble Cassius, fly far off.

*Cas.* This hill is far enough. Look, look, Titinius;  
Are those my tents, where I perceive the fire?

*Tit.* They are, my lord.

*Cas.* Titinius, if thou lov'st me,  
Mount thou my horse, and hide thy spurs in him,  
Till he have brought thee up to yonder troops,  
And here again: that I may rest assur'd,  
Whether yond' troops are friend or enemy.

*Tit.* I will be here again, even with a thought<sup>1</sup>.

[*Exit.*

*Cas.* Go, Pindarus, get higher on that hill<sup>2</sup>;  
My sight was ever thick; regard Titinius,  
And tell me what thou not'st about the field.—

[*Exit* PINDARUS.

This day I breathed first: time is come round<sup>3</sup>,  
And where I did begin, there shall I end;  
My life is run his compass.—Sirrah<sup>4</sup>, what news?

*Pin.* [*Above.*] O my lord!

*Cas.* What news?

*Pin.* Titinius is enclosed round about

<sup>1</sup> The same expression occurs in Antony and Cleopatra:—

‘That which was a horse, *even with a thought*,  
The rack dislimns.’

<sup>2</sup> Cassius is now on a hill: he therefore means a hillock somewhat *higher* than that on which he now is.

<sup>3</sup> So in King Lear, the Bastard, dying, says:—

‘The *wheel* is come full circle.’

<sup>4</sup> *Sirrah*, as appears from many of the old plays, was the usual address in speaking to servants and children. See note on Macbeth, Act iv, Sc. 2, p. 292.

With horsemen, that make to him on the spur;—  
Yet he spurs on.—Now they are almost on him;  
Now, Titinius!—now some 'light:—Oh, he 'lights  
too:—he's ta'en;—

And hark! [*shout*] they shout for joy.

*Cas.* Come down, behold no more.—  
O, coward that I am, to live so long,  
To see my best friend ta'en before my face!

*Enter PINDARUS.*

Come hither, sirrah:  
In Parthia did I take thee prisoner;  
And then I swore thee, saving of thy life,  
That whatsoever I did bid thee do,  
Thou should'st attempt it. Come now, keep thine  
oath!

Now be a freeman; and with this good sword,  
That ran through Cæsar's bowels, search this bosom.  
Stand not to answer: Here, take thou the hilts;  
And, when my face is cover'd as 'tis now,  
Guide thou the sword.—Cæsar, thou art reveng'd,  
Even with the sword that kill'd thee. [*Dies.*

*Pin.* So, I am free; yet would not so have been,  
Durst I have done my will. O Cassius!  
Far from this country Pindarus shall run,  
Where never Roman shall take note of him. [*Exit.*

*Re-enter TITINIUS, with MESSALA.*

*Mes.* It is but change, Titinius; for Octavius  
Is overthrown by noble Brutus' power,  
As Cassius' legions are by Antony.

*Tit.* These tidings will well comfort Cassius.

*Mes.* Where did you leave him?

*Tit.* All disconsolate,  
With Pindarus his bondman, on this hill.

*Mess.* Is not that he, that lies upon the ground?

*Tit.* He lies not like the living. O my heart!

*Mes.* Is not that he?

*Tit.* No, this was he, Messala;

But Cassius is no more.—O setting sun!

As in thy red rays thou dost sink to night,

So in his red blood Cassius' day is set;

The sun of Rome is set! Our day is gone;

Clouds, dews, and dangers come; our deeds are  
done!

Mistrust of my success hath done this deed.

*Mes.* Mistrust of good success hath done this deed.

O hateful error, melancholy's child!

Why dost thou show to the apt thoughts of men

The things that are not? O error, soon conceiv'd,

Thou never com'st unto a happy birth,

But kill'st the mother that engender'd thee.

*Tit.* What, Pindarus; Where art thou, Pindarus?

*Mes.* Seek him, Titinius: whilst I go to meet

The noble Brutus, thrusting this report

Into his ears: I may say, thrusting it;

For piercing steel, and darts envenomed,

Shall be as welcome to the ears of Brutus,

As tidings of this sight.

*Tit.* Hie you, Messala,

And I will seek for Pindarus the while.

[*Exit* MESSALA.]

Why didst thou send me forth, brave Cassius?

Did I not meet thy friends? and did not they

Put on my brows this wreath of victory,

And bid me give 't thee? Didst thou not hear their  
shouts?

Alas, thou hast misconstrued every thing.

But hold thee, take this garland on thy brow;

Thy Brutus bid me give it thee, and I

Will do his bidding,—Brutus, come apace,

And see how I regarded Caius Cassius.—

By your leave, gods:—This is a Roman's part:

Come, Cassius' sword, and find Titinius' heart. [*Dies.*]

*Alarum.* Re-enter MESSALA, with BRUTUS, young CATO, STRATO, VOLUMNIUS, and LUCILIUS.

*Bru.* Where, where, Messala, doth his body lie?

*Mes.* Lo, yonder; and Titinius mourning it.

*Bru.* Titinius' face is upward.

*Cato.*

He is slain.

*Bru.* O Julius Cæsar, thou art mighty yet!  
Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords  
In our own proper entrails<sup>5</sup>. [*Low Alarums.*]

*Cato.*

Brave Titinius!

Look, wher he have not crown'd dead Cassius!

*Bru.* Are yet two Romans living such as these?—  
The last of all the Romans, fare thee well<sup>6</sup>!

It is impossible, that ever Rome  
Should breed thy fellow,—Friends, I owe more tears  
To this dead man, than you shall see me pay.—  
I shall find time, Cassius, I shall find time.—  
Come, therefore, and to Thassos send his body;  
His funeral shall not be in our camp,  
Lest it discomfort us.—Lucilius, come;—  
And come, young Cato; let us to the field.—  
Labeo, and Flavius, set our battles on:—  
'Tis three o'clock; and, Romans, yet ere night  
We shall try fortune in a second fight. [*Exeunt.*]

<sup>5</sup> '—— populumque potentem  
In sua victrici conversum viscera dextra.'

*Lucan*, lib. i.

<sup>6</sup> 'So when he [Brutus] was come thither, after he had lamented the death of Cassius, calling him *the last of all the Romans*, being impossible that Rome should ever breed againe so noble and valiant a man as he, he caused his body to be buried.'—*North's Plutarch*.

'Objectum est Historico (*Cremutius Cordo*. Tacit Ann. lib. iv. 34), quod Brutum Cassiumque *ultimos Romanorum* dixisset,' *Suet. Tiber*, lib. iii. c. 61.



SCENE IV. *Another Part of the Field.*

*Alarum. Enter fighting, Soldiers of both Armies; then BRUTUS, CATO, LUCILIUS, and Others.*

*Bru.* Yet, countrymen, O, yet hold up your heads!

*Cato.* What bastard doth not? Who will go with me?

I will proclaim my name about the field:—

I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!

A foe to tyrants, and my country's friend:

I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!

*[Charges the Enemy.*

*Bru.* And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus, I;

Brutus, my country's friend: know me for Brutus.

*[Exit, charging the Enemy. CATO is overpowered, and falls.*

*Luc.* O young and noble Cato, art thou down?

Why, now thou diest as bravely as Titinius;

And may'st be honour'd being Cato's son.

*1 Sold.* Yield, or thou diest.

*Luc.* Only I yield to die:

There is so much that thou wilt kill me straight;

*[Offering Money.*

Kill Brutus, and be honour'd in his death.

*1 Sold.* We must not—A noble prisoner!

*2 Sold.* Room, ho! Tell Antony, Brutus is ta'en.

*1 Sold.* I'll tell the news.—Here comes the general:—

*Enter ANTONY.*

Brutus is ta'en, Brutus is ta'en, my lord.

*Ant.* Where is he?

*Luc.* Safe, Antony; Brutus is safe enough:

I dare assure thee, that no enemy

Shall ever take alive the noble Brutus:

The gods defend him from so great a shame!

When you do find him, or alive, or dead,

He will be found like Brutus, like himself.

*Ant.* This is not Brutus, friend; but, I assure you,  
 A prize no less in worth: keep this man safe,  
 Give him all kindness: I had rather have  
 Such men my friends, than enemies. Go on,  
 And see whe'r Brutus be alive, or dead:  
 And bring us word, unto Octavius' tent,  
 How every thing is chanc'd. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Another Part of the Field.*

*Enter* BRUTUS, DARDANIUS, CLITUS, STRATO,  
*and* VOLUMNIUS.

*Bru.* Come, poor remains of friends, rest on this rock.

*Cli.* Statilius show'd the torch-light; but, my lord,  
 He came not back; he is or ta'en, or slain<sup>1</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> A passage from Plutarch will illustrate this scene:—' Furthermore, Brutus thought that there was no great number of men slaine in battell, and to know the truth of it there was one called Statilius, that promised to goe through his enemies (for otherwise it was impossible to goe see their campe), and from thence, if all were well, that he would lift up a *torche-light* in the aire, and then returne againe with speed to him. The *torche-light* was lift up as he had promised, for Statilius went thither. Nowe Brutus seeing Statilius tarie long after, and that he came not againe, he sayd: If Statilius be alive, he will come againe, But his evil fortune was suche that, as he came backe, he lighted in his enemies' hands, and was slaine. Now the night being farre spent, Brutus, as he sate, bowed towards Clitus, one of his men, and told him somewhat in his eare; the other answered him not, but fell a weeping. Thereupon he proved Dardanius, and sayd somewhat also to him: at length he came to Volumnius him selfe, and speaking to him in Greeke, prayed him for the studies sake which brought them acquainted together, that he would helpe him to put his hande to his sword, to thrust it in him to kill him. Volumnius denied his request, and so did many others: and amongst the rest one of them said there was no tarrying for them there, but that they must needes flie, Then Brutus rising up, We must flie in deede, sayd he; but it must be with our hands, not with our feete. Then taking every man by the hand, he sayd these words unto them with a chearfull countenance:—It rejoyceth my hart that no one of my friends hath failed me at my neede, and I do not complayne of my fortune, but only for my countries sake: for as for me, I thinke myselfe happier than they that have overcome, consider.

*Bru.* Sit thee down, Clitus: Slaying is the word;  
It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, Clitus.—

[ *Whispering.*

*Cli.* What, I, my lord? No, not for all the world.

*Bru.* Peace then, no words.

*Cli.* I'll rather kill myself.

*Bru.* Hark thee, Dardanius! [ *Whispers him.*

*Dar.* I do such a deed?

*Cli.* O, Dardanius!

*Dar.* O, Clitus!

*Cli.* What ill request did Brutus make to thee?

*Dar.* To kill him, Clitus: Look, he meditates.

*Cli.* Now is that noble vessel full of grief,  
That it runs over even at his eyes.

*Bru.* Come hither, good Volumnius: list a word.

*Vol.* What says my lord?

*Bru.* Why, this, Volumnius:  
The ghost of Cæsar hath appear'd to me  
Two several times by night: at Sardis, once;  
And, this last night, here in Philippi' fields.  
I know, my hour is come.

*Vol.* Not so, my lord.

*Bru.* Nay, I am sure it is, Volumnius.  
Thou seest the world, Volumnius, how it goes;  
Our enemies have beat us to the pit:  
It is more worthy to leap in ourselves,  
Than tarry till they push us. Good Volumnius,  
Thou know'st, that we two went to school together;  
Even for that our love of old, I pray thee,  
Hold thou my sword-hilts<sup>2</sup>, whilst I run on it.

ing that I leave a perpetual fame of our corage and manhoode,  
the which our enemies the conquerors shall never attaine unto  
by force nor money, neither can let their posteritie to say, that  
they have beene naughtie and unjust men, have slaine good men  
to usurpe tyrannical power not pertaining to them. Having sayd  
so, he prayd every man to shift for themselves, and then he  
went a little aside,' &c.

<sup>2</sup> *Hilts* is frequently used where only one weapon is spoken

*Vol.* That's not an office for a friend, my lord.

[*Alarum still.*

*Cli.* Fly, fly, my lord; there is no tarrying here.

*Bru.* Farewell to you;—and you;—and you,  
Volumnius.—

Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep;

Farewell to thee too, Strato.—Countrymen,

My heart doth joy, that yet, in all my life,

I found no man, but he was true to me.

I shall have glory by this losing day,

More than Octavius, and Mark Antony,

By this vile conquest shall attain unto.

So fare you well at once; for Brutus' tongue

Hath almost ended his life's history:

Night hangs upon mine eyes; my bones would rest,

That have but labour'd to attain this hour.

[*Alarum. Cry within; Fly, fly, fly.*

*Cli.* Fly, my lord, fly.

*Bru.* Hence; I will follow.

[*Exeunt CLITUS, DARDANIUS, and VOLUMNIUS.*

I pr'ythee, Strato, stay thou by thy lord:

Thou art a fellow of a good respect;

Thy life hath had some smatch of honour in it:

Hold then my sword, and turn away thy face,

While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, Strato?

*Stra.* Give me your hand first: Fare you well,  
my lord.

*Bru.* Farewell, good Strato.—Cæsar, now be still:  
I kill'd not thee with half so good a will.

[*He runs on his Sword and dies.*

of. Cassius says to Pindarus, in a former scene, 'Here take thou the *hills*.' And King Richard III. :—

'Take him over the costard with the *hills* of thy sword.'

So in *The Mirror for Magistrates*, 1587 :—

'—— a naked sword he had,

That to the *hills* was all with blood imbrued.'

*Alarum. Retreat. Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, MESSALA, LUCILIUS, and their Army.*

*Oct.* What man is that?

*Mes.* My master's man.—Strato, where is thy master?

*Stra.* Free from the bondage you are in, Messala; The conquerors can but make a fire of him; For Brutus only overcame himself, And no man else hath honour by his death.

*Luc.* So Brutus should be found.—I thank thee, Brutus, That thou hast prov'd Lucilius' saying true.

*Oct.* All that serv'd Brutus, I will entertain them<sup>3</sup>. Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me?

*Stra.* Ay, if Messala will prefer<sup>4</sup> me to you.

*Oct.* Do so, good Messala.

*Mes.* How died my master, Strato?

*Strat.* I held the sword, and he did run on it.

*Mes.* Octavius, then take him to follow thee, That did the latest service to my master.

*Ant.* This was the noblest Roman of them all: All the conspirators, save only he, Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar; He, only, in a general honest thought, And common good to all, made one of them. His life was gentle; and the elements So mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up, And say to all the world, *This was a man*<sup>5</sup>!

<sup>3</sup> i. e. receive them into my service.

<sup>4</sup> To *prefer* seems to have been the general term for *recommending* a servant. Thus in the Merchant of Venice, Act iii. Sc. 2:

'Shylock thy master, spoke with me this day,  
And hath *preferr'd* thee.'

Its usual sense was 'to *advance*, or set before others.'

<sup>5</sup> Drayton, in his Barons' Wars, has a similar passage, thus given by Steevens:—

'He was a man (then boldly dare to say)  
In whose rich soul the virtues well did suit;

*Oct.* According to his virtue let us use him,  
 With all respect and rites of burial.  
 Within my tent his bones to-night shall lie,  
 Most like a soldier, order'd honourably.—  
 So, call the field to rest: and let's away,  
 To part the glories of this happy day. [*Exeunt.*]

*In whom so mix'd the elements all lay,  
 That none to one could sov'reignty impute;  
 As all did govern, so did all obey:  
 He of a temper was so absolute,  
 As that it seem'd, when nature him began,  
 She meant to show all that might be in man.'*

He afterwards revised the poem, which was, I believe, first published, under the title of the Barons' Wars, in 1603; and the stanza is thus exhibited in that edition:—

*'Such one he was (of him we boldly say),  
 In whose rich soule all soveraigne powers did sute;  
 In whom in peace the elements all lay  
 So mix'd, as none could soveraigntie impute;  
 As all did govern, yet did all obey;  
 His lively temper was so absolute,  
 That 't seem'd, when heaven his modell first began,  
 In him it show'd perfection in a man.'*

The poem originally appeared under the title of 'Mortimeriados' in 1596; but Malone says, there is no trace of the stanza in the poem in that form. He is wrong in asserting that the Barons' Wars were first published in 1608, as the following title-page of my copy will show:—'The Barons' Wars, in the raigne of Edward the Second, with England's Heroicall Epistles, by Michaell Drayton. At London, printed by J. R. for N. Ling, 1603.' So that if Malone be right in placing the date of the composition of Julius Cæsar in 1607, Shakspeare imitated Drayton.

Of this tragedy many particular passages deserve regard, and the contention and reconcilment of Brutus and Cassius is universally celebrated; but I have never been strongly agitated in perusing it; and I think it somewhat cold and unaffecting, compared with some other of Shakspeare's plays: his adherence to the real story, and to Roman manners, seem to have impeded the natural vigour of his genius.—JOHNSON.

Gildon has justly observed that this tragedy ought to have been called MARCUS BRUTUS, Cæsar being a very inconsiderable personage in the scene, and being killed in the third act.

# ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.



*Antony.* Behold this man;  
Commend unto his lips thy favouring hand.  
ACT iv. Sc. 8.

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# Antony and Cleopatra.

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## PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

**AFTER** a perusal of this play, the reader will, I doubt not, be surprised when he sees what Johnson has asserted :—That ‘ its power of delighting is derived principally from the frequent changes of the scene ;’—and that ‘ no character is very strongly discriminated.’ If our great poet has one supereminent dramatic quality in perfection, it is that of being able ‘ to go out of himself at pleasure to inform and animate other existences.’ It is true that in the number of characters many persons of historical importance are merely introduced as passing shadows in the scene ; but ‘ the principal personages are most emphatically distinguished by lineament and colouring, and powerfully arrest the imagination.’ The character of Cleopatra is indeed a masterpiece : though Johnson pronounces that she is ‘ only distinguished by feminine arts, some of which are too low.’ It is true that her seductive arts are in no respect veiled over ; but she is still the gorgeous Eastern Queen, remarkable for the fascination of her manner, if not for the beauty of her person ; and though she is vain, ostentatious, fickle, and luxurious, there is that heroic regal dignity about her, which makes us, like Antony, forget her defects :—

‘ Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale  
Her infinite variety. Other women cloy  
Th’ appetites they feed ; but she makes hungry  
Where most she satisfies.’

The mutual passion of herself and Antony is without moral dignity, yet it excites our sympathy :—they seem formed for each other. Cleopatra is no less remarkable for her seductive charms, than Antony for the splendour of his martial achievements. Her death too redeems one part of her character, and obliterates all faults.

Warburton has observed that Antony was Shakspeare’s hero ; and the defects of his character, a lavish and luxurious spirit, seem almost virtues when opposed to the heartless and narrow-minded littleness of Octavius Cæsar. But the ancient historians, his flatterers, had delivered the latter down ready cut and dried for a hero ; and Shakspeare has extricated himself with great address from the dilemma. He has admitted all those great strokes of his character as he found them, and yet has made him a very unamiable character, deceitful, mean-spirited, proud, and revengeful.

Schlegel attributes this to the penetration of Shakspeare, who was not to be led astray by the false glitter of historic fame, but saw through the disguise thrown around him by his successful fortunes, and distinguished in Augustus a man of little mind.

Malone places the composition of this play in 1608. No previous edition to that of the folio of 1623 has been hitherto discovered; but there is an entry of 'A Booke called Antony and Cleopatra,' to Edward Blount, in 1608, on the Stationers' Books.

Shakspeare followed Plutarch, and appears to have been anxious to introduce every incident and every personage he met with in his historian. Plutarch mentions *Lamprias* his grandfather, as authority for some of the stories he relates of the profuseness and luxury of Antony's entertainments at Alexandria. In the stage-direction of Scene 2, Act i. in the old copy, *Lamprias*, *Ramnus*, and *Lucilius* are made to enter with the rest; but they have no part in the dialogue, nor do their names appear in the list of *Dramatis Personæ*.

### PERSONS REPRESENTED.

M. ANTONY,	}	<i>Triumvirs.</i>
OCTAVIUS CÆSAR,		
M. ÆMIL. LEPIDUS,		
SEXTUS POMPEIUS.		
DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS,	}	<i>Friends of Antony.</i>
VENTIDIUS,		
EROS,		
SCARUS,		
DERCETAS,		
DEMETRIUS,		
PHILO,		
MECÆNAS,	}	<i>Friends of Cæsar.</i>
AGRIPPA,		
DOLABELLA,		
PROCULEIUS,		
THYREUS,		
GALLUS,	}	<i>Friends of Pompey.</i>
MENAS,		
MENEKRATES,		
VARRIUS,		
TAURUS, <i>Lieutenant-General to Cæsar.</i>		
CANIDIUS, <i>Lieutenant-General to Antony.</i>		
SILIUS, <i>an Officer in Ventidius's Army.</i>		
EUPHRONIUS, <i>an Ambassador from Antony to Cæsar.</i>		
ALEXAS, MARDIAN, SELEUCUS, and DIOMEDES,		
<i>Attendants on Cleopatra.</i>		
A Soothsayer. A Clown.		
CLEOPATRA, <i>Queen of Egypt.</i>		
OCTAVIA, <i>Sister to Cæsar, and Wife to Antony.</i>		
CHARMIAN, and IRAS, <i>Attendants on Cleopatra.</i>		

Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

SCENE, *dispersed in several Parts of the Roman Empire.*

# ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

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## ACT I.

SCENE I. Alexandria. *A Room in Cleopatra's Palace.*

*Enter DEMETRIUS and PHILO.*

*Philo.*

NAY, but this dotage of our general's  
O'erflows the measure: those his goodly eyes,  
That o'er the files and musters of the war  
Have glow'd like plated Mars, now bend, now turn,  
The office and devotion of their view  
Upon a tawny front: his captain's heart,  
Which in the scuffles of great fights hath burst  
The buckles on his breast, reneges<sup>1</sup> all temper;  
And is become the bellows, and the fan,  
To cool a gipsy's lust. Look where they come!

*Flourish. Enter ANTONY and CLEOPATRA, with  
their Trains; Eunuchs fanning her.*

Take but good note, and you shall see in him

<sup>1</sup> i. e. *renounces*. The metre would be improved by reading *reneyes*, or *reneies*, a word used by Chaucer and other of our elder writers: but we have in *King Lear*, *renege*, affirm, &c. Stanyhurst, in his version of the second book of the *Æneid*, has the word:—

'To live now longer, Troy burnt, he flatly reneageth.'

The triple<sup>2</sup> pillar of the world transform'd  
Into a strumpet's fool: behold and see.

*Cleo.* If it be love indeed, tell me how much.

*Ant.* There's beggary in the love that can  
reckon'd<sup>3</sup>.

*Cleo.* I'll set a bourn how far to be belov'd.

*Ant.* Then must thou needs find out new heaven  
new earth<sup>4</sup>.

*Enter an Attendant.*

*Att.* News, my good lord, from Rome.

*Ant.* Grates me:—The sun

*Cleo.* Nay, hear them<sup>5</sup>, Antony:

Fulvia, perchance, is angry; Or, who knows  
If the scarce-bearded Cæsar have not sent  
His powerful mandate to you, *Do this, or this:*  
*Take in<sup>7</sup> that kingdom, and enfranchise that;*  
*Perform't, or else we damn thee.*

*Ant.* How, my love

*Cleo.* Perchance,—nay, and most like,

<sup>2</sup> *Triple* is here used for *third*, or *one of three*; one of *Triumvirs*, one of the three masters of the world. To sustain the pillars of the earth is a scriptural phrase. *Triple* is used for *third* in *All's Well that Ends Well*:—

‘Which, as the dearest issue of his practice,  
He bade me store up as a *triple* eye.’

<sup>3</sup> So in *Romeo and Juliet*:—

‘They are but beggars that can count their worth.’

And in *Much Ado about Nothing*:—

‘I were but little happy, if I could say how much.’

‘*Basia pauca cupit, qui numerare potest.*’

*Martial*, vi. 36.

<sup>4</sup> ‘Then must you set the *boundary* at a distance greater than the present visible universe affords.’

<sup>5</sup> ‘Be brief, *sum* thy business in a few words.’

<sup>6</sup> i. e. the *news*; which was considered plural in Shakspeare's time. See *King Richard III.* Act iv. Sc. 4, note 38.

<sup>7</sup> *Take in*, it has before been observed, signifies *subdue*, *quer*.

You must not stay here longer, your dismissal  
Is come from Cæsar; therefore hear it, Antony.—  
Where's Fulvia's process<sup>8</sup>? Cæsar's, I would say?  
—Both?—

Call in the messengers.—As I am Egypt's queen,  
Thou blushest, Antony; and that blood of thine  
Is Cæsar's homager: else so thy cheek pays shame,  
When shrill-tongu'd Fulvia scolds.—The mes-  
sengers.

*Ant.* Let Rome in Tyber melt! and the wide arch  
Of the rang'd<sup>9</sup> empire fall! Here is my space;  
Kingdoms are clay: our dungy earth alike  
Feeds beast as man: the nobleness of life  
Is, to do thus; when such a mutual pair,  
[*Embracing.*

And such a twain can do't, in which, I bind,  
On pain of punishment, the world to weet<sup>10</sup>,  
We stand up peerless.

*Cleo.* Excellent Falsehood!  
Why did he marry Fulvia, and not love her?—  
I'll seem the fool I am not; Antony  
Will be himself.

*Ant.* But<sup>11</sup> stirr'd by Cleopatra.—

<sup>8</sup> *Process* here means *summons*. 'Lawyers call that the pro-  
cesse by which a man is called into the court, and no more. To  
serve with processe is to *cite*, to *summon*.'—*Minsheu*.

<sup>9</sup> The *rang'd* empire is the *well* arranged, *well ordered* empire.  
Shakspeare uses the expression again in *Coriolanus*:—

'—— bury all which yet distinctly *ranges* '  
In heaps and piles of ruins.'

<sup>10</sup> To *weet* is to *know*.

<sup>11</sup> I think that Johnson has entirely mistaken the meaning of  
this passage, and believe Mason's explanation nearly correct.  
Cleopatra means to say that 'Antony will act like himself,'  
(i. e. nobly), without regard to the mandates of Cæsar or the  
anger of Fulvia. To which he replies, '*But stirr'd by Cleo-  
patra*,' i. e. '*Add if moved to it by Cleopatra*.' This is a com-  
pliment to her. Johnson was wrong in supposing *but* to be  
used here in its exceptive sense.

Now, for the love of Love<sup>12</sup>, and her soft hours,  
Let's not confound<sup>13</sup> the time with conference harsh:  
There's not a minute of our lives should stretch  
Without some pleasure now: What sport to-night?

*Cleo.* Hear the ambassadors.

*Ant.* Fye, wrangling queen!  
Whom every thing becomes<sup>14</sup>, to chide, to laugh,  
To weep; whose<sup>15</sup> every passion fully strives  
To make itself, in thee, fair and admir'd!  
No messenger; but thine and all alone,  
To-night, we'll wander through the streets, and note  
The qualities of people<sup>16</sup>. Come, my queen;  
Last night you did desire it:—Speak not to us.

[*Exeunt ANT. and CLEO. with their Train.*]

*Dem.* Is Cæsar with Antonius priz'd so slight?

*Phi.* Sir, sometimes, when he is not Antony,  
He comes too short of that great property  
Which still should go with Antony.

*Dem.* I'm full sorry,  
That he approves the common liar<sup>17</sup>, who  
Thus speaks of him at Rome: But I will hope  
Of better deeds to-morrow. Rest you happy!

[*Exeunt.*]

<sup>12</sup> That is, 'for the sake of the Queen of Love.' See Comedy of Errors, vol. iv. p. 162, note 9.

<sup>13</sup> To confound the time, is to consume it, to lose it. See vol. v. p. 139, note 11.

<sup>14</sup> 'Quicquid enim dicit, seu facit, omne decet.'

*Marullus*, lib. ii.

See Shakspeare's 150th Sonnet.

<sup>15</sup> The folio reads, *who* every, &c.: corrected by Rowe.

<sup>16</sup> 'Sometime also when he would goe up and down the city disguised like a slave in the night, and would peere into poor mens windows and their shops, and scold and brawl with them within the house; Cleopatra would be also in a chambermaid's array, and amble up and down the streets with him.'

*Life of Antonius in North's Plutarch.*

<sup>17</sup> 'That he proves the common liar, *Fame*, in his case to be a true reporter. Shakspeare usually uses *approve* for *prove*, and *approof* for *proof*.

SCENE II. *The same. Another Room.*

*Enter* CHARMIAN, IRAS, ALEXAS, *and a Soothsayer.*

*Char.* Lord Alexas, sweet Alexas, most any thing Alexas, almost most absolute Alexas, where's the soothsayer that you praised so to the queen? O, that I knew this husband, which, you say, must charge his horns with garlands<sup>1</sup>!

*Alex.* Soothsayer.

*Sooth.* Your will?

*Char.* Is this the man?—Is't you, sir, that know things?

*Sooth.* In nature's infinite book of secrecy,  
A little I can read.

*Alex.* Show him your hand.

*Enter* ENOBARBUS.

*Eno.* Bring in the banquet quickly; wine enough,  
Cleopatra's health to drink.

*Char.* Good sir, give me good fortune.

*Sooth.* I make not, but foresee.

*Char.* Pray then, foresee me one.

*Sooth.* You shall be yet far fairer than you are.

*Char.* He means, in flesh.

*Irás.* No, you shall paint when you are old.

*Char.* Wrinkles forbid!

*Alex.* Vex not his prescience; be attentive.

*Char.* Hush!

*Sooth.* You shall be more loving, than beloved.

*Char.* I had rather heat my liver with drinking<sup>2</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> The old copy reads, 'change his horns,' &c. A similar error of *change* for *charge* is also found in *Coriolanus*.

<sup>2</sup> The liver being considered the seat of love, Charmian says she would rather heat her liver with drinking than with love's fire. A heated liver was supposed to make a pimpled face.

*Alex.* Nay, hear him.

*Char.* Good now, some excellent fortune! Let me be married to three kings in a forenoon, and widow them all: let me have a child at fifty, to whom Herod of Jewry may do homage<sup>3</sup>: find me to marry me with Octavius Cæsar, and companion me with my mistress.

*Sooth.* You shall outlive the lady whom you serve.

*Char.* O excellent! I love long life better than figs.

*Sooth.* You have seen and proved a fairer former fortune

Than that which is to approach.

*Char.* Then, belike, my children shall have no names<sup>4</sup>: Pr'ythee, how many boys and wenches must I have?

*Sooth.* If every of your wishes had a womb, And fertile<sup>5</sup> every wish, a million.

*Char.* Out, fool; I forgive thee for a witch<sup>6</sup>.

*Alex.* You think, none but your sheets are privy to your wishes.

<sup>3</sup> 'This (says Johnson) is one of Shakspeare's natural touches. Few circumstances are more flattering to the fair sex, than breeding at an advanced period of life.' Charmian wishes for a son too who may arrive at such power and dominion that the proudest and fiercest monarchs of the earth may be brought under his yoke. It should be remembered that Herod of Jewry was a favourite character in the mysteries of the old stage, and that he was always represented a fierce, haughty, blustering tyrant.

<sup>4</sup> That is, prove bastards. Thus in the Rape of Lucrece:—

'Thy issue blurr'd with *nameless bastardy*.'

And Launce, in the third act of The Two Gentlemen of Verona:—

'That's as much as to say *bastard virtues*, that indeed know not their fathers, and therefore *have no names*.' A *fairer fortune* means a *more serene* or *more prosperous fortune*.

<sup>5</sup> The old copy reads, *foretel*. Warburton has the merit of the emendation.

<sup>6</sup> This has allusion to the common proverbial saying, 'You'll never be burnt for a witch,' spoken to a silly person, who is indeed no conjuror.



*Char.* Nay, come, tell Iras hers.

*Alex.* We'll know all our fortunes.

*Eno.* Mine, and most of our fortunes, to-night, shall be—drunk to bed.

*Iras.* There's a palm presages chastity, if nothing else.

*Char.* Even as the o'erflowing Nilus presageth famine.

*Iras.* Go, you wild bedfellow, you cannot sooth-say.

*Char.* Nay, if an oily palm be not a fruitful prognostication<sup>7</sup>, I cannot scratch mine ear.—Pr'ythee, tell her but a worky-day fortune.

*Sooth.* Your fortunes are alike.

*Iras.* But how, but how? give me particulars.

*Sooth.* I have said.

*Iras.* Am I not an inch of fortune better than she?

*Char.* Well, if you were but an inch of fortune better than I, where would you choose it?

*Iras.* Not in my husband's nose.

*Char.* Our worser thoughts heavens mend! Alexas,—come, his fortune, his fortune.—O, let him marry a woman that cannot go, sweet Isis, I beseech thee! And let her die too, and give him a worse! and let worse follow worse, till the worst of all follow him laughing to his grave, fifty-fold a cuckold! Good Isis, hear me this prayer, though thou deny me a matter of more weight; good Isis, I beseech thee!

*Iras.* Amen. Dear goddess, hear that prayer of the people! for, as it is a heart-breaking to see a handsome man loose-wived, so it is a deadly sorrow to behold a foul knave uncuckolded; Therefore,

<sup>7</sup> This prognostic is alluded to in Othello:—

' ——— This hand is moist, my lady:—

This argues fruitfulness and liberal heart.'

dear Isis, keep decorum, and fortune him accordingly!

*Char.* Amen.

*Alex.* Lo, now! if it lay in their hands to make me a cuckold, they would make themselves whores, but they'd do't.

*Eno.* Hush! here comes Antony.

*Char.* Not he, the queen.

*Enter CLEOPATRA.*

*Cleo.* Saw you my lord?

*Eno.* No, lady.

*Cleo.* Was he not here?

*Char.* No, madam.

*Cleo.* He was dispos'd to mirth; but on the sudden  
A Roman thought hath struck him.—Enobarbus,—

*Eno.* Madam.

*Cleo.* Seek him, and bring him hither. Where's  
Alexas?

*Alex.* Here, madam, at your service.—My lord  
approaches.

*Enter ANTONY, with a Messenger and Attendants.*

*Cleo.* We will not look upon him: Go with us.

[*Exeunt CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, ALEXAS,  
IRAS, CHARMIAN, Soothsayer, and At-  
tendants.*]

*Mess.* Fulvia thy wife first came into the field.

*Ant.* Against my brother Lucius?

*Mess.* Ay:

But soon that war had end, and the time's state  
Made friends of them, jointing their force 'gainst  
Cæsar;

Whose better issue in the war, from Italy,  
Upon the first encounter, drave<sup>8</sup> them.

<sup>8</sup> *Drave* is the ancient preterite of the verb to *drive*, and frequently occurs in the Bible.

*Ant.*

Well,

What worst?

*Mess.* The nature of bad news infects the teller.

*Ant.* When it concerns the fool or coward.—On:  
Things, that are past, are done, with me.—’Tis thus;  
Who tells me true, though in his tale lie death,  
I hear him as he flatter’d.

*Mess.*

Labienus

(This is stiff<sup>9</sup> news) hath, with his Parthian force,  
Extended<sup>10</sup> Asia from Euphrātes;  
His conquering banner shook, from Syria  
To Lydia, and to Ionia;  
Whilst——

*Ant.* Antony, thou would’st say,—*Mess.*

O, my lord!

*Ant.* Speak to me home, mince not the general  
tongue;

<sup>9</sup> ‘Stiff news’ is ‘hard news.’ As in Shakspeare’s Rape of  
Lucrece:—

‘Fearing some *hard news* from the warlike band.’

<sup>10</sup>

‘*Extended* Asia from Euphrātes.’

To *extend* is a law term for to *seize*. Thus in Selimus, Emperor  
of the Turks, 1594:—

‘Ay, though on all the world we *make extent*  
From the south pole unto the northern bear.’

So Massinger in A New Way to Pay Old Debts:—

‘This manor is *extended* to my use.’

The poet has used the word in its legal signification more than  
once. Thus in As You Like It:—

‘And let my officers of such a nature  
Make an *extent* upon his house and lands.’

And in Twelfth Night:—

‘This uncivil and unjust *extent*  
Against thy peace.’

Plutarch tells us that Labienus was by the Parthian king made  
general of his troops, and had overrun Asiæ from Euphrates, and  
Syria to Lydia and Iona.

Our ancient writers generally give us Euphrātes instead of  
Euphrātes. Thus Drayton, Polyolb. Song 21:—

‘That gliding go in state, like swelling Euphrātes.’

Name Cleopatra as she's call'd in Rome :  
 Rail thou in Fulvia's phrase : and taunt my faults  
 With such full licence, as both truth and malice  
 Have power to utter. O, then we bring forth weeds,  
 When our quick minds<sup>11</sup> lie still : and our ills told us,  
 Is as our earring. Fare thee well a while.

*Mess.* At your poble pleasure. [*Exit.*

*Ant.* From Sicyon how the news ? Speak there.

*1 Att.* The man from Sicyon.—Is there such a one ?

*2 Att.* He stays upon your will.

*Ant.* Let him appear,—  
 These strong Egyptian fetters I must break,

*Enter another Messenger.*

Or lose myself in dotage.—What are you ?

*2 Mess.* Fulvia thy wife is dead.

*Ant.* Where died she ?

*2 Mess.* In Sicyon :

Her length of sickness, with what else more serious  
 Importeth thee to know, this bears. [*Gives a letter.*

*Ant.* Forbear me.—

[*Exit Messenger.*

There's a great spirit gone : Thus did I desire it :  
 What our contempts do often hurl from us,  
 We wish it ours again ; the present pleasure,  
 By revolution lowering, does become  
 The opposite of itself<sup>12</sup> : she's good, being gone ;

<sup>11</sup> The old copy reads, 'quick winds;' an error which has occurred elsewhere. Warburton made the correction. 'Our quick minds' means our *lively apprehensive* minds ; which, when they lie idle, bring forth vices instead of virtues, weeds instead of flowers and fruits ; to tell us of our faults is, as it were, the first culture of the mind, and is the way to kill these weeds.

<sup>12</sup> 'The pleasure of to-day, by revolution of events and change of circumstances, often loses all its value to us, and becomes to-morrow a pain.'

The hand could<sup>13</sup> pluck her back, that shov'd her on.  
I must from this enchanting queen break off;  
Ten thousand harms, more than the ills I know,  
My idleness doth hatch.—How now! Enobarbus!

*Enter ENOBARBUS.*

*Eno.* What's your pleasure, sir?

*Ant.* I must with haste from hence.

*Eno.* Why, then, we kill all our women: We see how mortal an unkindness is to them: if they suffer our departure, death's the word.

*Ant.* I must be gone.

*Eno.* Under a compelling occasion, let women die: It were pity to cast them away for nothing; though, between them and a great cause, they should be esteemed nothing. Cleopatra, catching but the least noise of this, dies instantly; I have seen her die twenty times upon far poorer moment<sup>14</sup>: I do think there is mettle in death, which commits some loving act upon her, she hath such a celerity in dying.

*Ant.* She is cunning past man's thought.

*Eno.* Alack, sir, no; her passions are made of nothing but the finest part of pure love: We cannot call her winds and waters, sighs and tears; they are greater storms and tempests than almanacks can report: this cannot be cunning in her; if it be, she makes a shower of rain as well as Jove.

*Ant.* 'Would, I had never seen her!

*Eno.* O, sir, you had then left unseen a wonderful piece of work: which not to have been blessed withal, would have discredited your travel.

<sup>13</sup> *Could* is here used with an optative meaning. *Could*, *would*, and *should* are often used by our old writers, in what appears to us an indiscriminate manner, and yet appear to have been so employed rather by choice than chance.

<sup>14</sup> i. e. for less reason, upon a weaker motive.

*Ant.* Fulvia is dead.

*Eno.* Sir?

*Ant.* Fulvia is dead.

*Eno.* Fulvia?

*Ant.* Dead.

*Eno.* Why, sir, give the gods a thankful sacrifice. When it pleaseth their deities to take the wife of a man from him, it shows to man the tailors of the earth; comforting therein, that when old robes are worn out, there are members to make new<sup>15</sup>. If there were no more women but Fulvia, then had you indeed a cut, and the case to be lamented; this grief is crowned with consolation; your old smock brings forth a new petticoat:—and, indeed, the tears live in an onion, that should water this sorrow.

*Ant.* The business she hath broached in the state, Cannot endure my absence.

*Eno.* And the business you have broached here cannot be without you; especially that of Cleopatra's, which wholly depends on your abode.

*Ant.* No more light answers. Let our officers Have notice what we purpose. I shall break The cause of our expedience<sup>16</sup> to the queen, And get her love<sup>17</sup> to part. For not alone The death of Fulvia, with more urgent touches, Do strongly speak to us; but the letters too Of many our contriving friends in Rome Petition us at home: Sextus Pompeius Hath given the dare to Cæsar, and commands The empire of the sea: our slippery people

<sup>15</sup> 'As the gods have been pleased to take away your wife Fulvia, so they have provided you with a new one in Cleopatra; in like manner as the tailors of the earth, when your old garments are worn out, accommodate you with new ones.'

<sup>16</sup> Expedition.

<sup>17</sup> I think with Mason that we should read *leave* instead of *love*.

(Whose love is never link'd to the deserver,  
Till his deserts are past), begin to throw  
Pompey the Great, and all his dignities,  
Upon his son: who, high in name and power,  
Higher than both in blood and life, stands up  
For the main soldier: whose quality, going on,  
The sides o' the world may danger: Much is breeding,  
Which, like the courser's<sup>18</sup> hair, hath yet but life,  
And not a serpent's poison. Say, our pleasure,  
To such whose place is under us, requires  
Our quick remove from hence<sup>19</sup>.

*Eno.* I shall do't.

[*Exeunt.*

### SCENE III.

*Enter* CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and  
ALEXAS.

*Cleo.* Where is he?

*Char.* I did not see him since.

*Cleo.* See where he is, who's with him, what he  
does:—

I did not send you<sup>1</sup>;—If you find him sad,  
Say, I am dancing: if in mirth, report  
That I am sudden sick: Quick, and return.

[*Exit* ALEX.

*Char.* Madam, methinks, if you did love him  
dearly,

<sup>18</sup> This alludes to the ancient vulgar error, that a horse-hair dropped into corrupted water would become animated. Dr. Lister, in the Philosophical Transactions, showed that these animated horse-hairs were real insects, and displayed the fallacy of the popular opinion. It was asserted that these insects moved like serpents, and were poisonous to swallow.

<sup>19</sup> 'Say to those whose place is under us (i. e. to our attendants), that our pleasure requires us to remove in haste from hence.'

<sup>1</sup> 'You must go as if you came without my order or knowledge.' So in *Troilus and Cressida*:—

'We met by chance; you did not find me here.'

You do not hold the method to enforce  
The like from him.

*Cleo.* What should I do, I do not?

*Char.* In each thing give him way, cross him in  
nothing.

*Cleo.* Thou teachest like a fool: the way to lose him.

*Char.* Tempt him not so too far: I wish, forbear;  
In time we hate that which we often fear.

*Enter* ANTONY.

But here comes Antony.

*Cleo.* I am sick, and sullen.

*Ant.* I am sorry to give breathing to my purpose,—

*Cleo.* Help me away, dear Charmian, I shall fall;  
It cannot be thus long, the sides of nature  
Will not sustain it<sup>2</sup>.

*Ant.* Now, my dearest queen,—

*Cleo.* Pray you, stand further from me.

*Ant.* What's the matter?

*Cleo.* I know, by that same eye, there's some  
good news.

What says the married woman?—You may go;  
'Would, she had never given you leave to come!  
Let her not say, 'tis I that keep you here,  
I have no power upon you; hers you are.

*Ant.* The gods best know,—

*Cleo.* O, never was there queen  
So mightily betray'd! Yet, at the first,  
I saw the treasons planted.

*Ant.* Cleopatra,—

*Cleo.* Why should I think, you can be mine, and  
true,  
Though you in swearing shake the throned gods,

<sup>2</sup> Thus in *Twelfth Night*:—

'There is no woman's sides  
Can bide the beating of so strong a passion.'



Who have been false to Fulvia? Riotous madness,  
To be entangled with those mouth-made vows,  
Which break themselves in swearing!

*Ant.* Most sweet queen,—

*Cleo.* Nay, pray you, seek no colour for your  
going,

But bid farewell, and go: when you sued staying,  
Then was the time for words: No going then;—

Eternity was in our lips and eyes;

Bliss in our brows' bent<sup>3</sup>; none our parts so poor,

But was a race<sup>4</sup> of heaven: They are so still,

Or thou, the greatest soldier of the world,

Art turn'd the greatest liar.

*Ant.* How now, lady!

*Cleo.* I would, I had thy inches; thou should'st  
' know,

There were a heart in Egypt.

*Ant.* Hear me, queen;

The strong necessity of time commands

Our services a while; but my full heart

Remains in use<sup>5</sup> with you. Our Italy

Shines o'er with civil swords: Sextus Pompeius

Makes his approaches to the port<sup>6</sup> of Rome:

Equality of two domestick powers

Breeds scrupulous faction: The hated, grown to  
strength,

Are newly grown to love: the condemn'd Pompey,

<sup>3</sup> 'Our brows' *bent*,' is the bending or inclination of our brows. The brow is that part of the face which expresses most fully the mental emotions. So in King John:—

'Why do you *bend* such solemn brows on me.'

<sup>4</sup> i. e. of heavenly mould.

'Divinæ stirpis alumnus.'

<sup>5</sup> The poet here means, 'in *pledge*,' the use of a thing is the possession of it. Thus in The Merchant of Venice:—

'I am content, so he will let me have  
The other half in use.'

<sup>6</sup> Gate.

Rich in his father's honour, creeps apace  
Into the hearts of such as have not thriv'd  
Upon the present state, whose numbers threaten;  
And quietness, grown sick of rest, would purge  
By any desperate change: My more particular,  
And that which most with you should safe<sup>7</sup> my going,  
Is Fulvia's death.

*Cleo.* Though age from folly could not give me  
freedom,  
It does from childishness:—Can Fulvia die<sup>8</sup>?

*Ant.* She's dead, my queen:  
Look here, and, at thy sovereign leisure, read  
The garboils she awak'd<sup>9</sup>; at the last, best:  
See, when, and where she died.

*Cleo.* O most false love:  
Where be the sacred vials thou should'st fill  
With sorrowful water<sup>10</sup>? I see, I see,  
In Fulvia's death, how mine receiv'd shall be.

*Ant.* Quarrel no more, but be prepar'd to know  
The purposes I bear; which are, or cease,  
As you shall give the advice: By the fire,  
That quickens Nilus' slime, I go from hence,  
Thy soldier, servant; making peace, or war,  
As thou affect'st.

*Cleo.* Cut my lace, Charmian, come;—  
But let it be.—I am quickly ill, and well:  
So Antony loves.

*Ant.* My precious queen, forbear;  
And give true evidence to his love, which stands  
An honourable trial.

<sup>7</sup> i. e. render my going not dangerous.

<sup>8</sup> Cleopatra apparently means to say, 'Though age could not exempt me from folly, at least it frees me from a childish and ready belief of every assertion. Is it possible that Fulvia is dead? I cannot believe it.'

<sup>9</sup> The commotion she occasioned.

<sup>10</sup> Alluding to the lachrymatory vials filled with tears, which the Romans placed in the tomb of a departed friend.

*Cleo.* So Fulvia told me.  
I pr'ythee, turn aside, and weep for her;  
Then bid adieu to me, and say, the tears  
Belong to Egypt<sup>11</sup>: Good now, play one scene  
Of excellent dissembling; and let it look  
Like perfect honour.

*Ant.* You'll heat my blood; no more.

*Cleo.* You can do better yet; but this is meetly.

*Ant.* Now, by my sword,—

*Cleo.* And target,—Still he mends;  
But this is not the best: Look, pr'ythee, Charmian,  
How this Herculean Roman<sup>12</sup> does become  
The carriage of his chafe.

*Ant.* I'll leave you, lady.

*Cleo.* Courteous lord, one word.  
Sir, you and I must part,—but that's not it:  
Sir, you and I have lov'd,—but there's not it;  
That you know well: Something it is I would,—  
O, my oblivion<sup>13</sup> is a very Antony,  
And I am all forgotten.

*Ant.* But that your royalty  
Holds idleness your subject, I should take you  
For idleness itself<sup>14</sup>.

*Cleo.* 'Tis sweating labour,  
To bear such idleness so near the heart  
As Cleopatra this. But, sir, forgive me;  
Since my becoming kill me, when they do not  
Eye well to you<sup>15</sup>: Your honour calls you hence;

<sup>11</sup> To me, the queen of Egypt.

<sup>12</sup> Antony traced his descent from Anton, a son of Hercules.

<sup>13</sup> *Oblivion* is used for *oblivious memory*, a memory apt to be deceitful.

<sup>14</sup> An antithesis seems intended between *royalty* and *subject*.  
'But that I know you to be a queen, and that your royalty holds idleness in subjection to you, I should suppose you, from this idle discourse, to be the very genius of idleness itself.'

<sup>15</sup> 'That which would seem to become me most, is hateful to'

Therefore be deaf to my unpitied folly,  
 And all the gods go with you! upon your sword  
 Sit laurel'd victory! and smooth success  
 Be strew'd before your feet!

*Ant.* Let us go. Come;  
 Our separation so abides, and flies,  
 That thou, residing here, go'st yet with me,  
 And I, hence fleeting, here remain with thee<sup>16</sup>.  
 Away. [Exeunt.

#### SCENE IV.

Rome. *An Apartment in Cæsar's House.*

*Enter OCTAVIUS CÆSAR, LEPIDUS, and Attendants.*

*Cæs.* You may see, Lepidus, and henceforth know,  
 It is not Cæsar's natural vice to hate  
 Our great competitor<sup>1</sup>: From Alexandria  
 This is the news; He fishes, drinks, and wastes  
 The lamps of night in revel: is not more manlike  
 Than Cleopatra; nor the queen of Ptolemy

me when it is not acceptable in your sight.' There is perhaps  
 an allusion to what Antony said in the first scene:—

' ——— wrangling queen,  
 Whom every thing becomes.'

<sup>16</sup> This conceit may have been suggested by the following  
 passage in Sidney's *Arcadia*, b. i.:—

' She went, they staid; or rightly for to say  
 She staid with them, they went in thought with her.'

Thus also in the *Mercator* of Plautus:—' Si domi sum, foris est  
 animus; sin foris sum, animus domi est.'

<sup>1</sup> The old copy reads, 'One great competitor.' Dr. Johnson  
 proposed the emendation. So Menas says:—

' These three world-sharers, these competitors  
 Are in thy vessel.'

And Cæsar, speaking of Antony in another place, says:—

' That thou my brother, my competitor  
 In top of all design, my mate in empire.'

More womanly than he: hardly gave audience, or  
Vouchsaf'd to think he had partners: You shall  
find there

A man, who is the abstract of all faults  
That all men follow.

*Lep.* I must not think, there are  
Evils enough to darken all his goodness:  
His faults, in him, seem as the spots of heaven,  
More fiery by night's blackness<sup>2</sup>; hereditary,  
Rather than purchas'd<sup>3</sup>; what he cannot change,  
Than what he chooses.

*Cæs.* You are too indulgent: Let us grant it is not  
Amisss to tumble on the bed of Ptolemy;  
To give a kingdom for a mirth; to sit  
And keep the turn of tippling with a slave;  
To reel the streets at noon, and stand the buffet  
With knaves that smell of sweat: say, this becomes  
him,

(As his composure must be rare indeed,  
Whom these things cannot blemish), yet must Antony  
No way excuse his soils, when we do bear  
So great weight in his lightness<sup>4</sup>. If he fill'd  
His vacancy with his voluptuousness,  
Full surfeits, and the dryness of his bones,  
Call on him<sup>5</sup> for't: but to confound such time,  
That drums him from his sport, and speaks as loud  
As his own state, and ours,—'tis to be chid

<sup>2</sup> 'As the stars or spots of heaven appear more bright and prominent from the darkness of the night, so the faults of Antony seem enlarged and aggravated by his goodness, which gives relief to his faults, and makes them show out more prominent and conspicuous.'

<sup>3</sup> i. e. procured by his own fault.

<sup>4</sup> 'His trifling *levity* throws so much burden upon us.'

<sup>5</sup> i. e. 'visit him for't.' 'If Antony followed his debaucheries at times of leisure only, I should leave him to be punished (says Cæsar) by their natural consequences, by surfeits and dry bones; but to *consume* such time,' &c.

As we rate boys; who, being mature in knowledge,  
 Pawn their experience to their present pleasure,  
 And so rebel to judgment.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Lep.* Here's more news,

*Mess.* Thy biddings have been done: and every  
 hour,

Most noble Cæsar, shalt thou have report  
 How 'tis abroad. Pompey is strong at sea;  
 And it appears, he is belov'd of those  
 That only have fear'd Cæsar<sup>6</sup>: to the ports  
 The discontents<sup>7</sup> repair, and men's reports  
 Give him much wrong'd.

*Cæs.* I should have known no less:—  
 It hath been taught us from the primal state,  
 That he, which is, was wish'd until he were;  
 And the ebb'd man ne'er lov'd, till ne'er worth love,  
 Comes dear'd, by being lack'd<sup>8</sup>. This common body,  
 Like a vagabond flag upon the stream,  
 Goes to, and back, lackeying the varying tide<sup>9</sup>,  
 To rot itself with motion.

*Mess.* Cæsar, I bring thee word,

<sup>6</sup> 'Those whom not *love* but *fear* made adherents to Cæsar, now show their affection for Pompey.'

<sup>7</sup> That is, the *malecontents*. So in King Henry VI. Part I. Act v. Sc. 1:—

'—— that may please the eye

Of fickle changelings and poor *discontents*.'

<sup>8</sup> The old copy reads, 'Comes *fear'd* by being lack'd.' Warburton made the correction, which was necessary to the sense. Coriolanus says:—

'I shall be *lov'd* when I am *lack'd*.'

We should perhaps read in the preceding line:—

'—— ne'er lov'd till *not* worth love.'

<sup>9</sup> The folio reads, '*lashing* the varying tide.' The emendation, which is well supported by Steevens, was made by Theobald. Perhaps *another Messenger* should be noted as entering here with fresh news.

Menecrates and Menas, famous pirates,  
Make the sea serve them; which they ear<sup>10</sup> and  
wound

With keels of every kind: Many hot inroads  
They make in Italy: the borders maritime  
Lack blood<sup>11</sup> to think on't, and flush<sup>12</sup> youth revolt;  
No vessel can peep forth, but 'tis as soon  
Taken as seen; for Pompey's name strikes more,  
Than could his war resisted.

*Cæs.*

*Antony,*

Leave thy lascivious wassals<sup>13</sup>. When thou once  
Wast beaten from Modena, where thou slew'st  
Hirtius and Pansa, consuls, at thy heel  
Did famine follow; whom thou fought'st against,  
Though daintily brought up, with patience more  
Than savages could suffer: Thou didst drink  
The stale of horses, and the gilded puddle<sup>14</sup>  
Which beasts would cough at: thy palate then did  
deign

The roughest berry on the rudest hedge;  
Yea, like a stag, when snow the pasture sheets,  
The barks of trees thou browsed'st; on the Alps  
It is reported, thou didst eat strange flesh,  
Which some did die to look on: And all this  
(It wounds thine honour, that I speak it now),  
Was borne so like a soldier, that thy cheek  
So much as lank'd not.

*Lep.*

'Tis pity of him.

*Cæs.* Let his shames quickly

Drive him to Rome: 'Tis time we twain

<sup>10</sup> Plough.

<sup>11</sup> i. e. turn pale.

<sup>12</sup> *Flush* youth is youth ripened to manhood; *youth* whose blood is at the flow.

<sup>13</sup> *Wassals*, or *wassails*, is here put for intemperance in general. See vol. iv. p. 237, note 11.

<sup>14</sup> All these circumstances of Antony's distress are literally taken from Plutarch.

Did show ourselves i' the field; and, to that end,  
 Assemble we immediate council: Pompey  
 Thrives in our idleness.

*Lep.* To-morrow, Cæsar,  
 I shall be furnish'd to inform you rightly  
 Both what by sea and land I can be able,  
 To 'front this present time.

*Cæs.* Till which encounter,  
 It is my business too. Farewell.

*Lep.* Farewell, my lord: What you shall know  
 mean time  
 Of stirs abroad, I shall beseech you, sir,  
 To let me be partaker.

*Cæs.* Doubt not, sir;  
 I knew it for my bond <sup>15</sup>. [ *Exeunt.*

## SCENE V.

Alexandria. *A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and  
 MARDIAN.*

*Cleo.* Charmian,—

*Char.* Madam.

*Cleo.* Ha, ha!

Give me to drink mandragora <sup>1</sup>.

*Char.* Why, madam?

*Cleo.* That I might sleep out this great gap of time,  
 My Antony is away.

*Char.* You think of him  
 Too much.

*Cleo.* O, 'tis treason!

<sup>15</sup> That is, to be my bounden duty.

<sup>1</sup> A plant, of which the infusion was supposed to procure sleep. Thus in Adlington's translation of *The Golden Ass* of Apuleius.—'I gave him no poyson but a doling drink of *mandragoras*, which is of such force, that it will cause any man to sleepe as though he were dead.' See Pliny's *Natural History* by Holland, 1601; and Plutarch's *Morals*, 1602, p. 19.



*Char.* Madam, I trust, not so.

*Cleo.* Thou, eunuch! Mardian!

*Mar.* What's your highness' pleasure?

*Cleo.* Not now to hear thee sing; I take no pleasure  
In aught an eunuch has: 'Tis well for thee,  
That, being unseminar'd, thy freer thoughts  
May not fly forth of Egypt. Hast thou affections?

*Mar.* Yes, gracious madam.

*Cleo.* Indeed?

*Mar.* Not in deed, madam; for I can do nothing  
But what indeed is honest to be done:  
Yet have I fierce affections, and think,  
What Venus did with Mars.

*Cleo.* O Charmian,  
Where think'st thou he is now? Stands he, or sits he?  
Or does he walk? or is he on his horse?  
O happy horse, to bear the weight of Antony!  
Do bravely, horse! for wot'st thou whom thou mov'st?  
The demi-Atlas of this earth, the arm  
And burgonet<sup>2</sup> of men.—He's speaking now,  
Or murmuring, *Where's my serpent of old Nile?*  
For so he calls me: Now I feed myself  
With most delicious poison<sup>3</sup>:—Think on me,  
That am with Phœbus' amorous pinches black,  
And wrinkled deep in time? Broad-fronted Cæsar<sup>4</sup>,  
When thou wast here above the ground, I was  
A morsel for a monarch: and great Pompey  
Would stand; and make his eyes grow in my brow;  
There would he anchor his aspect, and die  
With looking on his life.

*Enter ALEXAS.*

*Alex.* Sovereign of Egypt, hail!

*Cleo.* How much unlike art thou Mark Antony!

<sup>2</sup> A burgonet is a helmet, a head piece.

<sup>3</sup> Hence perhaps Pope's *Eloisa*:—

‘Still drink *delicious poison* from thine eye.’

<sup>4</sup> ‘Broad-fronted,’ in allusion to Cæsar's baldness.

Yet, coming from him, that great medicine hath  
With his tinct gilded thee<sup>5</sup>.—

How goes it with my brave Mark Antony?

*Alex.* Last thing he did, dear queen,  
He kiss'd,—the last of many doubled kisses,  
This orient pearl:—His speech sticks in my heart.

*Cleo.* Mine ear must pluck it thence.

*Alex.* Good friend, quoth he,  
Say, *The firm Roman to great Egypt sends  
This treasure of an oyster; at whose foot  
To mend the petty present, I will piece  
Her opulent throne with kingdoms; All the east,  
Say thou, shall call her mistress.* So he nodded,  
And soberly did mount an arrogant<sup>6</sup> steed,

<sup>5</sup> Alluding to the philosopher's stone, which, by its touch, converts base metal into gold. The alchemists call the matter, whatever it be, by which they perform transmutation a *medicine*. Thus Chapman in his *Shadow of Night*, 1594:—

‘O then, thou *great elixir* of all treasures.’

And on this passage he has the following note:—‘The philosopher's stone, or *philosophica medicina*, is called the *great elixir*.’

<sup>6</sup> The old copy reads ‘an *arm-gaunt* steed,’ upon which conjecture has been vainly employed. Steevens adopted Monck Mason's suggestion of ‘a *termagant* steed,’ with high commendation. A striking objection to that reading, which escaped Mr. Steevens in adopting it, is that *an* could never stand before *termagant*. The epithet now admitted into the text is the happy suggestion of Mr. Boaden, and is to be preferred both on account of its more striking propriety, and because it admits of the original article *an* retaining its place before it. That it is an epithet fitly applied to the steed of Antony, may be shown by high poetical authority. In the *Auraco Domado* of Lope de Vega, the reader will find the following passage:—

‘Y el caballo arrogante, en que subido

El hombre parecia

Monstruosa fiera que síes pies tenia.’

*Termagant*, it should be observed, is *furious*; *arrogant*, which answers to the Latin *ferox*, is only *fierce*, *proud*. Our great poet ‘of imagination all compact,’ is the greatest master of poetic diction the world has yet produced; he could not have any knowledge of the Spanish poet, but has anticipated him in the use of this expressive epithet. The word *arrogant*, as written in old MSS. might easily be mistaken for *arm-gaunt*.

Who neigh'd so high, that what I would have spoke  
Was beastly dumb<sup>7</sup> by him.

*Cleo.* What, was he sad, or merry?

*Alex.* Like to the time o'the year, between the extremes

Of hot and cold; he was nor sad, nor merry.

*Cleo.* O well-divided disposition!—Note him,  
Note him, good Charmian, 'tis the man; but note him;

He was not sad; for he would shine on those  
That make their looks by his: he was not merry;  
Which seem'd to tell them, his remembrance lay  
In Egypt with his joy: but between both;  
O heavenly mingle!—Be'st thou sad, or merry,  
The violence of either thee becomes;  
So does it no man else.—Met'st thou my posts?

*Alex.* Ay, madam, twenty several messengers:  
Why do you send so thick<sup>8</sup>?

*Cleo.* Who's born that day  
When I forget to send to Antony,  
Shall die a beggar.—Ink and paper, Charmian.—  
Welcome, my good Alexas.—Did I, Charmian,  
Ever love Cæsar so?

*Char.* O that brave Cæsar!

*Cleo.* Be chok'd with such another emphasis!  
Say, the brave Antony.

*Char.* The valiant Cæsar!

*Cleo.* By Isis, I will give thee bloody teeth,  
If thou with Cæsar paragon again  
My man of men.

<sup>7</sup> Thus the old copy; which was altered by Theobald to *dumb'd* without necessity. The *arrogant* steed, says Alexas, would let no sound be heard but his own, he neighed so loud that what I would have spoke was beastly *obstructed* by him. *Dumbe* is the past tense of the A. S. verb *ðemman*. It was formerly written *domme*, and *dumme*, without the *b*.

<sup>8</sup> i. e. in such *quick* succession. See vol. iv. p. 221, note 17.

*Char.* By your most gracious pardon,  
I sing but after you.

*Cleo.* My sallad days :  
When I was green in judgment :—Cold in blood,  
To say, as I said then !—But, come, away :  
Get me ink and paper : he shall have every day  
A several greeting, or I'll unpeople Egypt.  
[*Exeunt.*]

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## ACT II.

SCENE I. Messina. *A Room in Pompey's House.*

*Enter POMPEY, MENECRATES, and MENAS.*

*Pom.* If the great gods be just, they shall assist  
The deeds of justest men.

*Mene.* Know, worthy Pompey,  
That what they do delay, they not deny.

*Pom.* Whiles we are suitors to their throne, decays  
The thing we sue for<sup>1</sup>.

*Mene.* We, ignorant of ourselves,  
Beg often our own harms, which the wise powers  
Deny us for our good ; so find we profit,  
By losing of our prayers.

*Pom.* I shall do well :  
The people love me, and the sea is mine ;  
My power's a crescent<sup>2</sup>, and my auguring hope  
Says, it will come to the full. Mark Antony  
In Egypt sits at dinner, and will make  
No wars without doors : Cæsar gets money, where  
He loses hearts : Lepidus flatters both,

<sup>1</sup> ' While we are praying, the thing for which we pray is losing its value.'

<sup>2</sup> Old copy, ' My powers are crescent,' &c. The judicious emendation was made by Theobald.

Of both is flatter'd; but he neither loves,  
Nor either cares for him.

*Men.* Cæsar and Lepidus  
Are in the field; a mighty strength they carry.

*Pom.* Where have you this? 'tis false.

*Men.* From Silvius, sir.

*Pom.* He dreams; I know, they are in Rome together,  
Looking for Antony: But all the charms of love  
Salt Cleopatra, soften thy wan'd<sup>3</sup> lip!  
Let witchcraft join with beauty, lust with both!  
Tie up the libertine in a field of feasts,  
Keep his brain fuming: Epicúrean cooks,  
Sharpen with cloyless sauce his appetite;  
That sleep and feeding may prorogue his honour,  
Even till<sup>4</sup> a Lethe'd dulness.—How now, Varrius?

*Enter VARRIUS.*

*Var.* This is most certain that I shall deliver:  
Mark Antony is every hour in Rome  
Expected; since he went from Egypt, 'tis  
A space for further travel<sup>5</sup>.

*Pom.* I could have given less matter  
A better ear.—Menas, I did not think,  
This amorous surfeiter would have don'd his helm  
For such a petty war: his soldiership  
Is twice the other twain: But let us rear

<sup>3</sup> i. e. thy *wanned* or *pallid* lip. It should be remarked that the lips of Africans and Asiatics are *paler* than those of Europeans.

<sup>4</sup> i. e. delay his sense of honour from exerting itself till he is become habitually sluggish: *till* was anciently used for *to*. So in *Candlemas Day*, 1512, p. 13:—

'This lurdeyn take heed what I sey the *tyll*.'  
And in George Cavendish's *Metrical Visions*, p. 19:—

'I espied certeyn persons coming me *tyll*.'

<sup>5</sup> i. e. since he quitted Egypt a space of time has elapsed in which a longer journey might have been performed than from Egypt to Rome.

The higher our opinion, that our stirring  
Can from the lap of Egypt's widow<sup>6</sup> pluck  
The ne'er lust-wearied Antony.

*Men.* I cannot hope<sup>7</sup>,  
Cæsar and Antony shall well greet together:  
His wife, that's dead, did trespasses to Cæsar;  
His brother warr'd upon him; although, I think,  
Not mov'd by Antony.

*Pom.* I know not, Menas,  
How lesser enmities may give way to greater.  
Were't not that we stand up against them all,  
'Twere pregnant they should square<sup>8</sup> between them-  
selves;  
For they have entertained cause enough  
To draw their swords: but how the fear of us  
May cement their divisions, and bind up  
The petty difference, we yet not know.  
Be it as our gods will have it! It only stands  
Our lives upon<sup>9</sup>, to use our strongest hands.  
Come, Menas. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.

Rome. *A Room in the House of Lepidus.*

*Enter ENOBARBUS and LEPIDUS.*

*Lep.* Good Enobarbus, 'tis a worthy deed,  
And shall become you well, to entreat your captain  
To soft and gentle speech.

*Eno.* I shall entreat him  
To answer like himself: if Cæsar move him,

<sup>6</sup> Julius Cæsar had married Cleopatra to young Ptolemy, who was afterwards drowned.

<sup>7</sup> i. e. I cannot expect. So Chaucer in *The Reve's Tale*, v. 4027:—

‘Our manciple I hope he wol be ded.’

<sup>8</sup> i. e. quarrel. See vol. ii. p. 236, note 8.

<sup>9</sup> i. e. it is incumbent upon us for the preservation of our lives. See vol. v. p. 56, note 10.

Let Antony look over Cæsar's head,  
And speak as loud as Mars. By Jupiter,  
Were I the wearer of Antonius' beard,  
I would not shave't to day<sup>1</sup>.

*Lep.* 'Tis not a time  
For private stomaching.

*Eno.* Every time  
Serves for the matter that is then born in it.

*Lep.* But small to greater matters must give way.

*Eno.* Not if the small come first.

*Lep.* Your speech is passion:  
But, pray you, stir no embers up. Here comes  
The noble Antony.

*Enter ANTONY and VENTIDIUS.*

*Eno.* And yonder, Cæsar.

*Enter CÆSAR, MECÆNAS, and AGRIPPA.*

*Ant.* If we compose<sup>2</sup> well here, to Parthia:  
Hark you, Ventidius.

*Cæs.* I do not know,  
Mecænas; ask Agrippa.

*Lep.* Noble friends,  
That which combin'd us was most great, and let not  
A leaner action rend us. What's amiss,  
May it be gently heard: When we debate  
Our trivial difference loud, we do commit  
Murder in healing wounds: Then, noble partners  
(The rather, for I earnestly beseech),

<sup>1</sup> i. e. I would meet him undressed, without any show of respect. Plutarch mentions that Antony, 'after the overthrow he had at Modena, suffered his beard to grow at length, and never clipt it, that it was marvellous long.' Perhaps this circumstance was in Shakspeare's thoughts.

<sup>2</sup> That is, if we come to a lucky composition, or agreement. So afterwards:—

'I crave our composition may be written.'

Touch you the sourest points with sweetest terms,  
Nor curstness<sup>3</sup> grow to the matter.

*Ant.* 'Tis spoken well:  
Were we before our armies, and to fight,  
I should do thus.

*Cæs.* Welcome to Rome.

*Ant.* Thank you.

*Cæs.* Sit.

*Ant.* Sit, sir<sup>4</sup>!

*Cæs.* Nay,

Then—

*Ant.* I learn, you take things ill, which are not so;  
Or, being, concern you not.

*Cæs.* I must be laugh'd at,  
If, or for nothing, or a little, I  
Should say myself offended; and with you  
Chiefly i'the world: more laugh'd at, that I should  
Once name you derogately, when to sound your name  
It not concern'd me.

*Ant.* My being in Egypt, Cæsar,  
What was't to you?

*Cæs.* No more than my residing here at Rome  
Might be to you in Egypt: Yet, if you there  
Did practise<sup>5</sup> on my state, your being in Egypt  
Might be my question<sup>6</sup>.

*Ant.* How intend you, practis'd?

*Cæs.* You may be pleas'd to catch at mine intent,  
By what did here befall me. Your wife, and brother,

<sup>3</sup> 'Let not *ill humour* be added to the real *subject* of our difference.'

<sup>4</sup> The note of admiration here was added by Steevens, who thinks that Antony is meant to resent the invitation Cæsar gives him to be seated, as indicating a consciousness of superiority in his too successful partner in power.

<sup>5</sup> To *practise* is to use unwarrantable arts or stratagems. The word is frequently applied to traitorous designs against those in power, by old writers. See vol. ii. p. 96, note 11.

<sup>6</sup> Theme or subject of conversation.



Made wars upon me: and their contestation  
Was theme for you<sup>7</sup>, you were the word of war.

*Ant.* You do mistake your business; my brother  
never

Did urge me in his act<sup>8</sup>: I did inquire it;  
'And have my learning from some true reports<sup>9</sup>,  
That drew their swords with you. Did he not rather  
Discredit my authority with yours;  
And make the wars alike against my stomach,  
Having alike your cause? Of this, my letters  
Before did satisfy you. If you'll patch a quarrel,  
As matter whole you have not to make it with,  
It must not be with this.

*Cæs.* You praise yourself  
By laying defects of judgment to me; but  
You patch'd up your excuses.

*Ant.* Not so, not so;  
I know you could not lack, I am certain on't,  
Very necessity of this thought, that I,  
Your partner in the cause 'gainst which he fought,  
Could not with graceful eyes<sup>10</sup> attend those wars  
Which 'fronted mine own peace. As for my wife,  
I would you had her spirit in such another:  
The third o'the world is yours; which with a snaffle  
You may pace easy, but not such a wife.

<sup>7</sup> This passage has been misunderstood, erroneously explained, and considered corrupt. Its meaning evidently is, 'You were the theme or subject for which your wife and brother made their contestation; you were the word of war.' Mason supposed some words had been transposed, and that the passage ought to stand thus:—

'\_\_\_\_\_ and for contestation

'Their theme was you; you were the word of war.'

<sup>8</sup> i. e. never did make use of my name as a pretence for the war.

<sup>9</sup> Reporters.

<sup>10</sup> i. e. could not look graciously upon them, could not approve them. 'Fronted is affronted, opposed.

*Eno.* 'Would we had all such wives, that the men might go to wars with the women !

*Ant.* So much uncurable, her garboils, Cæsar, Made out of her impatiencè (which not wanted Shrewdness of policy too), I grieving grant, Did you too much disquiet : for that, you must But say, I could not help it.

*Cæs.* I wrote to you, When rioting in Alexandria ; you Did pocket up my letters, and with taunts Did gibe my missive<sup>11</sup> out of audience.

*Ant.* Sir, He fell upon me, ere admitted ; then Three kings I had newly feasted, and did want Of what I was i'the morning : but, next day, I told him of myself<sup>12</sup> : which was as much, As to have ask'd him pardon : Let this fellow Be nothing of our strife ; if we contend, Out of our question wipe him.

*Cæs.* You have broken The article of your oath ; which you shall never Have tongue to charge me with.

*Lep.* Soft, Cæsar.

*Ant.* No, Lepidus, let him speak ; The honour's sacred which he talks on now, Supposing that I lack'd it<sup>13</sup> : But on, Cæsar : The article of my oath,—

*Cæs.* To lend me arms, and aid, when I requir'd them ;  
The which you both denied.

<sup>11</sup> Messenger.

<sup>12</sup> ' I told him the condition I was in when he had his last audience.'

<sup>13</sup> 'The theme of honour which he now speaks of, namely, the religion of an oath, for which he supposes me not to have a due regard, is sacred ; it is a tender point, and touches my character nearly. Let him therefore urge his charge, that I may vindicate myself.'

*Ant.* Neglected, rather;  
 And then, when poison'd hours had bound me up  
 From mine own knowledge. As nearly as I may,  
 I'll play the penitent to you: but mine honesty  
 Shall not make poor my greatness, nor my power  
 Work without it<sup>14</sup>: Truth is, that Fulvia,  
 To have me out of Egypt, made wars here;  
 For which myself, the ignorant motive, do  
 So far ask pardon, as befits mine honour  
 To stoop in such a case.

*Lep.* 'Tis nobly spoken.

*Mec.* If it might please you, to enforce no further  
 The griefs<sup>15</sup> between ye: to forget them quite,  
 Were to remember that the present need  
 Speaks to atone<sup>16</sup> you.

*Lep.* Worthily spoken, Mecænas.

*Eno.* Or, if you borrow one another's love for the  
 instant, you may, when you hear no more words of  
 Pompey, return it again: you shall have time to  
 wrangle in, when you have nothing else to do.

*Ant.* Thou art a soldier only; speak no more.

*Eno.* That truth should be silent, I had almost  
 forgot.

*Ant.* You wrong this presence, therefore speak no  
 more.

*Eno.* Go to then; your considerate stone<sup>17</sup>.

*Cæs.* I do not much dislike the matter, but  
 The manner of his speech: for it cannot be,

<sup>14</sup> 'Nor my greatness work without mine honesty.'

<sup>15</sup> Grievances.

<sup>16</sup> i. e. reconcile you. See vol. iii. p. 211, note 15.

<sup>17</sup> 'Go to then, henceforward I will be as mute as a marble  
 statue, which seems to think, though it can say nothing.'

' ————— *statua taciturnior exit*

*Plurimumque et risum populi quatit.*

*Horace. Ep. II.*

*As mute as a stone, and As silent as a stone, are common expressions.*

We shall remain in friendship, our conditions  
So differing in their acts. Yet, if I knew  
What hoop should hold us stanch, from edge to edge  
O'the world I would pursue it<sup>18</sup>.

*Agr.* Give me leave, Cæsar,—

*Cæs.* Speak, Agrippa.

*Agr.* Thou hast a sister by the mother's side,  
Admir'd Octavia: great Mark Antony  
Is now a widower.

*Cæs.* Say not so, Agrippa;  
If Cleopatra heard you, your reproof  
Were well deserv'd of rashness<sup>19</sup>.

*Ant.* I am not married, Cæsar: let me hear  
Agrippa further speak.

*Agr.* To hold you in perpetual amity,  
To make you brothers, and to knit your hearts  
With an unslipping knot, take Antony  
Octavia to his wife: whose beauty claims  
No worse a husband than the best of men;  
Whose virtue, and whose general graces, speak  
That which none else can utter. By this marriage,  
All little jealousies, which now seem great,  
And all great fears, which now import their dangers,  
Would then be nothing: truths would be tales,  
Where now half tales be truths: her love to both,  
Would, each to other, and all loves to both,  
Draw after her. Pardon what I have spoke;  
For 'tis a studied, not a present thought,  
By duty ruminated.

*Ant.* Will Cæsar speak?

*Cæs.* Not till he hears how Antony is touch'd  
With what is spoke already.

<sup>18</sup> 'I do not (says Cæsar) think the man wrong, but too free of his interposition; for it cannot be, we shall remain in friendship: yet if it were possible, I would endeavour it.'

<sup>19</sup> That is, 'You might be reprov'd for your rashness, and would well deserve it.' The old copy reads 'proof.' Warburton made the emendation.

*Ant.* What power is in Agrippa,  
If I would say, *Agrippa, be it so,*  
To make this good?

*Cæs.* The power of Cæsar, and  
His power unto Octavia.

*Ant.* May I never  
To this good purpose, that so fairly shows,  
Dream of impediment!—Let me have thy hand:  
Further this act of grace; and, from this hour,  
The heart of brothers govern in our loves,  
And sway our great designs!

*Cæs.* There is my hand.  
A sister I bequeath you, whom no brother  
Did ever love so dearly: Let her live  
To join our kingdoms, and our hearts; and never  
Fly off our loves again!

*Lep.* Happily, amen!

*Ant.* I did not think to draw my sword 'gainst  
Pompey;  
For he hath laid strange courtesies, and great,  
Of late upon me: I must thank him only<sup>20</sup>,  
Lest my remembrance suffer ill report;  
At heel of that, defy him.

*Lep.* Time calls upon us:  
Of us must Pompey presently be sought,  
Or else he seeks out us.

*Ant.* Where lies he?

*Cæs.* About the Mount Misenum.

*Ant.* What's his strength  
By land?

*Cæs.* Great, and increasing: but by sea  
He is an absolute master.

*Ant.* So is the fame.  
'Would, we had spoke together! Haste we for it:

<sup>20</sup> 'Lest I be thought too willing to forget benefits, I must barely return him thanks, and then I will defy him.'

Yet, ere we put ourselves in arms, despatch we  
The business we have talk'd of.

*Cæs.* With most gladness;  
And do invite you to my sister's view,  
Whither straight I will lead you.

*Ant.* Let us, Lepidus,  
Not lack your company.

*Lep.* Noble Antony,  
Not sickness should detain me.

[*Flourish.* *Exeunt* CÆSAR, ANTONY, and  
LEPIDUS.]

*Mec.* Welcome from Egypt, sir.

*Eno.* Half the heart of Cæsar, worthy Mecænas!  
—my honourable friend, Agrippa!—

*Agr.* Good Enobarbus!

*Mec.* We have cause to be glad, that matters are  
so well digested. You stayed well by it in Egypt.

*Eno.* Ay, sir; we did sleep day out of counte-  
nance, and made the night light with drinking.

*Mec.* Eight wild boars roasted whole at a break-  
fast, and but twelve persons there; Is this true?

*Eno.* This was but as a fly by an eagle: we had  
much more monstrous matter of feast, which wor-  
thily deserved noting.

*Mec.* She's a most triumphant lady, if report be  
square<sup>21</sup> to her.

*Eno.* When she first met Mark Antony, she pursed  
up his heart upon the river of Cydnus<sup>22</sup>.

*Agr.* There she appeared indeed; or my reporter  
devised well for her.

<sup>21</sup> i. e. if report *quadrates*, or suits with her merits.

<sup>22</sup> Enobarbus is made to say that Cleopatra gained Antony's heart on the river Cydnus; but it appears from the conclusion of his own description, that Antony had never seen her there; that whilst she was on the river, Antony was sitting alone, enthroned in the market-place, whistling to the air, all the people having left him to gaze upon her: and that when she landed he sent to her to invite her to supper.

*Eno.* I will tell you:

The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne<sup>23</sup>,  
Burn'd on the water: the poop was beaten gold;  
Purple the sails, and so perfumed, that  
The winds were lovesick with them: the oars were  
silver;

Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made  
The water, which they beat, to follow faster,  
As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,  
It beggar'd all description: she did lie  
In her pavilion (cloth of gold, of tissue),  
O'er-picturing that Venus, where we see,  
The fancy outwork nature: on each side her,  
Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,  
With diverse-colour'd fans, whose wind did seem  
To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,  
And what they undid, did.

*Agr.*

O, rare for Antony!

*Eno.* Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides,

<sup>23</sup> The reader will be pleased to have it in his power to compare Dryden's description with that of Shakspeare:—

' Her galley down the silver Cydnus row'd,  
The tackling, silk, the streamers wav'd with gold,  
The gentle winds were lodg'd in purple sails:  
Her nymphs, like Nereids, round her couch were plac'd,  
Where she, another seaborne Venus, lay.—  
She lay, and leant her cheek upon her hand,  
And cast a look so languishingly sweet,  
As if secure of all beholders' hearts,  
Neglecting she could take 'em: Boys, like Cupids,  
Stood fanning with their painted wings the winds  
That play'd about her face: But if she smil'd,  
A darting glory seem'd to blaze abroad  
That man's desiring eyes were never wearied,  
But hung upon the object: To soft flutes  
The silver oars kept time; and while they play'd,  
The hearing gave new pleasure to the sight,  
And both to thought. 'Twas heaven, or somewhat more;  
For she so charm'd all hearts, that gazing crowds  
Stood panting on the shore, and wanted breath  
To give their welcome voice.'

So many mermaids, tended her i'the eyes<sup>24</sup>,  
 And made their bends adornings<sup>25</sup>: at the helm  
 A seeming mermaid steers; the silken tackle  
 Swell with the touches of those flower-soft hands,  
 That yarely frame<sup>26</sup> the office. From the barge  
 A strange invisible perfume hits the sense  
 Of the adjacent wharfs. The city cast  
 Her people out upon her; and Antony,  
 Enthron'd in the market-place, did sit alone,  
 Whistling to the air; which, but for vacancy,  
 Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too,  
 And made a gap in nature.

*Agr.*

Rare Egyptian!

*Eno.* Upon her landing, Antony sent to her,  
 Invited her to supper: she replied,  
 It should be better, he became her guest;  
 Which she entreated: Our courteous Antony,  
 Whom ne'er the word of *No* woman heard speak,  
 Being barber'd ten times o'er, goes to the feast;  
 And, for his ordinary, pays his heart,  
 For what his eyes eat only.

*Agr.*

Royal wench!

<sup>24</sup> i. e. waited upon her looks, discovered her will by her looks. So Spenser, *Faerie Queene*, b. i. c. iii.:—

'From her fayre eyes he tooke commandement,  
 And by her looks conceited her intent.'

<sup>25</sup> 'Made their bends adornings.' On this passage there are several pages of notes in the *variorum Shakspeare*, which, as Steevens remarks, supply a powerful instance of the uncertainty of verbal criticism; for the same phrase is there explained with reference to four different images—*bows, groups, eyes, and tails*. Until some more fortunate conjecture shall be offered, I adopt Steevens's opinion, that 'the plain sense of the passage seems to be, these ladies rendered that homage which their assumed characters obliged them to pay their queen, a circumstance ornamental to themselves. Each inclined her person so gracefully, that the very act of humiliation was an improvement of her own beauty.'

<sup>26</sup> 'Yarely frame,' i. e. readily perform.



She made great Cæsar lay his sword to bed ;  
He plough'd her, and she cropp'd.

*Eno.* I saw her once  
Hop forty paces through the publick street :  
And having lost her breath, she spoke, and panted,  
That she did make defect, perfection,  
And, breathless, power breathe forth.

*Mec.* Now Antony must leave her utterly.

*Eno.* Never ; he will not ;  
Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale  
Her infinite variety<sup>27</sup> : Other women  
Cloy th' appetites they feed ; but she makes hungry  
Where most she satisfies. For vilest things  
Become themselves in her ; that the holy priests  
Bless her, when she is riggish<sup>28</sup>.

*Mec.* If beauty, wisdom, modesty, can settle  
The heart of Antony, Octavia is  
A blessed lottery<sup>29</sup> to him.

*Agr.* Let us go.—  
Good Enobarbus, make yourself my guest,  
Whilst you abide here.

*Eno.* Humbly, sir, I thank you.  
[*Exeunt.*]

<sup>27</sup> Cleopatra, as appears from the tetradrachms of Antony, was no Venus ; and indeed the majority of ladies who most successfully enslaved the hearts of princes, are known to have been less remarkable for personal than mental attractions. The reign of insipid beauty is seldom lasting ; but permanent must be the rule of a woman who can diversify the sameness of life by an inexhausted variety of accomplishments.

<sup>28</sup> *Riggish* is *wanton, immodest*. Dryden has emulated Shakspeare in this, as well as the passage before cited ; it should be remembered, however, that Shakspeare furnished him with his most striking images.

<sup>29</sup> *Lottery*, for *allotment*,

## SCENE III.

*The same. A Room in Cæsar's House.*

*Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, OCTAVIA between them;  
Attendants, and a Soothsayer.*

*Ant.* The world, and my great office, will sometimes  
Divide me from your bosom.

*Octa.* All which time  
Before the gods my knee shall bow my prayers<sup>1</sup>  
To them for you.

*Ant.* Good night, sir.—My Octavia,  
Read not my blemishes in the world's report:  
I have not kept my square; but that to come  
Shall all be done by the rule. Good night, dear  
lady.—

*Octa.* Good night, sir.

*Cæs.* Good night.

[*Exeunt CÆSAR and OCTAVIA.*

*Ant.* Now, sirrah! you do wish yourself in Egypt?

*Sooth.* 'Would, I had never come from thence,  
nor you

Thither!

*Ant.* If you can, your reason?

*Sooth.* I see't in  
My motion, have it not in my tongue: But yet  
Hie you again to Egypt.

*Ant.* Say to me,  
Whose fortunes shall rise higher, Cæsar's, or mine?

*Sooth.* Cæsar's.

Therefore, O Antony, stay not by his side:  
Thy dæmon, that's thy spirit which keeps thee, is  
Noble, courageous, high, unmatchable,  
Where Cæsar's is not; but near him, thy angel

<sup>1</sup> The same construction is found in *Coriolanus*, Act i. Sc. 1,  
'*Shouting their emulation.*' And in *King Lear*, Act ii. Sc. 2,  
'*Smile you my speeches?*'

Becomes a Fear<sup>2</sup>, as being o'erpower'd ; therefore  
Make space enough between you.

*Ant.*

Speak this no more.

*Sooth.* To none but thee ; no more, but when to thee.  
If thou dost play with him at any game,  
Thou art sure to lose ; and, of that natural luck,  
He beats thee 'gainst the odds : thy lustre thickens<sup>3</sup>,  
When he shines by : I say again, thy spirit  
Is all afraid to govern thee near him ;  
But, he away, 'tis noble.

*Ant.*

Get thee gone :

Say to Ventidius, I would speak with him :

[*Exit Soothsayer.*

He shall to Parthia.—Be it art, or hap,  
He hath spoken true : The very dice obey him :  
And, in our sports, my better cunning faints  
Under his chance : if we draw lots, he speeds :  
His cocks do win the battle still of mine,  
When it is all to nought ; and his quails<sup>4</sup> ever  
Beat mine, inhoop'd, at odds. I will to Egypt :  
And though I make this marriage for my peace,

*Enter VENTIDIUS.*

I'the east my pleasure lies :—O, come, Ventidius,  
You must to Parthia ; your commission's ready :  
Follow me, and receive it. [*Exeunt.*

<sup>2</sup> *A Fear* was a personage in some of the old Moralities. See *Troilus and Cressida*, Act iii. Sc. 2, note 13. The whole thought is borrowed from North's translation of Plutarch.

<sup>3</sup> So in *Macbeth*, 'light *thickens*.'

<sup>4</sup> Shakspeare derived this from Plutarch. The ancients used to match quails as we match cocks. Julius Pollux relates that a circle was made in which the birds were placed, and he whose quail was first driven out of this circle lost the stake. We are told by Mr. Marsden that the Sumatrans practise these quail combats. The Chinese have always been extremely fond of quail fighting. Mr. Douce has given a print, from an elegant Chinese miniature painting, which represents some ladies engaged at this amusement, where the quails are actually inhooped. See *Illustrations of Shakspeare*, vol. ii. p. 87.

SCENE IV. *The same. A Street.*

*Enter* LEPIDUS, MECÆNAS, and AGRIPPA.

*Lep.* Trouble yourselves no further: pray you,  
hasten

Your generals after.

*Agr.* Sir, Mark Antony  
Will e'en but kiss Octavia, and we'll follow.

*Lep.* Till I shall see you in your soldier's dress,  
Which will become you both, farewell.

*Mec.* We shall,  
As I conceive the journey, be at mount<sup>1</sup>  
Before you, Lepidus.

*Lep.* Your way is shorter,  
My purposes do draw me much about;  
You'll win two days upon me.

*Mec. Agr.* Sir, good success!

*Lep.* Farewell. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. Alexandria. *A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter* CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and  
ALEXAS.

*Cleo.* Give me some musick; musick, moody<sup>2</sup> food  
Of us that trade in love.

*Attend.* The musick, ho!

*Enter* MARDIAN.

*Cleo.* Let it alone; let us to billiards<sup>3</sup>:  
Come, Charmian.

*Char.* My arm is sore, best play with Mardian.

*Cleo.* As well a woman with an eunuch play'd,  
As with a woman;—Come, you'll play with me, sir?

<sup>1</sup> Mopnt Misenum.

<sup>2</sup> Moody here means melancholy. Cotgrave explains *moody* by the French words *morne, triste*.

<sup>3</sup> It is scarcely necessary to remark that this is an anachronism. Billiards were not known to the ancients.

*Mar.* As well as I can, madam.

*Cleo.* And when good will is show'd, though it  
come too short,

The actor may plead pardon. I'll none now:—  
Give me mine angle,—We'll to the river: there,  
My musick playing far off, I will betray  
Tawny-finn'd fishes; my bended hook shall pierce  
Their slimy jaws; and, as I draw them up,  
I'll think them every one an Antony,  
And say, Ah, ha! you're caught.

*Char.* 'Twas merry, when  
You wager'd on your angling; when your diver  
Did hang a salt fish on his hook, which he  
With fervency drew up<sup>4</sup>.

*Cleo.* That time!—O times!—  
I laugh'd him out of patience; and that night  
I laugh'd him into patience: and next morn,  
Ere the ninth hour, I drunk him to his bed;  
Then put my tires and mantles on him, whilst  
I wore his sword Philippan<sup>5</sup>. O! from Italy;

*Enter a Messenger.*

Rain<sup>6</sup> thou thy fruitful tidings in mine ears,  
That long time have been barren.

<sup>4</sup> This circumstance is from Plutarch: Antony had fished unsuccessfully in Cleopatra's presence, and she laughed at him. The next time therefore he directed the boatman to dive under water, and attach a fish to his hook. The queen perceived the stratagem, but affecting not to notice it, congratulated him on his success. Another time, however, she determined to laugh at him once more, and gave orders to her own people to get the start of his divers, and put some dried *salt fish* on his hook.

<sup>5</sup> The battle of Philippi being the greatest action of Antony's life, ~~it~~ was an adroit piece of flattery to name his sword from it. It does not, however, appear to be perfectly in costume; the dignifying of weapons with names in this manner had its origin in later times. The swords of the heroes of romance have generally pompous names.

<sup>6</sup> The old copy reads '*Ram* thou,' &c. *Rain* agrees better with the epithets fruitful and barren. So in *Timon*:—

'*Rain* sacrificial whisperings in his ear.'

*Mess.* Madam, madam,—

*Cleo.* Antony's dead?—

If thou say so, villain, thou kill'st thy mistress:

But well and free,

If thou so yield him, there is gold, and here

My bluest veins to kiss; a hand, that kings

Have lipp'd, and trembled kissing.

*Mess.* First, madam, he's well.

*Cleo.* Why, there's more gold. But, sirrah, mark;

We use

To say, the dead are well: bring it to that,

The gold I give thee, will I melt, and pour

Down thy ill-uttering throat.

*Mess.* Good madam, hear me.

*Cleo.* Well, go to, I will;

But there's no goodness in thy face: If Antony

Be free, and healthful,—why so tart a favour

To trumpet such good tidings? If not well,

Thou should'st come like a fury crown'd with snakes,

Not like a formal man<sup>7</sup>.

*Mess.* Will't please you hear me?

*Cleo.* I have a mind to strike thee, ere thou speak'st:

Yet, if thou say, Antony lives, is well,

Or friends with Cæsar, or not captive to him,

I'll set thee in a shower of gold, and hail

Rich pearls upon thee<sup>8</sup>.

*Mess.* Madam, he's well.

*Cleo.* Well said.

*Mess.* And friends with Cæsar.

<sup>7</sup> i. e. not like a man in form, not in your own proper shape. Thus in *A Mad World my Masters*, by Middleton, 1608:—

'The very devil assum'd thee *formally*.'

<sup>8</sup> That is, I will give thee a kingdom, it being the eastern ceremony at the coronation of their kings to powder them with gold dust and seed pearl. So Milton:—

'—— the gorgeous east, with liberal hand,  
Showers on her kings barbaric *pearl* and *gold*.'

See the *Life of Tunur Bec, or Tamerlane*, by M. Petit de la Croix, liv. ii. c. 2.

*Cleo.* Thou'rt an honest man.

*Mess.* Cæsar and he are greater friends than ever.

*Cleo.* Make thee a fortune from me.

*Mess.* But yet, madam,—

*Cleo.* I do not like *but yet*, it does allay  
The good precedence<sup>9</sup>; fye upon *but yet*:

*But yet* is as a gaoler to bring forth  
Some monstrous malefactor. Pr'ythee, friend,  
Pour out the pack of matter to mine ear,  
The good and bad together: He's friend with Cæsar;  
In state of health, thou say'st; and, thou say'st, free.

*Mess.* Free, madam! no; I made no such report:  
He's bound unto Octavia.

*Cleo.* For what good turn?

*Mess.* For the best turn i'the bed.

*Cleo.* I am pale, Charmian.

*Mess.* Madam, he's married to Octavia.

*Cleo.* The most infectious pestilence upon thee!  
[*Strikes him down.*]

*Mess.* Good madam, patience.

*Cleo.* What say you?—Hence,  
[*Strikes him again.*]

Horrible villain! or I'll spurn thine eyes  
Like balls before me; I'll unhair thy head;  
[*She hales him up and down.*]

Thou shalt be whipp'd with wire, and stew'd in brine,  
Smarting in ling'ring pickle.

*Mess.* Gracious madam,  
I, that do bring the news, made not the match.

*Cleo.* Say, 'tis not so, a province I will give thee,  
And make thy fortunes proud: the blow thou hadst  
Shall make thy peace, for moving me to rage;  
And I will boot<sup>10</sup> thee with what gift beside  
Thy modesty can beg.

<sup>9</sup> i. e. abates the good quality of what is already reported.

<sup>10</sup> Profit thee, recompense thee.

*Mess.* He's married, madam.

*Cleo.* Rogue, thou hast liv'd too long.

[*Draws a Dagger.*

*Mess.* Nay, then I'll run:—

What mean you, madam? I have made no fault.

[*Exit.*

*Char.* Good madam, keep yourself within yourself<sup>11</sup>;

The man is innocent.

*Cleo.* Some innocents' scape not the thunderbolt.—  
Melt Egypt into Nile! and kindly creatures  
Turn all to serpents!—Call the slave again:  
Though I am mad, I will not bite him:—Call.

*Char.* He is afraid to come.

*Cleo.* I will not hurt him:—

These hands do lack nobility, that they strike  
A meaner than myself; since I myself<sup>12</sup>  
Have given myself the cause.—Come hither, sir.

*Re-enter Messenger.*

Though it be honest, it is never good  
To bring bad news: Give to a gracious message  
An host of tongues; but let ill tidings tell  
Themselves, when they be felt.

*Mess.* I have done my duty.

*Cleo.* Is he married?

I cannot hate thee worser than I do,  
If thou again say, Yes.

*Mess.* He is married, madam.

*Cleo.* The gods confound thee! dost thou hold  
there still?

*Mess.* Should I lie, madam?

<sup>11</sup> 'Contain yourself, restrain your passion within bounds,'  
So in *The Taming of the Shrew*:—

'Doubt not, my lord, we can *contain* ourselves.'

<sup>12</sup> This thought seems to be borrowed from the laws of  
chivalry, which forbade a knight to engage with his inferior.



*Cleo.* O, I would, thou didst;  
So half my Egypt were submerg'd, and made  
A cistern for scal'd snakes! Go, get thee hence;  
Hadst thou Narcissus in thy face, to me  
Thou would'st appear most ugly. He is married?

*Mess.* I crave your highness' pardon.

*Cleo.* He is married?

*Mess.* Take no offence, that I would not offend  
you:

To punish me for what you make me do,  
Seems much unequal: He is married to Octavia.

*Cleo.* O, that his fault should make a knave of thee,  
That art not!—What? thou'rt sure of—Get thee  
hence<sup>13</sup>:

The merchandise which thou hast brought from Rome,  
Are all too dear for me; Lie they upon thy hand,  
And be undone by 'em! [*Exit Messenger.*]

*Char.* Good your highness, patience.

*Cleo.* In praising Antony, I have disprais'd Cæsar.

*Char.* Many times, madam.

*Cleo.* I am paid for't now.

Lead me from hence,  
I faint; O Iras, Charmian,—'Tis no matter;—  
Go to the fellow, good Alexas; bid him  
Report the feature<sup>14</sup> of Octavia, her years,  
Her inclination, let him not leave out  
The colour of her hair:—bring me word quickly.—

[*Exit ALEXAS.*]

<sup>13</sup> The old copy thus exhibits this line:—

'That art not what thou'rt sure of. Get thee hence.'

The emendation admitted into the text is partly that of Monck Mason. Johnson has observed that the line consists of abrupt starts. Cleopatra interrupts herself with passionate exclamations, and breaks off her interrogatory by again driving out the hateful messenger of ill news. Mason would read, 'What? thou'rt sure of 't!' and Steevens adopted his reading.

<sup>14</sup> *Feature* was anciently used for the form or fashion of the whole body. See vol. i. p. 124, note 4.



Made the all-honour'd, honest Roman Brutus,  
 With the arm'd rest, courtiers of beauteous freedom,  
 To drench the Capitol; but that they would  
 Have one man but a man? And that is it,  
 Hath made me rig my navy: at whose burden  
 The anger'd ocean foams; with which I meant  
 To scourge the ingratitude that spiteful Rome  
 Cast on my noble father.

*Cæs.* Take your time.

*Ant.* Thou canst not fear<sup>3</sup> us, Pompey, with thy  
 sails,

We'll speak with thee at sea: at land, thou know'st  
 How much we do o'ercount thee.

*Pom.* At land, indeed,  
 Thou dost o'ercount me of my father's house<sup>4</sup>:  
 But, since the cuckoo builds not for himself,  
 Remain in't as thou may'st<sup>5</sup>.

*Lep.* Be pleas'd to tell us  
 (For this is from the present<sup>6</sup>), how you take  
 The offers we have sent you.

*Cæs.* There's the point.

*Ant.* Which do not be entreated to, but weigh  
 What it is worth embrac'd.

<sup>3</sup> 'Thou canst not *affright* us with thy numerous navy.' So in Measure for Measure:—

'Setting it up to *fear* the birds of prey.'

<sup>4</sup> 'At land indeed thou dost exceed me in possessions, having added to thy own my father's house.' *O'ercount* seems to be used equivocally, and Pompey perhaps is meant to insinuate that Antony not only *outnumbered*, but had *overreached* him. The circumstance of Antony's obtaining the house of Pompey's father the poet had from Plutarch.

<sup>5</sup> 'Since, like the cuckoo, that seizes the nests of other birds, you have invaded a house which you could not build, keep it while you can.'

<sup>6</sup> i. e. foreign to the object of our present discussion. Shakspeare uses the *present* as a substantive many times. See vol. i. p. 10, note 3.

*Cæs.* And what may follow,  
To try a larger fortune.

*Pom.* You have made me offer  
Of Sicily, Sardinia; and I must  
Rid all the sea of pirates; then, to send  
Measures of wheat to Rome: This 'greed upon,  
To part with unback'd edges, and bear back  
Our targe undinted.

*Cæs. Ant. Lep.* That's our offer.

*Pom.* Know then,  
I came before you here, a man prepar'd  
To take this offer: But Mark Antony  
Put me to some impatience:—Though I lose  
The praise of it by telling, You must know,  
When Cæsar and your brothers were at blows,  
Your mother came to Sicily, and did find  
Her welcome friendly.

*Ant.* I have heard it, Pompey;  
And am well studied for a liberal thanks,  
Which I do owe you.

*Pom.* Let me have your hand:  
I did not think, sir, to have met you here.

*Ant.* The beds i'the east are soft; and thanks to you,  
That call'd me, timelier than my purpose, hither;  
For I have gain'd by it.

*Cæs.* Since I saw you last,  
There is a change upon you.

*Pom.* Well, I know not  
What counts<sup>7</sup> harsh fortune casts upon my face;  
But in my bosom shall she never come,  
To make my heart her vassal.

*Lep.* Well met here.

*Pom.* I hope so, Lepidus.—Thus we are agreed:

<sup>7</sup> A metaphor from making *marks* or *lines* in casting accounts in arithmetic.

I crave, our composition may be written,  
And seal'd between us.

*Cæs.* That's the next to do.

*Pom.* We'll feast each other, ere we part; and let us  
Draw lots who shall begin.

*Ant.* That will I, Pompey.

*Pom.* No, Antony, take the lot: but, first,  
Or last, your fine Egyptian cookery  
Shall have the fame. I have heard, that Julius Cæsar  
Grew fat with feasting there.

*Ant.* You have heard much.

*Pom.* I have fair meanings, sir.

*Ant.* And fair words to them.

*Pom.* Then so much have I heard:—  
And I have heard, Apollodorus carried—

*Eno.* No more of that:—He did so.

*Pom.* What, I pray you?

*Eno.* A certain queen to Cæsar in a mattress<sup>8</sup>.

*Pom.* I know thee now;—How far'st thou, soldier?

*Eno.* Well;

And well am like to do; for, I perceive,  
Four feasts are toward.

*Pom.* Let me shake thy hand;  
I never hated thee: I have seen thee fight,  
When I have envied thy behaviour.

*Eno.* Sir,  
I never lov'd you much: but I have prais'd you,  
When you have well deserv'd ten times as much  
As I have said you did.

*Pom.* Enjoy thy plainness,  
It nothing ill becomes thee.—  
Aboard my galley I invite you all:  
Will you lead, lords?

<sup>8</sup> i. e. to Julius Cæsar. This is derived from the margin of North's Plutarch, 1579:—'Cleopatra trussed up in a mattrasse, and so brought to Cæsar upon Apollodorus' backe.'

*Cæs. Ant. Lep.* Show us the way, sir.

*Pom.*

Come.

[*Exeunt* POMPEY, CÆSAR, ANTONY, LE-  
PIDUS, Soldiers, *and* Attendants.]

*Men.* Thy father, Pompey, would ne'er have made  
this treaty.—[*Aside.*]—You and I have known<sup>9</sup>, sir.

*Eno.* At sea, I think.

*Men.* We have, sir.

*Eno.* You have done well by water.

*Men.* And you by land.

*Eno.* I will praise any man that will praise me<sup>10</sup>:  
though it cannot be denied what I have done by land.

*Men.* Nor what I have done by water.

*Eno.* Yes, something you can deny for your own  
safety: you have been a great thief by sea.

*Men.* And you by land.

*Eno.* There I deny my land service. But give  
me your hand, Menas: If our eyes had authority,  
here they might take two thieves kissing.

*Men.* All men's faces are true, whatsoe'er their  
hands are.

*Eno.* But there is never a fair woman has a true  
face.

*Men.* No slander; they steal hearts.

*Eno.* We came hither to fight with you.

*Men.* For my part, I am sorry it is turned to a  
drinking. Pompey doth this day laugh away his  
fortune.

<sup>9</sup> i. e. been acquainted. So in *Cymbeline*:—'Sir, we have  
*known together* at Orleans.'

<sup>10</sup> 'The poet's art in delivering this humorous sentiment  
(which gives so very true and natural a picture of the commerce  
of the world) can never be sufficiently admired. The confession  
could come from none but a frank and rough character, like the  
speaker's: and the moral lesson insinuated under it, that flattery  
can make its way through the most stubborn manners, deserves  
our serious reflection.'—WARBURTON.

*Eno.* If he do, sure he cannot weep it back again.

*Men.* You have said, sir. We looked not for Mark Antony here; Pray you, is he married to Cleopatra?

*Eno.* Cæsar's sister is call'd Octavia.

*Men.* True, sir; she was the wife of Caius Marcellus.

*Eno.* But she is now the wife of Marcus Antonius.

*Men.* Pray you, sir?

*Eno.* 'Tis true.

*Men.* Then is Cæsar, and he, for ever knit together.

*Eno.* If I were bound to divine of this unity, I would not prophesy so.

*Men.* I think, the policy of that purpose made more in the marriage, than the love of the parties.

*Eno.* I think so too. But you shall find, the band that seems to tie their friendship together, will be the very strangler of their amity: Octavia is of a holy, cold, and still conversation <sup>11</sup>.

*Men.* Who would not have his wife so?

*Eno.* Not he, that himself is not so; which is Mark Antony. He will to his Egyptian dish again: then shall the sighs of Octavia blow the fire up in Cæsar; and, as I said before, that which is the strength of their amity, shall prove the immediate author of their variance. Antony will use his affection where it is; he married but his occasion here.

*Men.* And thus it may be. Come, sir, will you aboard? I have a health for you.

*Eno.* I shall take it, sir: we have used our throats in Egypt.

*Men.* Come; let's away.

[*Exeunt.*

<sup>11</sup> *Conversation is behaviour, manner of acting in common life. 'He useth no vertue or honest conversation at all: Nec habet ullum cum virtute commercium.'*—Baret.

## SCENE VII.

*On Board Pompey's Galley, lying near Misenum.*

*Musick. Enter Two or Three Servants, with a Banquet*<sup>1</sup>.

1 *Serv.* Here they'll be, man: Some o' their plants<sup>2</sup> are ill rooted already, the least wind i' the world will blow them down.

2 *Serv.* Lepidus is high-coloured.

1 *Serv.* They have made him drink almsdrink<sup>3</sup>.

2 *Serv.* As they pinch one another by the disposition<sup>4</sup>, he cries out, *no more*; reconciles them to his entreaty, and himself to the drink.

1 *Serv.* But it raises the greater war between him and his discretion.

2 *Serv.* Why, this it is to have a name in great men's fellowship: I had as lief have a reed that will do me no service, as a partizan<sup>5</sup> I could not heave.

1 *Serv.* To be called into a huge sphere, and not to be seen to move in't, are the holes where eyes should be, which pitifully disaster the cheeks<sup>6</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> A *banquet* here is a refection, similar to our *dessert*. See vol. iii. p. 438, note 2.

<sup>2</sup> *Plants*, besides its common meaning, is used here for the *foot*, from the Latin. Thus in Chapman's version of the sixteenth *Iliad*:—

'Even to the low *plants* of his feete his forme was altered.' The French still use *plante du pied* for the sole of the foot.

<sup>3</sup> 'A phrase (says Warburton) among good fellows, to signify that liquor of another's share which his companions drink to ease him. But it satirically alludes to Cæsar and Antony's admitting him into the triumvirate, in order to take off from themselves the load of envy.'

<sup>4</sup> Warburton explains this phrase as equivalent to one still in use, of 'Touching one in a sore place.'

<sup>5</sup> A *partizan* was a weapon between a *pike* and a *halberd*, not being so long, it was made use of in mounting a breach, &c.

<sup>6</sup> 'To be called into a huge sphere, and not to be seen to move in it, is a sight as unseemly as the holes where the eyes



*A Sennet sounded. Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, POMPEY, LEPIDUS, AGRIPPA, MECÆNAS, ENOBARBUS, MENAS, with other Captains.*

*Ant.* Thus do they, sir: [*To CÆSAR.*] They take the flow o'the Nile

By certain scales i' the pyramid; they know,  
By the height, the lowness, or the mean, if dearth,  
Or foizon<sup>7</sup>, follow: The higher Nilus swells,  
The more it promises: as it ebbs, the seedsman  
Upon the slime and ooze scatters his grain,  
And shortly comes to harvest<sup>8</sup>.

*Lep.* You have strange serpents there.

*Ant.* Ay, Lepidus.

*Lep.* Your serpent of Egypt is bred now of your mud by the operation of your sun: so is your crocodile.

*Ant.* They are so.

*Pom.* Sit,—and some wine.—A health to Lepidus.

*Lep.* I am not so well as I should be, but I'll ne'er out.

*Eno.* Not till you have slept: I fear me, you'll be in, till then.

*Lep.* Nay, certainly, I have heard, the Ptolemies' pyramises<sup>9</sup> are very goodly things; without contradiction, I have heard that.

should be, *without the animating presence of the eye to fill them.*  
The *sphere* in which the eye moves is an expression Shakspeare has used more than once:—

'How have mine eyes out of their *spheres* been fitted.'

*Sonnet 119.*

'Make thy two eyes like stars start from their *spheres*.'

*Hamlet.*

<sup>7</sup> *Foizon* is *plenty, abundance*. See vol. i. pp. 39 and 75.

<sup>8</sup> Shakspeare seems to have derived his information respecting the Nilometer from Pliny, b. v. c. ix. Holland's translation. Or from Leo's History of Africa, translated by John Pery, 1600.

<sup>9</sup> *Pyramis* for *pyramid* was in common use formerly: from

*Men.* Pompey, a word. [Aside.]

*Pom.* Say in mine ear: What is't?

*Men.* Forsake thy seat, I do beseech thee, captain,  
[Aside.]

And hear me speak a word.

*Pom.* Forbear me till anon.—  
This wine for Lepidus.

*Lep.* What manner o'thing is your crocodile?

*Ant.* It is shaped, sir, like itself; and it is as broad as it hath breadth; it is just so high as it is, and moves with its own organs: it lives by that which nourisheth it; and the elements once out of it, it transmigrates.

*Lep.* What colour is it of?

*Ant.* Of its own colour too.

*Lep.* 'Tis a strange serpent.

*Ant.* 'Tis so. And the tears of it are wet.

*Cæs.* Will this description satisfy him?

*Ant.* With the health that Pompey gives him, else he is a very epicure.

*Pom.* [To MENAS aside.] Go, hang, sir, hang!  
Tell me of that? away!

Do as I bid you.—Where's this cup I call'd for?

*Men.* If for the sake of merit thou wilt hear me,  
Rise from thy stool. [Aside.]

*Pom.* I think, thou'rt mad. The matter?  
[Rises, and walks aside.]

*Men.* I have ever held my cap off to thy fortunes.

*Pom.* Thou hast serv'd me with much faith:  
What's else to say?

Be jolly, lords.

*Ant.* These quicksands, Lepidus,  
Keep off them, for you sink.

this word Shakspeare formed the plural *pyramises*, to mark the indistinct pronunciation of a man nearly intoxicated, whose tongue is now beginning 'to split what it speaks.' The usual ancient plural was *pyramides*.

*Men.* Wilt thou be lord of all the world?

*Pom.* What say'st thou?

*Men.* Wilt thou be lord of the whole world?  
That's twice.

*Pom.* How should that be?

*Men.* But entertain it, and,  
Although thou think me poor, I am the man  
Will give thee all the world.

*Pom.* Hast thou drunk well?

*Men.* No, Pompey, I have kept me from the cup.  
Thou art, if thou dar'st be, the earthly Jove:  
Whate'er the ocean pales, or sky inclips<sup>10</sup>,  
Is thine, if thou wilt have't.

*Pom.* Show me which way.

*Men.* These three world-sharers, these competitors<sup>11</sup>,  
Are in thy vessel: Let me cut the cable;  
And, when we are put off, fall to their throats:  
All there is thine.

*Pom.* Ah, this thou should'st have done,  
And not have spoke on't! In me, 'tis villany;  
In thee, it had been good service. Thou must know,  
'Tis not my profit that does lead mine honour;  
Mine honour, it. Repent, that e'er thy tongue  
Hath so betray'd thine act: Being done unknown,  
I should have found it afterwards well done;  
But must condemn it now. Desist, and drink.

*Men.* For this, [Aside.  
I'll never follow thy pall'd<sup>12</sup> fortunes more,—  
Who seeks, and will not take, when once 'tis offer'd,  
Shall never find it more.

<sup>10</sup> i. e. *encloses* and *embraces*.

<sup>11</sup> i. e. *confederates*. See vol. i. p. 132, note 2, and the present play, Act i. Sc. 4, note 1.

<sup>12</sup> *Palled* is vapid, past its time of excellence; *palled* wine is wine that has lost its sprightliness.

*Pom.* This health to Lepidus.

*Ant.* Bear him ashore.—I'll pledge it for him,  
Pompey.

*Eno.* Here's to thee, Menas.

*Men.* Enobarbus, welcome.

*Pom.* Fill, till the cup be hid.

*Eno.* There's a strong fellow, Menas.

[*Pointing to the Attendant who carries off*  
LEPIDUS.

*Men.* Why?

*Eno.* He bears  
The third part of the world, man; See'st not?

*Men.* The third part then is drunk: 'Would it  
were all,  
That it might go on wheels!

*Eno.* Drink thou; increase the reels<sup>13</sup>.

*Men.* Come.

*Pom.* This is not yet an Alexandrian feast.

*Ant.* It ripens towards it.—Strike the vessels<sup>14</sup>, ho!  
Here is to Cæsar.

*Cæs.* I could well forbear it.  
It's monstrous labour when I wash my brain,  
And it grows fouler.

*Ant.* Be a child o'the time.

*Cæs.* Possess it, I'll make answer: but I had rather  
fast  
From all, four days, than drink so much in one.

*Eno.* Ha, my brave emperor! [To ANTONY.

<sup>13</sup> Difficulties have been made about this passage, in which I must confess I see none. Menas says, 'The third part of the world is drunk (meaning Lepidus, one of the *triumvirs*), would it were all so, that it might go on wheels, i. e. turn round or change.' To which Enobarbus replies, 'Drink thou; increase the reels,' i. e. increase its giddy course.

<sup>14</sup> i. e. *tap* them, *broach* them. So in the last scene of Fletcher's *Monsieur Thomas*:—'Home, Launce, and strike a fresh piece of wine, the town's ours.' See Cotgrave in v. *Tapper*.

Shall we dance now the Egyptian Bacchanals,  
And celebrate our drink?

*Pom.* Let's ha't, good soldier.

*Ant.* Come, let us all take hands<sup>15</sup>;

Till that the conquering wine hath steep'd our sense  
In soft and delicate Lethe.

*Eno.* All take hands.—

Make battery to our ears with the loud musick;—  
The while, I'll place you: Then the boy shall sing;  
The holding<sup>16</sup> every man shall bear, as loud  
As his strong sides can volley.

[*Musick plays.* ENOBARBUS places them  
hand in hand.

### SONG.

*Come, thou monarch of the vine,  
Plumpy Bacchus, with pink eyne<sup>17</sup>:  
In thy vats our cares be drown'd;  
With thy grapes our hairs be crown'd;  
Cup us, till the world go round;  
Cup us, till the world go round!*

*Cæs.* What would you more?—Pompey, good  
night. Good brother,

<sup>15</sup> The half line omitted in this place may be supplied with words resembling those in Milton's *Comus*:—

'Come let us all take hands, and beat the ground,  
Till,' &c.

<sup>16</sup> The *holding* is the *burden* or *under-song*. Thus in *The Serving Man's Comfort*, 1598, 4to. 'Where a song is to be sung the *under-song* or *holding* whereof is—

It is merrie in haul,  
When beards wag all.'

<sup>17</sup> *Pink eyne* are *small eyes*. 'Some have mighty yies and some be *pinkyied*. Quidam pergrandis sunt luminibus, quidam peti.' *Horman's Vulgaria*, 1519. The flower called a *pink* is in French *oeillet*, or *little eye*. To *pink* and *wink* is to contract the eyes and peep out of the lids. Hence *pinky* for tipsy, from the peculiar expression of the eyes of persons in liquor. The epithet is therefore well appropriated to the God of wine.

Let me request you off: our graver business  
Frowns at this levity.—Gentle lords, let's part;  
You see, we have burnt our cheeks: strong Eno-  
barbe

Is weaker than the wine; and mine own tongue  
Splits what it speaks: the wild disguise hath almost  
Antick'd us all. What needs more words? Good  
night.—

Good Antony, your hand.

*Pom.* I'll try you o'the shore.

*Ant.* And shall, sir: give's your hand.

*Pom.* O, Antony,  
You have my father's house<sup>18</sup>,—But what? we are  
friends:

Come, down into the boat.

*Eno.* Take heed you fall not.—

[*Exeunt POMPEY, CÆSAR, ANTONY, and  
Attendants.*

Menas, I'll not on shore.

*Men.* No, to my cabin.—

These drums!—these trumpets, flutes! what!—  
Let Neptune hear we bid a loud farewell  
To these great fellows: Sound, and be hang'd,  
sound out.

[*A Flourish of Trumpets, with Drums.*

*Eno.* Ho, says 'a!—There's my cap.

*Men.* Ho!—noble captain!

Come. [*Exeunt.*

<sup>18</sup> See note 4 on the previous scene.

## ACT III.

SCENE I. *A Plain in Syria.*

*Enter VENTIDIUS, as after Conquest, with SILIUS, and other Romans, Officers, and Soldiers; the dead Body of PACORUS borne before him.*

*Ven.* Now, darting Parthia, art thou struck<sup>1</sup>;  
and now

Pleas'd fortune does of Marcus Crassus' death  
Make me revenger.—Bear the king's son's body  
Before our army:—Thy Pacorus, Orodes<sup>2</sup>,  
Pays this for Marcus Crassus.

*Sil.* Noble Ventidius,  
Whilst yet with Parthian blood thy sword is warm,  
The fugitive Parthians follow; spur through Media,  
Mesopotamia, and the shelters whither  
The routed fly: so thy grand captain Antony  
Shall set thee on triumphant chariots, and  
Put garlands on thy head.

*Ven.* O Silius, Silius,  
I have done enough: A lower place, note well,  
May make too great an act: For learn this, Silius;  
Better to leave undone, than by our deed  
Acquire too high a fame, when him we serve's away,  
Cæsar, and Antony, have ever won  
More in their officer, than person: Sossius,  
One of my place in Syria, his lieutenant,  
For quick accumulation of renown,  
Which he achiev'd by the minute, lost his favour.

<sup>1</sup> *Struck* alludes to *darting*. Thou, whose darts have often struck others, art struck now thyself.

<sup>2</sup> *Pacorus* was the son of *Orodes*, king of Parthia.

Who does i' the wars more than his captain can,  
Becomes his captain's captain: and ambition,  
The soldier's virtue, rather makes choice of loss,  
Than gain, which darkens him.

I could do more to do Antonius good,  
But 'twould offend him; and in his offence  
Should my performance perish.

*Sil.* Thou hast, Ventidius, that  
Without the which a soldier, and his sword,  
Grants<sup>3</sup> scarce distinction. Thou wilt write to An-  
tony?

*Ven.* I'll humbly signify what in his name,  
That magical word of war, we have effected;  
How, with his banners, and his well paid ranks,  
The ne'er-yet-beaten horse of Parthia  
We have jaded out o'the field.

*Sil.* Where is he now?

*Ven.* He purposeth to Athens: whither with what  
haste

The weight we must convey with us will permit,  
We shall appear before him.—On, there; pass along.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.

Rome. *An Antechamber in Cæsar's House.*

*Enter AGRIPPA, and ENOBARBUS, meeting.*

*Agr.* What, are the brothers parted?

*Eno.* They have despatch'd with Pompey, he is  
gone;

The other three are sealing. Octavia weeps

<sup>3</sup> *Grants for affords.* 'Thou hast that, Ventidius, which if  
thou didst want, there would be no distinction between thee and  
thy sword. You would be both equally cutting and senseless.'  
This was wisdom, or knowledge of the world, Ventidius had told  
him why he did not pursue his advantages; and his friend, by  
this compliment, acknowledges them to be of weight.—*Warbur-*  
*ton.* There is somewhat the same idea in *Coriolanus*:—

'Who sensible outdares his senseless sword.'



To part from Rome: Cæsar is sad; and Lepidus,  
Since Pompey's feast, as Menas says, is troubled  
With the green-sickness.

*Agr.* 'Tis a noble Lepidus.

*Eno.* A very fine one: O, how he loves Cæsar!

*Agr.* Nay, but how dearly he adores Mark Antony!

*Eno.* Cæsar? Why, he's the Jupiter of men.

*Agr.* What's Antony? The god of Jupiter.

*Eno.* Spake you of Cæsar? How? the nonpareil!

*Agr.* O Antony! O thou Arabian bird<sup>1</sup>!

*Eno.* Would you praise Cæsar, say,—Cæsar;—  
go no further.

*Agr.* Indeed, he ply'd them both with excellent  
praises.

*Eno.* But he loves Cæsar best;—Yet he loves  
Antony:

Ho! hearts, tongues, figures, scribes, bards, poets,  
cannot

Think, speak, cast, write, sing, number, ho, his love  
To Antony<sup>2</sup>. But as for Cæsar,  
Kneel down, kneel down, and wonder.

*Agr.* Both he loves.

*Eno.* They are his shards<sup>3</sup>, and he their beetle.

So,— [Trumpets.

This is to horse.—Adieu, noble Agrippa.

*Agr.* Good fortune, worthy soldier; and farewell.

<sup>1</sup> The phoenix. So again in *Cymbeline*:—

'She is alone the *Arabian bird*, and I  
Have lost my wager.'

<sup>2</sup> This puerile arrangement of words was much affected in the  
age of Shakspeare, even by the first writers. Thus in *Daniel's*  
11th Sonnet:—

'Yet will I weep, vow, pray to cruel shee;  
Flint, frost, disdaine, weares, melts, and yields we see.'

And Sir Philip Sidney's Excellent Sonnet of a Nymph, printed  
in England's Helicon, is a tissue of this kind.

<sup>3</sup> i. e. they are the *wings* that raise this *heavy lumpish insect*  
from the ground. So in *Macbeth*, 'The shard-borne beetle.' See  
vol. iv. p. 266, note 8.

*Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, and OCTAVIA.*

*Ant.* No further, sir.

*Cæs.* You take from me a great part of myself<sup>4</sup>; Use me well in it.—Sister, prove such a wife As my thoughts make thee, and as my furthest band<sup>5</sup> Shall pass on thy approof.—Most noble Antony, Let not the piece of virtue, which is set Betwixt us, as the cement of our love, To keep it builded<sup>6</sup>, be the ram, to batter The fortress of it: for better might we Have loved without this mean, if on both parts This be not cherish'd.

*Ant.* Make me not offended  
In your distrust.

*Cæs.* I have said.

*Ant.* You shall not find,  
Though you be therein curious<sup>7</sup>, the least cause  
For what you seem to fear: So, the gods keep you,  
And make the hearts of Romans serve your ends!  
We will here part.

*Cæs.* Farewell, my dearest sister, fare thee well;  
The elements<sup>8</sup> be kind to thee, and make  
Thy spirits all of comfort! fare thee well.

*Octa.* My noble brother!—

<sup>4</sup> In *The Tempest*, Prospero, in giving Miranda to Ferdinand, says:—

‘I have given you here a third of my own life.’

<sup>5</sup> *Band* and *bond* were synonymous in Shakspeare's time. See vol. iv. p. 175, note 12.

<sup>6</sup> ‘And ruin'd love, when it is built anew,  
Grows fairer than at first.’

*Shakspeare's 119th Sonnet.*

<sup>7</sup> i.e. scrupulous, particular. So in the *Taming of the Shrew*:—  
‘For curious I cannot be with you.’

<sup>8</sup> It is singular that this passage could by any means have been misunderstood. Octavia was going to sail with Antony from Rome to Athens, and her brother wishes that the elements may be kind to her; in other words, that she may have a prosperous voyage.

*Ant.* The April's in her eyes: it is love's spring,  
And these the showers to bring it on.—Be cheerful.

*Octa.* Sir, look well to my husband's house; and—

*Cæs.* What,  
Octavia?

*Octa.* I'll tell you in your ear.

*Ant.* Her tongue will not obey her heart, nor can  
Her heart inform her tongue: the swan's down  
feather,

That stands upon the swell at full of tide,  
And neither way inclines.

*Eno.* Will Cæsar weep? [*Aside to AGRIPPA.*

*Agr.* He has a cloud in's face<sup>9</sup>.

*Eno.* He were the worse for that, were he a horse;  
So is he, being a man.

*Agr.* Why, Enobarbus?  
When Antony found Julius Cæsar dead,  
He cried almost to roaring: and he wept  
When at Philippi he found Brutus slain.

*Eno.* That year, indeed, he was troubled with a  
rheum;  
What willingly he did confound<sup>10</sup>, he wail'd:  
Believe it, till I weep<sup>11</sup> too.

<sup>9</sup> A horse is said to have *a cloud in his face*, when he has a dark coloured spot in his forehead between his eyes. This gives him a sour look, and being supposed to indicate an ill temper, is of course looked upon as a great blemish. Burton has applied the phrase to the look of a female:—'Every lover admires his mistress, though she be very deformed of herself—thin, leane, chitty-face, have *clouds in her face*, be crooked,' &c.—*Anatomy of Melancholy*, p. 524, ed. 1632.

<sup>10</sup> To *confound* is to *consume*, to *destroy*. See Minshen's Dictionary, 1617, in voce. See vol. v. p. 139, note 11, vol. viii. p. 143.

<sup>11</sup> Theobald reads, 'till I wept too.' Mr. Steevens endeavours to give a meaning to the passage as it now stands:—'Believe (says Enobarbus) that he wept over such an event, till you see me weeping on the same occasion, when I shall be obliged to you for putting such a construction on my tears, which, in reality (like his), will be tears of joy.' I must confess I prefer the emendation of Theobald to the explanation of Steevens.

*Cæs.* No, sweet Octavia,  
You shall hear from me still; the time shall not  
Outgo my thinking on you.

*Ant.* Come, sir, come;  
I'll wrestle with you in my strength of love:  
Look, here I have you; thus I let you go,  
And give you to the gods.

*Cæs.* Adieu; be happy!

*Lep.* Let all the number of the stars give light  
To thy fair way!

*Cæs.* Farewell, farewell! [*Kisses OCTAVIA.*]

*Ant.* Farewell!

[*Trumpets sound. Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III.

Alexandria. *A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and ALEXAS.*

*Cleo.* Where is the fellow?

*Alex.* Half afeard to come,

*Cleo.* Go to, go to:—Come hither, sir.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Alex.* Good majesty,  
Herod of Jewry dare not look upon you,  
But when you are well pleas'd.

*Cleo.* That Herod's head  
I'll have: But how? when Antony is gone  
Through whom I might command it.—Come thou  
near.

*Mess.* Most gracious majesty,—

*Cleo.* Didst thou behold  
Octavia?

*Mess.* Ay, dread queen.

*Cleo.* Where?

*Mess.* Madam, in Rome  
I look'd her in the face ; and saw her led  
Between her brother and Mark Antony.

*Cleo.* Is she as tall as me?

*Mess.* She is not, madam.

*Cleo.* Didst hear her speak ? Is she shrill-tongu'd,  
or low ?

*Mess.* Madam, I heard her speak ; she is low-  
voic'd.

*Cleo.* That's not so good :—he cannot like her long.

*Char.* Like her ? O Isis ! 'tis impossible.

*Cleo.* I think so, Charmian : Dull of tongue, and  
dwarfish !—

What majesty is in her gait ? Remember,  
If e'er thou look'dst on majesty.

*Mess.* She creeps ;

Her motion and her station<sup>1</sup> are as one :

She shows a body rather than a life ;

A statue, than a breather.

*Cleo.* Is this certain ?

*Mess.* Or I have no observance.

*Char.* Three in Egypt

Cannot make better note.

*Cleo.* He's very knowing,

I do perceive't :—There's nothing in her yet :—

The fellow has good judgment.

*Char.* Excellent.

*Cleo.* Guess at her years, I pr'ythee.

*Mess.* Madam,

She was a widow.

*Cleo.* Widow ?—Charmian, hark<sup>2</sup>.

*Mess.* And I do think, she's thirty.

<sup>1</sup> *Station* here means *the act of standing*. So in *Hamlet* :—

' A station like the herald Mercury.'

<sup>2</sup> Cleopatra rejoices in this circumstance, as it sets Octavia on a level with herself, who was no virgin, when she fell to the lot of Antony.

*Cleo.* Bear'st thou her face in mind? is't long, or round?

*Mess.* Round even to faultiness.

*Cleo.* For the most part too, they are foolish that are so<sup>3</sup>.——

Her hair, what colour?

*Mess.* Brown, madam: And her forehead As low as she would wish it.

*Cleo.* There is gold for thee. Thou must not take my former sharpness ill:— I will employ thee back again; I find thee Most fit for business: Go, make thee ready; Our letters are prepar'd. [*Exit Messenger.*]

*Char.* A proper man.

*Cleo.* Indeed, he is so: I repent me much, That I so harry'd<sup>4</sup> him. Why, methinks, by him, This creature's no such thing.

*Char.* Nothing, madam.

*Cleo.* The man hath seen some majesty, and should know.

*Char.* Hath he seen majesty? Isis else defend, And serving you so long!

*Cleo.* I have one thing more to ask him yet, good Charmian:—

But 'tis no matter; thou shalt bring him to me Where I will write: All may be well enough.

*Char.* I warrant you, madam. [*Exeunt.*]

<sup>3</sup> This is from the old writers on physiognomy. Thus in Hill's Pleasant History, &c. 1613:—'The head *very round*, to be forgetful and *foolish*.' Again:—'The *head long*, to be prudent and wary.' 'A low forehead,' &c. p. 218.

<sup>4</sup> To *harry* is to harass, to worry, to use roughly, to vex, or molest, from the old Norman-French *harier* of the same meaning. The word occurs frequently in our old writers. Thus in The Revengers' Tragedy, 1607:—

'He *harry'd* her amidst a nest of pandars.'

So Nash, in his Lenten Stuff:—'As if he were *harrying* and chasing his enemies.'

SCENE IV. Athens. *A Room in Antony's House.**Enter ANTONY and OCTAVIA.*

*Ant.* Nay, nay, Octavia, not only that,—  
 That were excusable, that, and thousands more  
 Of semblable import,—but he hath wag'd  
 New wars 'gainst Pompey : made his will, and read it  
 To publick ear :  
 Spoke scantily of me ; when perforce he could not  
 But pay me terms of honour, cold and sickly  
 He vented them ; most narrow measure lent me :  
 When the best hint was given him, he not took't,  
 Or did it from his teeth<sup>1</sup>.

*Oct.* O my good lord,  
 Believe not all : or, if you must believe,  
 Stomach not all. A more unhappy lady,  
 If this division chance, ne'er stood between,  
 Praying for both parts : the good gods will mock  
 me presently,  
 When I shall pray<sup>2</sup>, *O bless my lord and husband!*  
 Undo that prayer, by crying out as loud,  
*O, bless my brother!* Husband win, win brother,  
 Prays, and destroys the prayer ; no midway  
 'Twixt these extremes at all.

*Ant.* Gentle Octavia,  
 Let your best love draw to that point, which seeks  
 Best to preserve it : If I lose mine honour,

<sup>1</sup> i. e. to appearance only, not seriously. Thus Dryden in his *Wild Gallant*:—' I am confident she is only angry from the teeth outward.' So Chapman, in his version of the fifteenth *Iliad*:—

' She laught, but meerly from her lips.'

And Fuller, in his *Holie Warre*, b. iv. c. 17 :—' This bad breath, though it came but from the teeth of some, yet proceeded from the corrupt lungs of others.'

<sup>2</sup> The situation and sentiments of Octavia resemble those of Lady Blanch in *King John*, Act iii. Sc. 1.

I lose myself: better I were not yours,  
 Than yours so branchless. But, as you requested,  
 Yourself shall go between us: The mean time, lady,  
 I'll raise the preparation of a war  
 Shall stain<sup>3</sup> your brother; Make your soonest haste;  
 So your desires are yours.

*Oct.*

Thanks to my lord.

The Jove of power make me most weak, most weak,  
 Your reconciler! Wars 'twixt you twain would be  
 As if the world should cleave, and that slain men  
 Should solder up the rift.

*Ant.* When it appears to you where this begins,  
 Turn your displeasure that way; for our faults  
 Can never be so equal, that your love  
 Can equally move with them. Provide your going;  
 Choose your own company, and command what cost  
 Your heart has mind to. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE V.

*The same. Another Room in the same.*

*Enter ENOBARBUS and EROS, meeting.*

*Eno.* How now, friend Eros?

*Eros.* There's strange news come, sir.

<sup>3</sup> Mr. Boswell suggests that, perhaps, we should read, 'Shall stay your brother.' To *stain* is not here used for to *shame* or *disgrace*, as Johnson supposed; but for to *eclipse*, *extinguish*, throw into the shade, to *put out*; from the old French *esteindre*. In this sense it is used in all the examples cited by Steevens:

' ——— here at hand approacheth one  
 Whose face will *stain* you all.'

*Tottle's Miscellany*, 1568.

' So Shore's wife's face made fowle Brownetta blush,  
 As pearle *staynes* pitch, or gold surmounts a rush.'

*Shore's Wife*, by Churchyard, 1593.

Whose beantie *staines* the faire Helen of Greece.'

*Churchyard's Charitie*, 1595.

' ——— the praise and yet the *stain* of all womankind.'

*Sidney's Arcadia*.



*Eno.* What, man?

*Eros.* Cæsar and Lepidus have made wars upon Pompey.

*Eno.* This is old; What is the success?

*Eros.* Cæsar, having made use of him in the wars 'gainst Pompey, presently denied him rivalry<sup>1</sup>! would not let him partake in the glory of the action: and not resting here, accuses him of letters he had formerly wrote to Pompey; upon his own appeal<sup>2</sup>, seizes him: So the poor third is up, till death enlarge his confine.

*Eno.* Then, world, thou hast a pair of chaps, no more<sup>3</sup>;

And throw between them all the food thou hast,  
They'll grind the one the other. Where's Antony?

*Eros.* He's walking in the garden—thus; and spurns

The rush that lies before him; cries, *Fool, Lepidus!*  
And threats the throat of that his officer,  
That murder'd Pompey.

*Eno.* Our great navy's rigged.

*Eros.* For Italy, and Cæsar. More, Domitius;  
My lord desires you presently: my news  
I might have told hereafter.

*Eno.* 'Twill be naught:

But let it be.—Bring me to Antony.

*Eros.* Come, sir. [Exeunt.

<sup>1</sup> i. e. *equal rank*. In Hamlet Horatio and Marcellus are styled by Bernardo 'the rivals' of his watch.'

<sup>2</sup> *Appeal* here means *accusation*. Cæsar seized Lepidus without any other proof than Cæsar's accusation.

<sup>3</sup> *No more* does not signify *no longer*; but has the same meaning as if Shakspeare had written *and no more*: 'Thou hast now a pair of chaps, and *only* a pair. Cæsar and Antony will make war on each other, though they have the world to prey on between them.' The old copy reads *would* instead of *world*, and omits *one the* in the third line of this speech.

## SCENE VI.

Rome. *A Room in Cæsar's House.*

*Enter CÆSAR, AGRIPPA, and MECÆNAS.*

*Cæs.* Contemning Rome, he has done all this:  
And more;

In Alexandria,—here's the manner of it,—  
I' the market-place, on a tribunal silver'd<sup>1</sup>,  
Cleopatra and himself in chairs of gold  
Were publicly enthron'd: at the feet, sat  
Cæsarion, whom they call my father's son;  
And all the unlawful issue, that their lust  
Since then hath made between them. Unto her  
He gave the 'stablishment of Egypt; made her  
Of lower Syria, Cyprus, Lydia,  
Absolute queen.

*Mec.* This in the publick eye?

*Cæs.* I' the common show-place, where they exercise.

His sons he there proclaim'd, The kings of kings:  
Great Media, Parthia, and Armenia,  
He gave to Alexander; to Ptolemy he assign'd  
Syria, Cilicia, and Phœnicia: She  
In the habiliments of the goddess Isis  
That day appear'd; and oft before gave audience  
As 'tis reported, so.

*Mec.* Let Rome be thus  
Inform'd.

*Agr.* Who, queasy with his insolence  
Already, will their good thoughts call from him.

*Cæs.* The people know it: and have now receiv'd  
His accusations.

*Agr.* Whom does he accuse?

<sup>1</sup> This is closely copied from the old translation of Plutarch.

*Cæs.* Cæsar: and that, having in Sicily  
Sextus Pompeius spoil'd, we had not rated him  
His part o' the isle: then does he say, he lent me  
Some shipping unrestor'd: lastly, he frets,  
That Lepidus of the triumvirate  
Should be depos'd; and, being, that we detain  
All his revenue.

*Agr.* Sir, this should be answer'd.

*Cæs.* 'Tis done already, and the messenger gone.  
I have told him, Lepidus was grown too cruel;  
That he his high authority abus'd,  
And did deserve his change; for what I have conquer'd,  
I grant him part; but then, in his Armenia,  
And other of his conquer'd kingdoms, I  
Demand the like.

*Mec.* He'll never yield to that.

*Cæs.* Nor must not then be yielded to in this.

*Enter OCTAVIA.*

*Oct.* Hail, Cæsar, and my lord! hail, most dear Cæsar!

*Cæs.* That ever I should call thee, cast-away!

*Oct.* You have not call'd me so, nor have you cause.

*Cæs.* Why have you stol'n upon us thus? You come not

Like Cæsar's sister: The wife of Antony  
Should have an army for an usher, and  
The neighs of horse to tell of her approach,  
Long ere she did appear; the trees by the way,  
Should have borne men; and expectation fainted,  
Longing for what it had not: nay, the dust  
Should have ascended to the roof of heaven,  
Rais'd by your populous troops: But you are come  
A market-maid to Rome; and have prevented

The ostentation of our love, which, left unshown  
Is often left unlov'd: we should have met you  
By sea, and land; supplying every stage  
With an augmented greeting.

*Oct.* Good my lord,  
To come thus was I not constrain'd, but did it  
On my free-will. My lord, Mark Antony  
Hearing that you prepar'd for war, acquainted  
My griev'd ear withal; whereon, I begg'd  
His pardon for return.

*Cæs.* Which soon he granted,  
Being an obstruct<sup>2</sup> 'tween his lust and him.

*Oct.* Do not say so, my lord.

*Cæs.* I have eyes upon him,  
And his affairs come to me on the wind.  
Where is he now?

*Oct.* My lord, in Athens.

*Cæs.* No, my most wronged sister; Cleopatra  
Hath nodded him to her. He hath given his empire  
Up to a whore; who now are levying<sup>3</sup>  
The kings o'the earth for war: He hath assembled  
Bocchus, the king of Libya; Archelaus,  
Of Cappadocia; Philadelphos, king  
Of Paphlagonia; the Thracian king, Adallas:  
King Malchus of Arabia; king of Pont;  
Herod of Jewry; Mithridates, king  
Of Comagene; Polemon and Amintas,  
The kings of Mede, and Lycaonia, with a  
More larger list of sceptres.

<sup>2</sup> The old copy reads, *abstract*. The alteration was made by Warburton.

<sup>3</sup> That is, which two persons are now levying, &c. Upton observes, that there are some errors in the enumeration of the auxiliary kings: but it is probable that the poet did not care to be scrupulously accurate. He proposed to read:—

‘———— Polemon and Amintus,  
Of Lycaonia, and the king of Mede.’  
which obviates all impropriety.

*Oct.* Ah me, most wretched,  
That have my heart parted betwixt two friends,  
That do afflict each other!

*Cæs.* Welcome hither:  
Your letters did withhold our breaking forth;  
Till we perceiv'd, both how you were wrong led,  
And we in negligent danger. Cheer your heart:  
Be you not troubled with the time, which drives  
O'er your content these strong necessities;  
But let determin'd things to destiny  
Hold unbewail'd their way. Welcome to Rome:  
Nothing more dear to me. You are abus'd  
Beyond the mark of thought: and the high gods,  
To do you justice, make them ministers  
Of us, and those that love you. Best of comfort<sup>4</sup>;  
And ever welcome to us.

*Agr.* Welcome, lady.

*Mec.* Welcome, dear madam.  
Each heart in Rome does love and pity you:  
Only the adulterous Antony, most large  
In his abominations, turns you off;  
And gives his potent regiment to a trull<sup>5</sup>,  
That noises<sup>6</sup> it against us.

<sup>4</sup> This elliptical phrase is merely an expression of endearment addressed to Octavia—'Thou best of comfort to thy loving brother.'

<sup>5</sup> 'And gives his potent *regiment* to a trull.'  
*Regiment* is *government, authority*; he puts his *power* and his empire into the hands of a *harlot*. *Regiment* is used for *regimen* or government by most of our ancient writers. Thus Spenser, *Faerie Queene*, b. ii. c. 10:—

'So when he had resigned his *regiment*.'

And in Lyly's *Woman in the Moon*, 1597:—

'Or Hecate in Pluto's *regiment*.'

<sup>6</sup> Milton has used this uncommon verb in *Paradise Regained*, b. iv.:—

'—— though *noising* loud,  
And threatening nigh.'

Oct.

Is it so, sir?

Cæs. Most certain. Sister, welcome. Pray you,  
Be ever known to patience: My dearest sister!

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE VII.

Antony's Camp, near the Promontory of Actium.

*Enter CLEOPATRA and ENOBARBUS.*

Cleo. I will be even with thee, doubt it not.

Eno. But why, why, why?

Cleo. Thou hast forespoke<sup>1</sup> my being in these wars;  
And say'st, it is not fit.

Eno. Well, is it, is it?

Cleo. Is't not<sup>2</sup> denounc'd against us? Why should  
not we  
Be there in person?

Eno. [*Aside.*] Well, I could reply;—  
If we should serve with horse and mares together,  
The horse were merely<sup>3</sup> lost; the mares would bear  
A soldier, and his horse.

<sup>1</sup> To *forespeak* here is to *speak against*, to *gainsay*, to *contradict*; as to *forbid* is to order negatively. The word had, however, the meaning, anciently, of to *charm* or *bewitch*, like *forbid* in *Macbeth*. See vol. iv. p. 217, note 6. Thus in the *Arraignment of Paris*, 1584:—'Thy life *forespoke* by love.' And in *Drayton's Epistle from Elinor Cobham to Duke Humphrey*:—

'Or to *forspeak* whole flocks as they did feed.'

Steevens erroneously explains these instances: the first he makes to mean *contradicted*; the last, to *curse*. Substitute *bewitched* and to *bewitch*, and we have the true meaning. Thus *Baret*:—  
'To *forespeake*, or *bewitch*; fascinare.'

<sup>2</sup> The old copy reads, 'If not denounc'd,' &c. Steevens reads, 'Is't not? Denounce against us, why,' &c. The emendation I have adopted is more simple, and gives an equally clear meaning. Cleopatra means to say, 'Is not the war denounced against us? Why should not we then attend in person?' Malone explains the reading of the old copy thus:—'If there be no particular denunciation against us, why should we not be there in person?'

<sup>3</sup> i. e. entirely, absolutely.

*Cleo.* What is't you say?

*Eno.* Your presence needs must puzzle Antony;  
Take from his heart, take from his brain, from his  
time,

What should not then be spar'd. He is already  
Traduc'd for levity; and 'tis said in Rome,  
That Photinus a eunuch, and your maids,  
Manage this war.

*Cleo.* Sink Rome; and their tongues rot,  
That speak against us! A charge we bear i' the war,  
And, as the president of my kingdom, will  
Appear there for a man. Speak not against it;  
I will not stay behind.

*Eno.* Nay, I have done:  
Here comes the emperor.

*Enter ANTONY and CANIDIUS.*

*Ant.* Is't not strange, Canidius,  
That from Tarentum, and Brundusium,  
He could so quickly cut the Ionian sea,  
And take in <sup>4</sup> Toryne?—You have heard on't, sweet?

*Cleo.* Celerity is never more admir'd,  
Than by the negligent.

*Ant.* A good rebuke,  
Which might have well becom'd the best of men,  
To taunt at slackness.—Canidius, we  
Will fight with him by sea.

*Cleo.* By sea! What else?

*Can.* Why will my lord do so?

*Ant.* For that <sup>5</sup> he dares us to't.

*Eno.* So hath my lord dar'd him to single fight.

*Can.* Ay, and to wage this battle at Pharsalia,

<sup>4</sup> Take, subdue. This phrase occurs frequently in Shakespeare, and has been already explained.

<sup>5</sup> i. e. *cause* that, or that is the *cause*. See vol. i. p. 109, note 12; vol. iii. p. 284, note 4.

Where Cæsar fought with Pompey : But these offers,  
Which serve not for his vantage, he shakes off;  
And so should you.

*Eno.* Your ships are not well mann'd:  
Your mariners are muleteers, reapers, people  
Ingross'd by swift impress; in Cæsar's fleet  
Are those, that often have 'gainst Pompey fought:  
Their ships are yare<sup>6</sup>; yours, heavy. No disgrace  
Shall fall you for refusing him at sea,  
Being prepar'd for land.

*Ant.* By sea, by sea.

*Eno.* Most worthy sir, you therein throw away  
The absolute soldiership you have by land;  
Distract your army, which doth most consist  
Of war-mark'd footmen; leave unexecuted  
Your own renowned knowledge; quite forego  
The way which promises assurance; and  
Give up yourself merely to chance and hazard,  
From firm security.

*Ant.* I'll fight at sea.

*Cleo.* I have sixty sails, Cæsar none better.

*Ant.* Our overplus of shipping will we burn;  
And, with the rest full-mann'd, from the head of  
Actium

Beat the approaching Cæsar. But if we fail,

*Enter a Messenger.*

We then can do't at land.—Thy business?

*Mess.* The news is true, my lord; he is descried;  
Cæsar has taken Toryne.

<sup>6</sup> *Yare* is quick, nimble, ready. So in *The Tempest*, Act v. Sc. 1:—'Our ship is tight and *yare*.' The word seems to have been much in use with sailors formerly. 'The lesser [ship] will come and go, leave and take, and is *yare*; whereas the greater is slow.'—*Raleigh*. 'Cæsar's ships were not built for pomp, high and great, &c.; but they were light of *yarage*.'—*North's Plutarch*.



*Ant.* Can he be there in person? 'tis impossible; Strange, that his power should be<sup>7</sup>.—Canidius, Our nineteen legions thou shalt hold by land, And our twelve thousand horse:—We'll to our ship;

*Enter a Soldier.*

Away, my Thetis<sup>8</sup>!—How now, worthy soldier?

*Sold.* O noble emperor, do not fight by sea; Trust not to rotten planks: Do you misdoubt This sword, and these my wounds? Let the Egyptians,

And the Phœnicians, go a ducking: we Have used to conquer, standing on the earth, And fighting foot to foot.

*Ant.* Well, well, away.

[*Exeunt* ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, and ENOBARBUS.]

*Sold.* By Hercules, I think, I am i' the right.

*Can.* Soldier, thou art: but his whole action grows Not in the power on't<sup>9</sup>: So our leader's led, And we are women's men.

*Sold.* You keep by land The legions and the horse whole, do you not?

*Can.* Marcus Octavius, Marcus Justeius, Publicola, and Cælius, are for sea: But we keep whole by land. This speed of Cæsar's Carries<sup>10</sup> beyond belief.

<sup>7</sup> Strange that his *forces* should be there.

<sup>8</sup> Antony may address Cleopatra by the name of this sea-nymph, because she had just promised him assistance in his naval expedition; or perhaps in allusion to her voyage down the Cydnus, when she appeared, like Thetis, surrounded by the Nereids.

<sup>9</sup> 'His whole conduct in the war is not founded upon that which is his greatest strength (namely his *land force*), but on the caprice of a woman, who wishes that he should fight by sea.'

<sup>10</sup> i. e. *passes* all belief. I should not have noticed this, but for Steevens's odd notion of its being a phrase from archery.

*Sold.* While he was yet in Rome,  
His power went out in such distractions<sup>11</sup>, as  
Beguil'd all spies.

*Can.* Who's his lieutenant, hear you?

*Sold.* They say, one Taurus.

*Can.* Well I know the man.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* The emperor calls Canidius.

*Can.* With news the time's with labour; and  
throes<sup>12</sup> forth,  
Each minute, some. [*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE VIII. A Plain near Actium.

*Enter CÆSAR, TAURUS, Officers, and Others.*

*Cæs.* Taurus,—

*Taur.* My lord.

*Cæs.* Strike not by land; keep whole;  
Provoke not battle, till we have done at sea.  
Do not exceed the prescript of this scroll:  
Our fortune lies upon this jump<sup>1</sup>. [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter ANTONY and ENOBARBUS.*

*Ant.* Set we our squadrons on yon' side o' the hill,  
In eye of Cæsar's battle; from which place  
We may the number of the ships behold,  
And so proceed accordingly. [*Exeunt.*]

<sup>11</sup> Detachments, separate bodies.

<sup>12</sup> i. e. emits as in parturition. So in *The Tempest*:—  
' ——— proclaim a birth,  
Which throes thee much to yield.'

<sup>1</sup> i. e. this hazard. Thus in *Macbeth*:—  
' We'd jump the life to come.'

*Enter CANIDIUS, marching with his Land Army one Way over the Stage; and TAURUS, the Lieutenant of Cæsar, the other Way. After their going in, is heard the Noise of a Sea-fight.*

*Alarum. Re-enter ENOBARBUS.*

*Eno.* Naught, naught, all naught! I can behold no longer:

The Antoniad<sup>2</sup>, the Egyptian admiral,  
With all their sixty, fly, and turn the rudder;  
To see't, mine eyes are blasted.

*Enter SCARUS.*

*Scar.* Gods and goddesses,  
All the whole synod of them!

*Eno.* What's thy passion?

*Scar.* The greater cantle<sup>3</sup> of the world is lost  
With very ignorance; we have kiss'd away  
Kingdoms and provinces.

*Eno.* How appears the fight?

*Scar.* On our side like the token'd<sup>4</sup> pestilence,  
Where death is sure. Yon' ribaudred hag<sup>5</sup> of Egypt,

<sup>2</sup> The *Antoniad*, Plutarch says, was the name of Cleopatra's ship.

<sup>3</sup> A *cantle* is a portion, a scantling, a fragment: it also signified a corner, and a quarter-piece of any thing. It is from the old French *chantel*, or *eschantille*.

<sup>4</sup> The death of those visited by the plague was certain, when particular eruptions appeared on the skin; and these were called *God's tokens*. See vol. ii. p. 394, note 32.

<sup>5</sup> The old copy reads, '*ribaudred nag*,' which was altered by Steevens and Malone into '*ribald-rid nag*,' but quite unnecessarily. *Ribaudred* is *obscene*, indecent in words or acts. Thus Baret:—'*A ribaudrous and filthie tongue; os obscænum et impudicum. Ribaudrie, vilanie in actes or wordes, filthiness, uncleanness.*' And in Horman's *Vulgaria*:—'*Refrayne fro suche foule and rebaudry wordes.*' Mr. Tyrwhitt saw that the context required we should read *hag* instead of *nag*, which was an easy typographical error.

Whom leprosy o'ertake! i'the midst o'the fight,—  
 When vantage like a pair of twins appear'd,  
 Both as the same, or rather ours the elder,—  
 The brize<sup>6</sup> upon her, like a cow in June,  
 Hoists sails, and flies.

*Eno.* That I beheld :  
 Mine eyes did sicken at the sight, and could not  
 Endure a further view.

*Scar.* She once being loof'd<sup>7</sup>,  
 The noble ruin of her magick, Antony,  
 Claps on his sea-wing, and like a doting mallard,  
 Leaving the fight in height, flies after her :  
 I never saw an action of such shame ;  
 Experience, manhood, honour, ne'er before  
 Did violate so itself.

*Eno.* Alack, alack !

*Enter CANIDIUS.*

*Can.* Our fortune on the sea is out of breath,  
 And sinks most lamentably. Had our general  
 Been what he knew himself, it had gone well :  
 O, he has given example for our flight,  
 Most grossly, by his own.

*Eno.* Ay, are you thereabouts ? Why then, good  
 night

Indeed.

[*Aside.*

*Can.* Towards Peloponnesus are they fled.

*Scar.* 'Tis easy to't; and there I will attend  
 What further comes.

*Can.* To Cæsar will I render  
 My legions, and my horse ; six kings already  
 Show me the way of yielding.

<sup>6</sup> The *brize* is the œstrum, or *gadfly*, so troublesome to cattle in the summer months.

<sup>7</sup> To *loof* is to bring a ship close to the wind. This expression is in the old translation of Plutarch. It also frequently occurs in Hackluyt's *Voyages*.

*Eno.* I'll yet follow  
The wounded chance<sup>8</sup> of Antony; though my reason  
Sits in the wind against me. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE IX.

Alexandria. *A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter ANTONY, and Attendants.*

*Ant.* Hark, the land bids me tread no more upon't,  
It is asham'd to bear me!—Friends, come hither.  
I am so lated<sup>1</sup> in the world, that I  
Have lost my way for ever:—I have a ship  
Laden with gold; take that, divide it; fly,  
And make your peace with Cæsar.

*Att.* Fly! not we.

*Ant.* I have fled myself; and have instructed  
cowards  
To run, and show their shoulders.—Friends, be gone;  
I have myself resolv'd upon a course,  
Which has no need of you; be gone:  
My treasure's in the harbour, take it.—O,  
I follow'd that I blush to look upon:  
My very hairs do mutiny; for the white  
Reprove the brown for rashness, and they them  
For fear and doting.—Friends, be gone; you shall  
Have letters from me to some friends, that will  
Sweep your way for you<sup>2</sup>. Pray you, look not sad,  
Nor make replies of loathness: take the hint  
Which my despair proclaims; let that be left  
Which leaves itself: to the seaside straightway:

<sup>8</sup> 'Wounded chance.' This phrase is nearly of the same import as 'broken fortunes.'

<sup>1</sup> Belated, benighted. So in *Macbeth*:—  
'Now spurs the *lated* traveller apace.'

<sup>2</sup> Thus also in *Hamlet*:—  
'—— they must *sweep my way*,  
And marshal me to knavery.'

I will possess you of that ship and treasure.  
 Leave me, I pray, a little: 'pray you now:—  
 Nay, do so; for, indeed, I have lost command<sup>3</sup>,  
 Therefore I pray you;—I'll see you by and by.  
[Sits down.]

*Enter EROS, and CLEOPATRA, led by CHARMIAN  
 and IRAS.*

*Eros.* Nay, gentle madam, to him;—Comfort him.

*Irás.* Do, most dear queen.

*Char.* Do! why, what else?

*Cleo.* Let me sit down. O Juno!

*Ant.* No, no, no, no, no.

*Eros.* See you here, sir?

*Ant.* O fye, fye, fye.

*Char.* Madam,—

*Irás.* Madam; O good empress!—

*Eros.* Sir, sir,—

*Ant.* Yes, my lord, yes;—He, at Philippi, kept  
 His sword e'en like a dancer<sup>4</sup>: while I struck  
 The lean and wrinkled Cassius: and 'twas I,  
 That the mad Brutus<sup>5</sup> ended: he alone

<sup>3</sup> 'I entreat you to leave me, because I have lost all power to command your absence.'

<sup>4</sup> The meaning appears to be, that Cæsar never offered to draw his sword, but kept it in the scabbard, like one who dances with a sword on, which was formerly the custom in England. It is alluded to in *All's Well that Ends Well*: Bertram, lamenting that he is kept from the wars, says:—

' I shall stay here the forehorse to a smock,  
 Creaking my shoes on the plain masonry,  
 Till honour be bought up, and no sword worn,  
 But one to dance with.'

And in *Titus Andronicus*:—

' ——— our mother unadvised  
 Gave you a dancing rapier by your side.'

<sup>5</sup> 'Nothing can be more in character than for an infamous debauched tyrant to call the heroick love of one's country and public liberty, madness.'—Warburton.

Dealt on lieutenantry<sup>6</sup>, and no practice had  
In the brave squares of war; Yet now—No matter.

*Cleo.* Ah, stand by.

*Eros.* The queen, my lord, the queen.

*Iras.* Go to him, madam, speak to him;  
He is unqualitied<sup>7</sup> with very shame.

*Cleo.* Well then,—Sustain me:—Oh!

*Eros.* Most noble sir, arise; the queen approaches;  
Her head's declin'd, and death will seize her; but<sup>8</sup>  
Your comfort makes the rescue.

*Ant.* I have offended reputation;  
A most unnoble swerving.

*Eros.* Sir, the queen.

*Ant.* O, whither hast thou led me, Egypt? See,  
How I convey my shame out of thine eyes<sup>9</sup>  
By looking back on what I have left behind  
'Stroy'd in dishonour.

*Cleo.* O my lord, my lord!  
Forgive my fearful sails! I little thought,  
You would have follow'd.

*Ant.* Egypt, 'thou knew'st too well,  
My heart was to thy rudder tied by the strings,

<sup>6</sup> 'Dealt on lieutenantry' probably means only 'fought by proxy,' made war by his lieutenants, or on the strength of his lieutenants. In a former scene Ventidius says:—

'Cæsar and Antony have ever won  
More in their officer, than person.'

To 'deal on any thing' is an expression often used by old writers. In Plutarch's *Life of Antony* Shakspeare found the following words:—'They were always more fortunate when *they made warre by their lieutenants* than by themselves.

<sup>7</sup> *Unqualitied* seems to mean here *unsoldiered*, *quality* being used for *profession* by Shakspeare and his contemporaries. Steevens says, 'perhaps *unqualitied* only signifies *unmanned* in general, disarmed of his usual faculties.'

<sup>8</sup> *But* is here used in its exceptive sense. See vol. i. p. 17, note 12.

<sup>9</sup> 'How by looking another way, I withdraw my ignominy from your sight.'

And thou should'st tow me after: O'er my spirit  
Thy full supremacy thou knew'st; and that  
Thy beck might from the bidding of the gods  
Command me.

*Cleo.* O, my pardon.

*Ant.* Now I must  
To the young man send humble treaties, dodge  
And palter in the shifts of lowness; who  
With half the bulk o' the world play'd as I pleas'd,  
Making and marring fortunes. You did know,  
How much you were my conqueror; and that  
My sword, made weak by my affection, would  
Obey it on all cause.

*Cleo.* O pardon, pardon.

*Ant.* Fall not a tear, I say; one of them rates<sup>10</sup>  
All that is won and lost: Give me a kiss;  
Even this repays me.—We sent our schoolmaster,  
Is he come back?—Love, I am full of lead:—  
Some wine, within there, and our viands:—Fortune  
knows,

We scorn her most, when most she offers blows.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE X. Cæsar's Camp, in Egypt.

*Enter CÆSAR, DOLABELLA, THYREUS, and  
Others.*

*Cæs.* Let him appear that's come from Antony.—  
Know you him?

*Dol.* Cæsar, 'tis his schoolmaster<sup>1</sup>:  
An argument that he is pluck'd, when hither  
He sends so poor a pinion of his wing,  
Which had superfluous kings for messengers,  
Not many moons gone by.

<sup>10</sup> Values.

<sup>1</sup> *Euphronius*, schoolmaster to Antony's children by Cleopatra.



*Enter EUPHRONIUS.*

*Cæs.* Approach, and speak.

*Eup.* Such as I am, I come from Antony:  
I was of late as petty to his ends,  
As is the morn-dew on the myrtle leaf  
To his grand sea<sup>2</sup>.

*Cæs.* Be it so; Declare thine office.

*Eup.* Lord of his fortunes he salutes thee, and  
Requires to live in Egypt: which not granted,  
He lessens his requests; and to thee sues  
To let him breathe between the heavens and earth,  
A private man in Athens: This for him.  
Next Cleopatra does confess thy greatness;  
Submits her to thy might; and of thee craves  
The circle<sup>3</sup> of the Ptolemies for her heirs,  
Now hazarded to thy grace.

*Cæs.* For Antony,  
I have no ears to his request. The queen  
Of audience, nor desire, shall fail: so she  
From Egypt drive her all-disgraced friend<sup>4</sup>,  
Or take his life there: This if she perform,  
She shall not sue unheard. So to them both.

*Eup.* Fortune pursue thee!

*Cæs.* Bring him through the bands.  
[*Exit EUPHRONIUS.*

To try thy eloquence, now 'tis time: Despatch;  
From Antony win Cleopatra: promise,  
[*To THYREUS.*

And in our name, what she requires; add more,  
From thine invention, offers: women are not,  
In their best fortunes, strong; but want will perjure

<sup>2</sup> 'His grand sea' appears to mean the sea from which the dew-drop is exhaled. The poet may have considered the sea as the source of dews as well as rain. *His* we find frequently used for *its*.

<sup>3</sup> The diadem, the crown.

<sup>4</sup> *Friend* here means *paramour*. See *Cymbeline*, Act i. Sc. 5.

The ne'er-touch'd vestal<sup>5</sup>: Try thy cunning, Thyreus;  
Make thine own edict for thy pains, which we  
Will answer as a law.

*Thyr.* Cæsar, I go.

*Cæs.* Observe how Antony becomes his flaw<sup>6</sup>;  
And what thou think'st his very action speaks  
In every power that moves.

*Thyr.* Cæsar, I shall. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE XI.

Alexandria. *A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, CHARMIAN,  
and IRAS.*

*Cleo.* What shall we do, Enobarbus?

*Eno.* Think, and die<sup>1</sup>.

*Cleo.* Is Antony, or we, in fault for this?

*Eno.* Antony only, that would make his will  
Lord of his reason. What though you fled  
From that great face of war, whose several ranges  
Frighted each other? why should he follow?  
The itch of his affection should not then  
Have nick'd<sup>2</sup> his captainship; at such a point,

<sup>5</sup> 'O opportunity! thy guilt is great,  
Thou mak'st the vestal violate her oath.'

*Rape of Lucrece.*

<sup>6</sup> 'Note how Antony conforms himself to this breach in his  
fortune.'

<sup>1</sup> To *think*, or *take thought*, was anciently synonymous with to  
grieve. Thus in Julius Cæsar, Act ii. Sc. 1:—

' ——— all that he can do

Is to himself *take thought*, and die for Cæsar.'

So Viola 'pined in *thought*.' And in *The Beggar's Bush* of  
Beaumont and Fletcher:—

'Can I not *think away* myself and die?'

<sup>2</sup> i. e. set the mark of folly upon it. So in *The Comedy of  
Errors*:—

' ——— and the while

His man with scissars nicks him like a fool.'

When half to half the world oppos'd, he being  
The mered question<sup>3</sup>: 'Twas a shame no less  
Than was his loss, to course your flying flags,  
And leave his navy gazing.

*Cleo.*

Pr'ythee, peace.

*Enter ANTONY, with EUPHRONIUS.*

*Ant.* Is this his answer?

*Eup.*

Ay, my lord.

*Ant.* The queen shall then have courtesy, so she  
Will yield us up.

*Eup.* He says so.

*Ant.*

Let her know it.—

To the boy Cæsar send this grizled head,  
And he will fill thy wishes to the brim  
With principalities.

*Cleo.*

That head, my lord?

*Ant.* To him again; Tell him, he wears the rose  
Of youth upon him; from which the world should  
note

Something particular: his coin, ships, legions  
May be a coward's; whose ministers would prevail  
Under the service of a child, as soon  
As i'the command of Cæsar: I dare him therefore  
To lay his gay comparisons apart,  
And answer me declin'd<sup>4</sup>, sword against sword,  
Ourselves alone; I'll write it; follow me.

[*Exeunt ANTONY and EUPHRONIUS.*

<sup>3</sup> i.e. he being the *object* to which this great contention is *limited*, or by which it is *bounded*. So in Hamlet, Act i. Sc. 1:—

' ——— the king

That was and is the *question* of these wars.'

<sup>4</sup> His *gay comparisons* may mean those circumstances of splendour and power in which he, when *compared* with me, so much exceeds me. 'I require of Cæsar not to depend on that superiority which the comparison of our different fortunes may exhibit, but to answer me man to man in this decline of my age and power.'

*Eno.* Yes, like enough, high-battled Cæsar will  
Unstate his happiness, and be stag'd to the show<sup>5</sup>,  
Against a sworder.—I see, men's judgments are  
A parcel<sup>6</sup> of their fortunes; and things outward  
To draw the inward quality after them,  
To suffer all alike. That he should dream,  
Knowing all measures, the full Cæsar will  
Answer his emptiness!—Cæsar, thou hast subdu'd  
His judgment too.

*Enter an Attendant.*

*Att.* A messenger from Cæsar.

*Cleo.* What, no more ceremony?—See, my women!—

Against the blown rose may they stop their nose,  
That kneel'd unto the buds.—Admit him, sir.

*Eno.* Mine honesty, and I, begin to square<sup>7</sup>.

[*Aside.*

The loyalty, well held to fools, does make  
Our faith mere folly:—Yet he, that can endure  
To follow with allegiance a fallen lord,  
Does conquer him that did his master conquer,  
And earns a place i' the story.

*Enter THYREUS.*

*Cleo.* Cæsar's will?

*Thyr.* Hear it apart.

*Cleo.* None but friends; say boldly.

*Thyr.* So, haply, are they friends to Antony.

*Eno.* He needs as many, sir, as Cæsar has:

<sup>5</sup> i. e. be exhibited, like conflicting gladiators, to the public gaze.

<sup>6</sup> i. e. are of a piece with them.

<sup>7</sup> To *square* is to *quarrel*. See vol. i. p. 236, note 8. *Enobarbus* is deliberating upon desertion, and finding it is more prudent to forsake a fool, and more reputable to be faithful to him, makes no positive conclusion.

Or needs not us. If Cæsar please, our master  
Will leap to be his friend: For us, you know,  
Whose he is, we are; and that's Cæsar's.

*Thyr.*

*So.—*

Thus then, thou most renown'd; Cæsar entreats,  
Not to consider in what case thou stand'st,  
Further than he is Cæsar<sup>8</sup>.

*Cleo.*

Go on: Right royal.

*Thyr.* He knows that you embrace<sup>9</sup> not Antony  
As you did love, but as you fear'd him.

*Cleo.*

O!

*Thyr.* The scars upon your honour, therefore, he  
Does pity, as constrain'd blemishes,  
Not as deserv'd.

*Cleo.*

He is a god, and knows

What is most right: Mine honour was not yielded,  
But conquer'd merely.

*Eno.*

To be sure of that, [*Aside.*

I will ask Antony.—Sir, sir, thou'rt so leaky,  
That we must leave thee to thy sinking, for  
Thy dearest quit thee<sup>10</sup>. [*Exit ENOBARBUS.*

*Thyr.*

Shall I say to Cæsar

What you require of him? for he partly begs  
To be desir'd to give. It much would please him  
That of his fortunes you should make a staff

<sup>8</sup> Thus the second folio. The first folio has, '—— than he is Cæsar's,' which brings obscurity with it. We have a clear meaning in the present reading: 'Cæsar entreats, that at the same time you consider your desperate fortunes, you would consider he is Cæsar: that is, generous and forgiving, able and willing to restore them.' I think with Malone that the previous speech, which is given to Enobarbus, was intended for Cleopatra.

<sup>9</sup> Shakspeare probably wrote *embrac'd*.

<sup>10</sup> So in *The Tempest*:—

'A rotten carcass of a boat——

—— the very rats

Instinctively had quit it.'

To lean upon: but it would warm his spirits,  
To hear from me you had left Antony,  
And put yourself under his shroud,  
The universal landlord.

*Cleo.* What's your name?

*Thyr.* My name is Thyreus.

*Cleo.* Most kind messenger,

Say to great Cæsar this in disputation<sup>11</sup>,  
I kiss his conqu'ring hand: tell him, I am prompt  
To lay my crown at his feet, and there to kneel:  
Tell him, from his all-obeying<sup>12</sup> breath I hear  
The doom of Egypt.

*Thyr.* 'Tis your noblest course.  
Wisdom and fortune combating together,  
If that the former dare but what it can,  
No chance may shake it. Give me grace<sup>13</sup> to lay  
My duty on your hand.

*Cleo.* Your Cæsar's father  
Oft, when he hath mus'd of taking kingdoms in<sup>14</sup>,  
Bestow'd his lips on that unworthy place,  
As it rain'd kisses.

*Re-enter ANTONY and ENOBARBUS.*

*Ant.* Favours, by Jove that thunders!—  
What art thou, fellow?

<sup>11</sup> Warburton suggests that we should read, 'in *deputation*,' i. e. 'as my deputy, say to great Cæsar this,' &c. Why the old punctuation of this line was altered in the modern editions, I am at a loss to imagine: the passage has been made obscure by printing it thus:—

'Say to great Cæsar this, In disputation  
I kiss his conqu'ring hand.'

The following passage in King Henry IV. Part I. seems to support Warburton's emendation:—

'Of all the favourites that the absent king  
In *deputation* left behind him here.'

<sup>12</sup> i. e. breath which all obey. *Obeying* for *obeyed*; in other places we have *delighted* for *delighting*, *guiled* for *guiling*, &c.

<sup>13</sup> Grant me the favour.

<sup>14</sup> See note 4, p. 457, Act iii. Sc. 7, ante.

*Thyr.* One, that but performs  
The bidding of the fullest<sup>15</sup> man, and worthiest  
To have command obey'd.

*Eno.* You will be whipp'd.

*Ant.* Approach, there:—Ay, you kite;—Now  
gods and devils!

Authority melts from me: Of late, when I cried, *ho!*  
Like boys unto a muss<sup>16</sup>, kings would start forth,  
And cry, *Your will?* Have you no ears? I am

*Enter Attendants.*

Antony yet. Take hence this Jack, and whip him.

*Eno.* 'Tis better playing with a lion's whelp,  
Than with an old one dying.

*Ant.* Moon and stars!  
Whip him:—Were't twenty of the greatest tributa-  
ries

That do acknowledge Cæsar, should I find them  
So saucy with the hand of she here (What's her name,  
Since she was Cleopatra<sup>17</sup>?)—Whip him, fellows,  
Till, like a boy, you see him cringe his face,  
And whine aloud for mercy: Take him hence.

*Thyr.* Mark Antony,—

*Ant.* Tug him away: being whipp'd,  
Bring him again:—This Jack of Cæsar's shall  
Bear us an errand to him.—

[*Exeunt Attend. with THYREUS.*]

<sup>15</sup> The most complete and perfect. So before, p. 470 :—' the full Cæsar.' And in Othello:—

'What a full fortune does the thick-lips owe.'

<sup>16</sup> A muss is a scramble.

'—— nor are they thrown

To make a muss among the gamesome suitors.'

*Jonson's Magnetick Lady.*

Dryden uses the word in the Prologue to Widow Ranter:—

'Bauble and cap no sooner are thrown down,

But there's a muss of more than half the town.'

<sup>17</sup> That is, since she ceased to be Cleopatra.

You were half blasted ere I knew you :—Ha!  
 Have I my pillow left unpress'd in Rome,  
 Forborne the getting of a lawful race,  
 And by a gem of women, to be abus'd  
 By one that looks on feeders<sup>18</sup>.

*Cleo.*

Good my lord,—

*Ant.* You have been a boggler ever :  
 But when we in our viciousness grow hard,  
 (O misery on't!) the wise gods seel<sup>19</sup> our eyes;  
 In our own filth drop our clear judgments; make us  
 Adore our errors; laugh at us, while we strut  
 To our confusion.

*Cleo.*

O, is it come to this?

*Ant.* I found you as a morsel, cold upon  
 Dead Cæsar's trencher: nay, you were a fragment  
 Of Cneius Pompey's; besides what hotter hours,  
 Unregister'd in vulgar fame, you have  
 Luxuriously<sup>20</sup> pick'd out:—For, I am sure,  
 Though you can guess what temperance should be,  
 You know not what it is.

*Cleo.*

Wherefore is this?

*Ant.* To let a fellow that will take rewards,  
 And say, *God quit you!* be familiar with

<sup>18</sup> i. e. on *menials*. Servants are called *eaters* and *feeders* by several of our old dramatic writers. Morose, in the *Silent Woman* of Ben Jonson, says:—'Where are all my *eaters*, my mouths, now? Bar up my doors, you varlets.' And in *The Wits*, by Sir W. Davenant:—

'—— tall *eaters* in blue coats sans number.'

Thus also in Fletcher's *Nice Valour*, Act iii. Sc. 1:—

'*Servants* he has, lusty tall *feeders*.'

'Have I (says Antony) abandoned Octavia, a gem of women, to be abused by a woman so base as to look on servants!' We are indebted to Mr. Gifford for fully establishing this explanation, and showing that Steevens gave the true meaning of the passage; thereby overthrowing Johnson's misconception, and Malone's pertinacious support of it. See *The Works of Ben Jonson*, vol. iii. p. 408.

<sup>19</sup> Close up. See p. 250, note 17.

<sup>20</sup> Wantonly.



My playfellow, your hand; this kingly seal,  
And plighter of high hearts!—O, that I were  
Upon the hill of Basan<sup>21</sup>, to outroar  
The horned herd! for I have savage cause;  
And to proclaim it civilly, were like  
A halter'd neck, which does the hangman thank  
For being yare<sup>22</sup> about him.—Is he whipp'd?

*Re-enter Attendants, with THYREUS.*

1 *Att.* Soundly, my lord.

*Ant.* Cried he? and begg'd he pardon?

1 *Att.* He did ask favour.

*Ant.* If that thy father live, let him repent.  
Thou wast not made his daughter; and be thou sorry  
To follow Cæsar in his triumph, since  
Thou hast been whipp'd for following him: hence-  
forth,

The white hand of a lady fever thee,  
Shake thou to look on't.—Get thee back to Cæsar,  
Tell him thy entertainment: Look, thou say,  
He makes me angry with him: for he seems  
Proud and disdainful; harping on what I am;  
Not what he knew I was: He makes me angry;  
And at this time most easy 'tis to do't;  
When my good stars, that were my former guides,  
Have empty left their orbs, and shot their fires  
Into the abism of hell. If he mislike  
My speech, and what is done; tell him, he has

<sup>21</sup> This is an allusion, however improper, to the Psalms.—  
'An high hill as the hill of Basan.' The idea of the *horned herd*  
was also probably caught from the same source:—'Many *oxen*  
are come about me: fat *bulls* of Basan close me in on every side.'  
'It is not without pity and indignation (says Johnson) that the  
reader of this great poet meets so often with this low jest, which  
is too much a favourite to be left out of either mirth or fury.'

<sup>22</sup> i.e. ready, nimble, active. See Act iii. Sc. 8, note 6,  
p. 458, ante.

Hipparchus, my enfranchis'd bondman, whom  
He may at pleasure whip, or hang, or torture,  
As he shall like, to quit<sup>23</sup> me: Urge it thou:  
Hence, with thy stripes, begone. [*Exit* THYREUS.]

*Cleo.* Have you done yet?

*Ant.* Alack, our terrene moon  
Is now eclips'd; and it portends alone  
The fall of Antony!

*Cleo.* I must stay his time.

*Ant.* To flatter Cæsar, would you mingle eyes  
With one that ties his points<sup>24</sup>?

*Cleo.* Not know me yet?

*Ant.* Cold-hearted toward me?

*Cleo.* Ah, dear, if I be so,  
From my cold heart let heaven engender hail,  
And poison it in the source; and the first stone  
Drop in my neck: as it determines<sup>25</sup>, so  
Dissolve my life! The next Cæsarion<sup>26</sup> smite!  
Till, by degrees, the memory of my womb,  
Together with my brave Egyptians all,  
By the discandying of this pelleted storm,  
Lie graveless; till the flies and gnats of Nile  
Have buried them for prey!

*Ant.* I am satisfied.  
Cæsar sits down in Alexandria; where  
I will oppose his fate. Our force by land  
Hath nobly held; our sever'd navy too

<sup>23</sup> To repay me this insult, to *requite* me.

<sup>24</sup> i. e. with a menial attendant. The reader will doubtless remember that *points* were the laces with which our ancestors fastened their trunk-hose.

<sup>25</sup> That is, as the hailstone *dissolves* or wastes away. So in King Henry VI. Part II. :—

‘Till his friend sickness hath *determin’d* me.’

<sup>26</sup> Cleopatra's son by Julius Cæsar.

Have knit again, and fleet<sup>27</sup>, threat'ning most sealike.  
Where hast thou been, my heart?—Dost thou hear,  
lady?

If from the field I shall return once more  
To kiss these lips, I will appear in blood;  
I and my sword will earn our chronicle;  
There is hope in it yet.

*Cleo.* That's my brave lord!

*Ant.* I will be treble-sinew'd, hearted, breath'd,  
And fight maliciously: for when mine hours  
Were nice<sup>28</sup> and lucky, men did ransom lives  
Of me for jests; but now, I'll set my teeth,  
And send to darkness all that stop me.—Come,  
Let's have one other gaudy<sup>29</sup> night: call to me  
All my sad captains, fill our bowls; once more  
Let's mock the midnight bell.

*Cleo.* It is my birthday:  
I had thought, to have held it poor; but, since my  
lord

Is Antony again, I will be Cleopatra.

*Ant.* We'll yet do well.

*Cleo.* Call all his noble captains to my lord.

*Ant.* Do so, we'll speak to them; and to-night  
I'll force

The wine peep through their scars.—Come on, my  
queen;

There's sap in't yet.—The next time I do fight,

<sup>27</sup> To *fleet* and to *float* were anciently synonymous. Thus Baret:—'To *fleete* above the water: flotter. Steevens has adduced numerous examples from old writers.

<sup>28</sup> *Nice* is here equivalent to *soft*, *tender*, *wanton*, or *luxurious*.  
'In *softer* and more fortunate hours.'

See vol. iii. p. 393, note 6.

<sup>29</sup> Feast days, in the colleges of either university, are called *gaudy* days, as they were formerly in the Inns of Court. 'From *gaudium* (says Blount), because, to say truth, they are days of joy, as bringing good cheer to the hungry students.'

I'll make death love me; for I will contend  
Even with his pestilent scythe<sup>30</sup>.

[*Exeunt* ANT. CLEO. and Attendants.

*Eno.* Now he'll out-stare the lightning<sup>31</sup>. To be  
furious,

Is, to be frightened out of fear: and in that mood,  
The dove will peck the estridge<sup>32</sup>; and I see still,  
A diminution in our captain's brain  
Restores his heart: When valour preys on reason,  
It eats the sword it fights with. I will seek  
Some way to leave him. [*Exit.*

## ACT IV.

### SCENE I. Cæsar's Camp at Alexandria.

*Enter* CÆSAR, reading a Letter; AGRIPPA, ME-  
CÆNAS, and Others.

*Cæs.* He calls me boy; and chides, as he had  
power  
To beat me out of Egypt: my messenger  
He hath whipp'd with rods; dares me to personal  
combat,  
Cæsar to Antony: Let the old ruffian know,

<sup>30</sup> This may have been caught from Harington's Ariosto,  
b. xii.:—

'Death goeth about the field, rejoicing mickle  
To see a sword that so surpass'd his sickle.'

Death is armed with a weapon in Statius, Theb. i. 633:—

'Mors fila sororum  
Ense metit.'

<sup>31</sup> Plutarch says of Antony, 'He used a manner of phrase in  
his speeche called Asiatick, which carried the best grace at that  
time, and was much like to him in his manners and life; for it  
was full of ostentation, foolish braverie, and vaine ambition.'—  
*North's Translation.*

<sup>32</sup> i. e. the estridge falcon.

I have many other ways to die<sup>1</sup>; mean time,  
Laugh at his challenge.

*Mec.* Cæsar must think,  
When one so great begins to rage, he's hunted  
Even to falling. Give him no breath, but now  
Make boot<sup>2</sup> of his distraction: Never anger  
Made good guard for itself.

*Cæs.* Let our best heads  
Know, that to-morrow the last of many battles  
We mean to fight:—Within our files there are  
Of those that serv'd Mark Antony but late,  
Enough to fetch him in. See it done;  
And feast the army: we have store to do't,  
And they have earn'd the waste. Poor Antony!  
[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.

Alexandria. *A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter* ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS,  
CHARMIAN, IRAS, ALEXAS, *and Others.*

*Ant.* He will not fight with me, Domitius.

*Eno.* No.

*Ant.* Why should he not?

*Eno.* He thinks, being twenty times of better  
fortune,

He is twenty men to one.

*Ant.* To-morrow, soldier,

<sup>1</sup> Upton would read:—

'He hath many other ways to die: mean time  
I laugh at his challenge.'

This is certainly the sense of Plutarch, and given so in modern translations; but Shakspeare was misled by the ambiguity of the old one:—'Antonius sent again to challenge Cæsar to fight him: Cæsar answered, that he had many other ways to die than so.'

<sup>2</sup> i. e. take advantage of,

By sea and land I'll fight: or I will live,  
Or bathe my dying honour in the blood  
Shall make it live again. Woo't thou fight well?

*Eno.* I'll strike; and cry, *Take all*<sup>1</sup>.

*Ant.* Well said; come on.—  
Call forth my household servants; let's to-night

*Enter Servants.*

Be bounteous at our meal.—Give me thy hand,  
Thou hast been rightly honest;—so hast thou;—  
And thou,—and thou,—and thou:—you have serv'd  
me well,

And kings have been your fellows.

*Cleo.* What means this?

*Eno.* 'Tis one of those odd tricks, which sorrow  
shoots [Aside.

Out of the mind,

*Ant.* And thou art honest too.

I wish, I could be made so many men;  
And all of you clapp'd up together in  
An Antony; that I might do you service,  
So good as you have done.

*Serv.* The gods forbid!

*Ant.* Well, my good fellows, wait on me to-night:  
Scant not my cups; and make as much of me,  
As when mine empire was your fellow too,  
And suffer'd my command.

*Cleo.* What does he mean?

*Eno.* To make his followers weep.

*Ant.* Tend me to-night;

May be, it is the period of your duty:  
Haply, you shall not see me more; or if,

<sup>1</sup> Let the survivor *take all*; no composition; victory or death.  
So in King Lear:—

' ————— unbonneted he runs,  
And bids what will, *take all*.'

A mangled shadow<sup>2</sup>: perchance, to-morrow  
 You'll serve another master. I look on you,  
 As one that takes his leave. Mine honest friends,  
 I turn you not away; but, like a master  
 Married to your good service, stay till death:  
 Tend me to-night two hours, I ask no more,  
 And the gods yield<sup>3</sup> you for't!

*Eno.* What mean you, sir,  
 To give them this discomfort? Look, they weep;  
 And I, an ass, am onion-ey'd<sup>4</sup>; for shame,  
 Transform us not to women.

*Ant.* Ho, ho, ho<sup>5</sup>!  
 Now the witch take me, if I meant it thus!  
 Grace grow where those drops fall<sup>6</sup>! My hearty  
 friends,

You take me in too dolorous a sense:  
 I spake to you for your comfort: did desire you  
 To burn this night with torches: Know, my hearts,  
 I hope well of to-morrow; and will lead you,  
 Where rather I'll expect victorious life,  
 Than death and honour. Let's to supper; come,  
 And drown consideration. *[Exeunt.]*

<sup>2</sup> 'Or if you see me more, you will see me a mangled shadow, only the external form of what I was.' The thought is, as usual, taken from North's translation of Plutarch.

<sup>3</sup> i. e. 'God reward you.' See vol. iii. p. 172, note 12.

<sup>4</sup> We have a similar allusion in Act i. Sc. 2:—'The tears live in an onion that should water this sorrow.'

<sup>5</sup> Steevens thinks that this exclamation of Antony's means *stop* or *desist*, desiring his followers to cease weeping. *Ho!* was an interjection, frequently used as a command to desist or leave off. Mr. Boswell says, 'These words may have been intended to express an hysterical laugh, in the same way as Cleopatra exclaims, in Act i. Sc. 5:—

' ————— *Ha! ha!*

Give me to drink mandragora.'

<sup>6</sup> 'Here did she drop a tear; here, in this place,  
 I'll set a bank of rue, sour herb of grace.'

*King Richard II.*

SCENE III. *The same. Before the Palace.**Enter Two Soldiers, to their Guard.***1 Sold.** Brother, good night: to-morrow is the day.**2 Sold.** It will determine one way: fare you well.  
Heard you of nothing strange about the streets?**1 Sold.** Nothing: What news?**2 Sold.** Belike, 'tis but a rumour:  
Good night to you.**1 Sold.** Well, sir, good night.*Enter Two other Soldiers.***2 Sold.** Soldiers,  
Have careful watch.**3 Sold.** And you: Good night, good night.*[The first Two place themselves at their Posts.]***4 Sold.** Here we: *[They take their Posts.]* and  
if to-morrow

Our navy thrive, I have an absolute hope

Our landmen will stand up.

**3 Sold.** 'Tis a brave army,  
And full of purpose.*[Musick of Hautboys under the Stage.]***4 Sold.** Peace, what noise?**1 Sold.** List, list!**2 Sold.** Hark!**1 Sold.** Musick i' the air.**3 Sold.** Under the earth.**4 Sold.** It signs<sup>1</sup> well,  
Does't not?**3 Sold.** No.**1 Sold.** Peace, I say. What should this mean?**2 Sold.** 'Tis the god Hercules, whom Antony lov'd,  
Now leaves him<sup>2</sup>.<sup>1</sup> i.e. it bodes well.<sup>2</sup> This is from the old translation of Plutarch:—'Within



1 *Sold.* Walk; let's see if other watchmen  
Do hear what we do. [*They advance to another Post.*

2 *Sold.* How now, masters?

*Sold.* How now?

How now? do you hear this?

[*Several speaking together.*

1 *Sold.* Ay; Is't not strange?

3 *Sold.* Do you hear, masters? do you hear?

1 *Sold.* Follow the noise so far as we have quarter;  
Let's see how't will give off.

*Sold.* [*Several speaking.*] Content: 'Tis strange.

[*Exeunt.*

#### SCENE IV. *The same. A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter ANTONY and CLEOPATRA; CHARMIAN  
and Others attending.*

*Ant.* Eros! mine armour, Eros!

*Cleo.* Sleep a little.

*Ant.* No, my chuck.—Eros, come; mine armour,  
Eros!

*Enter EROS, with Armour.*

Come, good fellow, put thine iron on:—

If fortune be not ours to-day, it is

Because we brave her.—Come.

little of midnight, when all the citie was quiet, full of feare, and sorrowe, thinking what would be the issue and end of this warre, it is saide that sodainely they heard a marvellous sweete harmonie of sundry sortes of instruments of musicke, with the cry of a multitude of people as they had beene dauncinge, and had song as they use in Bacchus feastes, with movinges and turnings after the manner of the satyres: and it seemed that this daunce went through the city unto the gate that opened to the enemies, and that all the troupe that made this noise they heard went out of the city at that gate. Now such as in reason sought the interpretation of this wonder, thought that it was the god unto whom Antonius bare singular devotion to counterfeate and resemble him, that did forsake them.'

*Cleo.* Nay, I'll help too.  
What's this for?

*Ant.* Ah, let be, let be! thou art  
The armourer of my heart:—False, false; this, this.

*Cleo.* Sooth, la, I'll help: Thus it must be.

*Ant.* Well, well;  
We shall thrive now.—Seest thou, my good fellow?  
Go, put on thy defences.

*Eros.* Briefly<sup>1</sup>, sir.

*Cleo.* Is not this buckled well?

*Ant.* Rarely, rarely:  
He that unbuckles this, till we do please  
To doff't for our repose, shall hear a storm.—  
Thou fumblest, Eros; and my queen's a squire  
More tight<sup>2</sup> at this, than thou: Despatch.—O love,  
That thou could'st see my wars to-day, and knew'st  
The royal occupation; thou should'st see

*Enter an Officer, armed.*

A workman in't.—Good morrow to thee; welcome:  
Thou look'st like him that knows a warlike charge:  
To business that we love, we rise betime,  
And go to it with delight.

*1 Off.* A thousand, sir,  
Early though it be, have on their riveted trim<sup>3</sup>,  
And at the port expect you.

[*Shout. Trumpets. Flourish.*]

*Enter other Officers, and Soldiers.*

*2 Off.* The morn is fair.—Good morrow, general.

*All.* Good morrow, general.

<sup>1</sup> That is, 'quickly, sir.'

<sup>2</sup> Tight is handy, adroit. So in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*:—'Bear you these letters tightly.' A tight lass is a handy one.

<sup>3</sup> So in *King Henry V.*:—

'The armourers accomplishing the knights,  
With busy hammers closing rivets up.'

*Ant.* 'Tis well blown, lads.  
 This morning, like the spirit of a youth  
 That means to be of note, begins betimes.—  
 So, so; come, give me that: this way; well said.  
 Fare thee well, dame, whate'er becomes of me:  
 This is a soldier's kiss; rebukable, [*Kisses her.*  
 And worthy shameful check it were, to stand  
 On more mechanick compliment; I'll leave thee  
 Now, like a man of steel.—You, that will fight,  
 Follow me close; I'll bring you to't.—Adieu.

[*Exeunt* ANTONY, EROS, Officers, and  
 Soldiers.

*Char.* Please you, retire to your chamber?

*Cleo.* Lead me,  
 He goes forth gallantly. That he and Cæsar might  
 Determine this great war in single fight:  
 Then, Antony,—But now,—Well, on. [*Exeunt.*

# SCENE V. Antony's Camp near Alexandria.

*Trumpets sound. Enter* ANTONY *and* EROS; *a*  
*Soldier meeting them.*

*Sold.* The gods make this a happy day to Antony!

*Ant.* 'Would, thou and those thy scars had once  
 prevail'd  
 To make me fight at land!

*Sold.* Had'st thou done so,  
 The kings that have revolted, and the soldier  
 That has this morning left thee, would have still  
 Follow'd thy heels.

*Ant.* Who's gone this morning?

*Sold.* Who?

One ever near thee: Call for Enobarbus,  
 He shall not hear thee; or from Cæsar's camp  
 Say, *I am none of thine.*

*Ant.* What say'st thou?

*Sold.*

Sir,

He is with Cæsar.

*Eros.*Sir, his chests and treasure  
He has not with him.*Ant.*

Is he gone?

*Sold.*

Most certain.

*Ant.* Go, Eros, send his treasure after; do it;  
 Detain no jot, I charge thee: write to him  
 (I will subscribe) gentle adieus, and greetings:  
 Say, that I wish he never find more cause  
 To change a master.—O, my fortunes have  
 Corrupted honest men:—Despatch:—Enobarbus!  
[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE VI. Cæsar's Camp before Alexandria.

*Flourish. Enter CÆSAR with AGRIPPA,  
 ENOBARBUS, and Others.*

*Cæs.* Go forth, Agrippa, and begin the fight:  
 Our will is, Antony be took alive;  
 Make it so known.

*Agr.* Cæsar, I shall. [*Exit AGRIPPA.*

*Cæs.* The time of universal peace is near:  
 Prove this a prosperous day, the three-nook'd world  
 Shall bear the olive freely<sup>1</sup>.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.*

Antony

Is come into the field.

<sup>1</sup> The meaning is that *the world* shall then enjoy the blessings of peace undisturbed. The following passages illustrate this passage:—

‘Come the three corners of the world in arms,  
 And we shall shock them.’

*King John.*

‘There is not now a rebel’s sword unsheath’d,  
 But peace puts forth her olive every where.’

*King Henry VI. Part II. Act iv. Sc. 4.*

*Cæs.* Go, charge Agrippa,  
Plant those that have revolted in the van,  
That Antony may seem to spend his fury  
Upon himself. [*Exeunt CÆSAR and his Train.*

*Eno.* Alexas did revolt; and went to Jewry,  
On affairs of Antony; there did persuade  
Great Herod to incline himself to Cæsar,  
And leave his master Antony: for this pains,  
Cæsar hath hang'd him. Canidius, and the rest  
That fell away, have entertainment, but  
No honourable trust. I have done ill,  
Of which I do accuse myself so sorely,  
That I will joy no more.

*Enter a Soldier of Cæsar's.*

*Sold.* Enobarbus, Antony  
Hath after thee sent all thy treasure, with  
His bounty overplus: The messenger  
Came on my guard; and at thy tent is now,  
Unloading of his mules.

*Eno.* I give it you.

*Sold.* Mock not, Enobarbus.  
I tell you true: Best you saf'd the bringer  
Out of the host; I must attend mine office,  
Or would have don't myself. Your emperor  
Continues still a Jove. [*Exit Soldier.*

*Eno.* I am alone the villain of the earth,  
And feel I am so most. O Antony,  
Thou mine of bounty, how would'st thou have paid  
My better service, when my turpitude  
Thou dost so crown with gold! This blows<sup>2</sup> my heart:

<sup>2</sup> 'This generosity (says Enobarbus) *swells* my heart, so that it will quickly break, if *thought* break it not.' *Blown* is used for *puffed* or *swelled* in the last scene:—

'——— on her breast

There is a vent of blood, and something *blown*.  
And in Lear:—

'No *blown* ambition doth our arms excite.'

*Thought* here also signifies grief. See Act iii. Sc. 2, note 1.

If swift thought break it not, a swifter mean  
 Shall outstrike thought: but thought will do't, I feel.  
 I fight against thee!—No: I will go seek  
 Some ditch, wherein to die; the foul'st best fits  
 My latter part of life. [Exit.

## SCENE VII.

*Field of Battle between the Camps.*

*Alarum. Drums and Trumpets. Enter AGRIPPA,  
 and Others.*

*Agr.* Retire, we have engag'd ourselves too far:  
 Cæsar himself has work, and our oppression<sup>1</sup>  
 Exceeds what he expected. [Exeunt.

*Alarum. Enter ANTONY and SCARUS, wounded.*

*Scar.* O my brave emperor, this is fought indeed!  
 Had we done so at first, we had driven them home  
 With clouts about their heads.

*Ant.* Thou bleed'st apace.

*Scar.* I had a wound here that was like a T,  
 But now 'tis made an H.

*Ant.* They do retire.

*Scar.* We'll beat'em into bench-holes<sup>2</sup>; I have yet  
 Room for six scotches more.

*Enter EROS.*

*Eros.* They are beaten, sir; and our advantage  
 serves  
 For a fair victory.

*Scar.* Let us score their backs,

<sup>1</sup> 'Our oppression' means the force by which we are oppressed or overpowered.

<sup>2</sup> The hole in a bench, *ad levandum alvum*. Thus in Cecil's Secret Correspondence, published by Lord Hailes, 1766:—  
 'And beside, until a man be sure that this embryo is likely to receive life, I will leave it like an abort in a bench-hole.'

And snatch 'em up, as we take hares, behind;  
'Tis sport to maul a runner.

*Ant.* I will reward thee  
Once for thy spritely comfort, and tenfold  
For thy good valour. Come thee on.

*Scar.* I'll halt after. [*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE VIII. *Under the Walls of Alexandria.*

*Alarum.* Enter ANTONY, marching; SCARUS,  
and Forces.

*Ant.* We have beat him to his camp; Run one  
before,  
And let the queen know of our guests<sup>1</sup>.—To-morrow,  
Before the sun shall see us, we'll spill the blood  
That has to-day escap'd. I thank you all;  
For doughty-handed are you: and have fought  
Not as you serv'd the cause, but as it had been  
Each man's like mine; you have shown all Hectors.  
Enter the city, clip your wives, your friends,  
Tell them your feats; whilst they with joyful tears  
Wash the congealment from your wounds, and kiss  
The honour'd gashes whole.—Give me thy hand;  
[To SCARUS.]

*Enter CLEOPATRA, attended.*

To this great fairy<sup>2</sup> I'll commend thy acts,  
Make her thanks bless thee.—O thou day o'the world,  
Chain mine arm'd neck; leap thou, attire and all,  
Through proof of harness<sup>3</sup> to my heart, and there  
Ride on the pants triúmphing.

<sup>1</sup> Antony, after his success, intends to bring his officers to sup with Cleopatra, and orders notice to be given her of their coming.

<sup>2</sup> *Fairy*, in former times, did not signify only a diminutive imaginary being, but an *inchanter*; in which sense it is used here.

<sup>3</sup> i. e. armour of proof. *Harnois*, Fr.; *arnese*, Ital.

*Cleo.* Lord of lords!  
O infinite virtue! com'st thou smiling from  
The world's great snare<sup>4</sup> uncaught?

*Ant.* My nightingale,  
We have beat them to their beds. What, girl?  
though gray  
Do something mingle with our younger brown; yet  
have we

A brain that nourishes our nerves, and can  
Get goal for goal of youth<sup>5</sup>. Behold this man;  
Commend unto his lips thy favouring hand;—  
Kiss it, my warrior:—He hath fought to-day,  
As if a god, in hate of mankind, had  
Destroy'd in such a shape.

*Cleo.* I'll give thee, friend,  
An armour all of gold: it was a king's.

*Ant.* He has deserv'd it; were it carbuncled  
Like holy Phœbus' car.—Give me thy hand;  
Through Alexandria make a jolly march;  
Bear our hack'd targets like the men that owe them<sup>6</sup>:  
Had our great palace the capacity  
To camp this host, we all would sup together;  
And drink carouses to the next day's fate,  
Which promises royal peril.—Trumpeters,  
With brazen din blast you the city's ear;  
Make mingle with our rattling tabourines<sup>7</sup>;  
That heaven and earth may strike their sounds to-  
gether,  
Applauding our approach. [*Exeunt.*

<sup>4</sup> i. e. the war. So in the 116th Psalm:—'The snares of death compassed me round about.' Thus also Statius:—

'——— circum undique lethi  
Vallavere plagæ.'

<sup>5</sup> At all plays of barriers the boundary is called a *goal*; to win a goal is to be a superior in a contest of activity.

<sup>6</sup> 'With spirit and exultation, such as becomes the brave warriors that own them.'

<sup>7</sup> Tabourines were small drums.



## SCENE IX. Cæsar's Camp.

Sentinels *on their Post.* Enter ENOBARBUS.

1 *Sold.* If we be not reliev'd within this hour,  
We must return to the court of guard<sup>1</sup>: The night  
Is shiny; and, they say, we shall embattle  
By the second hour i' the morn.

2 *Sold.* This last day was  
A shrewd one to us.

*Eno.* O, bear me witness, night,—

3 *Sold.* What man is this?

2 *Sold.* Stand close, and list him.

*Eno.* Be witness to me, O thou blessed moon,  
When men revolted shall upon record  
Bear hateful memory, poor Enobarbus did  
Before thy face repent!—

1 *Sold.* Enobarbus!

3 *Sold.* Peace;

Hark further.

*Eno.* O sovereign mistress of true melancholy,  
The poisonous damp of night disponge<sup>2</sup> upon me;  
That life, a very rebel to my will,  
May hang no longer on me: Throw my heart  
Against the flint and hardness of my fault<sup>3</sup>;  
Which, being dried with grief, will break to powder,

<sup>1</sup> The *court of guard* is the *guard-room*, the place where the guard musters. The phrase is used again in *Othello*.

<sup>2</sup> Discharge, as a *sponge* when squeezed discharges the moisture it had imbibed.

<sup>3</sup> 'It is painful to find the gloomy dignity of this noble scene destroyed by the intrusion of a conceit so far-fetched and unaffecting.'—*Johnson*.

Steevens has justly observed, that Shakspeare, in most of his conceits, is kept in countenance by his cotemporaries. We have something similar in Daniel's 118th Sonnet, ed. 1594:—

'Still must I whet my young desires abated,  
Upon the flint of such a heart rebelling.'

And finish all foul thoughts. O Antony,  
 Nobler than my revolt is infamous,  
 Forgive me in thine own particular;  
 But let the world rank me in register  
 A master-leaver, and a fugitive:  
 O Antony! O Antony!

[*Dies.*

2 *Sold.* Let's speak  
 To him.

1 *Sold.* Let's hear him, for the things he speaks  
 May concern Cæsar.

3 *Sold.* Let's do so. But he sleeps.

1 *Sold.* Swoons rather; for so bad a prayer as his  
 Was never yet for sleep.

2 *Sold.* Go we to him.

3 *Sold.* Awake, awake, sir; speak to us.

2 *Sold.* Hear you, sir?

1 *Sold.* The hand of death hath raught<sup>4</sup> him.

Hark, the drums [Drums afar off.

Demurely<sup>5</sup> wake the sleepers. Let us bear him  
 To the court of guard; he is of note: our hour  
 Is fully out.

3 *Sold.* Come on then;  
 He may recover yet. [Exeunt with the Body.

### SCENE X. *Between the two Camps.*

*Enter ANTONY and SCARUS, with Forces, marching.*

*Ant.* Their preparation is to-day by sea;  
 We please them not by land.

*Scar.* For both, my lord.

*Ant.* I would, they'd fight i' the fire, or in the air;  
 We'd fight there too. But this it is; Our foot  
 Upon the hill adjoining to the city,  
 Shall stay with us: order for sea is given;

<sup>4</sup> *Raught* is the ancient preterite of the verb to *reach*.

<sup>5</sup> *Demurely* for solemnly.

They have put forth the haven: Let's seek a spot<sup>1</sup>,  
Where their appointment we may best discover,  
And look on their endeavour<sup>2</sup>. [Exeunt.

*Enter CÆSAR, and his Forces, marching.*

*Cæs.* But<sup>3</sup> being charg'd, we will be still by land,  
Which, as I take't, we shall; for his best force  
Is forth to man his galleys. To the vales,  
And hold our best advantage. [Exeunt.

*Re-enter ANTONY and SCARUS.*

*Ant.* Yet they're not join'd: Where yonder pine  
does stand,  
I shall discover all: I'll bring thee word  
Straight, how 'tis like to go. [Exit.

*Scar.* Swallows have built  
In Cleopatra's sails their nests: the augures<sup>4</sup>  
Say, they know not,—they cannot tell;—look grimly,  
And dare not speak their knowledge. Antony  
Is valiant, and dejected; and, by starts,  
His fretted fortunes give him hope, and fear,  
Of what he has, and has not.

<sup>1</sup> Some words appear to have been accidentally omitted in the old copy, which Malone has supplied by the phrase, 'Let's seek a spot.' Rowe supplied the omission by the words, 'Further on.'

<sup>2</sup> 'Where we may but discover their *numbers*, and see their *motions*.'

<sup>3</sup> *But*, in its exceptive sense, for *be out*, i. e. *without*. Steevens has adduced a passage from the MS. Romance of Guillaume de Palerne, in the Library of King's Coll. Cambridge, in which the orthography almost explains the word:—

'I sayle now in the see as schip *boute* mast,  
*Boute* anker, or ore, or any semlych sayle.'

See vol. i. p. 17, note 12.

<sup>4</sup> The old copy reads, *auguries*. *Augurs*, the plural of *augur*, was anciently spelled *augures*, which we should read here, and not *augurers*, improperly substituted by Malone. See vol. iv. p. 275, note 19,

*Alarum afar off, as at a Sea-Fight. Re-enter  
ANTONY.*

*Ant.* All is lost;  
This foul Egyptian hath betrayed me:  
My fleet hath yielded to the foe; and yonder  
They cast their caps up, and carouse together  
Like friends long lost.—Triple-turn'd whore<sup>5</sup>! 'tis  
thou  
Hast sold me to this novice; and my heart  
Makes only wars on thee.—Bid them all fly;  
For when I am reveng'd upon my charm,  
I have done all:—Bid them all fly, begone.

[*Exit SCARUS.*

O sun, thy uprise shall I see no more:  
Fortune and Antony part here; even here  
Do we shake hands.—All come to this?—The hearts  
That spaniel'd<sup>6</sup> me at heels, to whom I gave  
Their wishes, do discandy, melt their sweets  
On blossoming Cæsar; and this pine is bark'd,  
That overtopp'd them all. Betray'd I am:  
O this false soul of Egypt! this grave charm<sup>7</sup>,  
Whose eye beck'd forth my wars, and call'd them  
home;

<sup>5</sup> Cleopatra first belonged to Julius Cæsar, then to Antony, and now, as Antony supposes, to Augustus.

<sup>6</sup> The old editions read, *pannell'd*. *Spaniel'd* is the happy emendation of Sir Thomas Hanmer. In *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Helena says to Demetrius:—

'I am your *spaniel*,—only give me leave,  
Unworthy as I am, to follow you.'

<sup>7</sup> 'This *grave charm*' probably means this deadly or destructive piece of witchcraft. In this sense the epithet *grave* is often used by Chapman in his translation of Homer. Thus in the nineteenth book:—

'—— but not far hence the fatal minutes are  
Of thy grave ruin.'

It seems to be employed in the sense of the Latin word *gravia*.

Whose bosom was my crownet<sup>8</sup>, my chief end,  
 Like a right gipsy, hath, at fast and loose<sup>9</sup>,  
 Beguil'd me to the very heart of loss.—  
 What, Eros, Eros!

*Enter CLEOPATRA.*

Ah, thou spell! Avaunt.

*Cleo.* Why is my lord enrag'd against his love?

*Ant.* Vanish; or I shall give thee thy deserving,  
 And blemish Cæsar's triumph. Let him take thee,  
 And hoist thee up to the shouting plebeians:  
 Follow his chariot, like the greatest spot  
 Of all thy sex: most monster-like, be shown  
 For poor'st diminutives, for doits<sup>10</sup>; and let  
 Patient Octavia plough thy visage up  
 With her prepared nails. [*Exit CLEO.*] 'Tis well  
 thou'rt gone,

If it be well to live: But better 'twere  
 Thou fell'st into my fury, for one death  
 Might have prevented many.—Eros, ho!—  
 The shirt of Nessus is upon me: Teach me,  
 Alcides, thou mine ancestor, thy rage:  
 Let me lodge Lichas<sup>11</sup> on the horns o'the moon;

<sup>8</sup> 'That which I looked to as the reward or crown of my endeavours.' The allusion is to *finis coronat opus*. In All's Well that Ends Well we have:—'Still *the fine's the crown*.'

<sup>9</sup> The allusion is to the game of *fast and loose*, or *pricking at the belt or girdle*, still practised by juggling cheats at fairs, and which was practised by the gipsies in Shakspeare's time, as appears in an Epigram of Thomas Freeman's, in his collection, called 'Run and a great Cast,' 1614, which is printed in the Variorum Shakspeare, together with Sir John Hawkins's description of the game. See also Scot's Discoverie of Witchcraft, 1584, p. 336.

<sup>10</sup> i. e. for the smallest pieces of money. The old copy reads, 'for *dolts*;' and, at Mr. Tyrwhitt's suggestion, Steevens reads, 'to *dolts*.'

<sup>11</sup> Shakspeare was probably indebted to Golding's translation of Ovid's *Metamorphosis*, b. ix. for the story of Lichas.

And with those hands, that grasp'd the heaviest club,  
 Subdue my worthiest self. The witch shall die;  
 To the young Roman boy she hath sold me, and I fall  
 Under this plot: she dies for't.—Eros, ho! [*Exit.*]

## SCENE XI.

Alexandria. *A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter* CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and  
 MARDIAN.

*Cleo.* Help me, my women! O, he is more mad  
 Than Telamon<sup>1</sup> for his shield; the boar of Thessaly  
 Was never so emboss'd<sup>2</sup>.

*Char.* To the monument;  
 There lock yourself, and send him word you are dead.  
 The soul and body rive not more in parting<sup>3</sup>,  
 Than greatness going off.

*Cleo.* To the monument:—  
 Mardian, go tell him I have slain myself;  
 Say, that the last I spoke was, Antony,  
 And word it, pr'ythee, piteously: Hence,  
 Mardian; and bring me how he takes my death.—  
 To the monument. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE XII. *The same. Another Room.*

*Enter* ANTONY and EROS.

*Ant.* Eros, thou yet behold'st me?

*Eros.* Ay, noble lord.

<sup>1</sup> i. e. than *Ajax Telamon* for the armour of *Achilles*, the most valuable part of which was the shield. *The boar of Thessaly* was the boar killed by *Meleager*.

<sup>2</sup> When a hunted animal is so hard run that it foams at the mouth, it is said to be emboss'd. See vol. iii. p. 342, note 7.

<sup>3</sup> ——— It is a sufferance, panging  
 As soul and body's severing.

King Henry VIII.

*Ant.* Sometime, we see a cloud that's dragomish<sup>1</sup>;  
 A vapour, sometime, like a bear, or lion,  
 A tower'd citadel, a pendent rock,  
 A forked mountain or blue promontory  
 With trees upon't, that nod unto the world,  
 And mock our eyes with air: Thou hast seen these  
 signs;

They are black vesper's pageants<sup>2</sup>.

*Eros.*

Ay, my lord.

*Ant.* That, which is now a horse, even with a  
 thought,

The rack dislimns<sup>3</sup>, and makes it indistinct,  
 As water is in water.

*Eros.*

It does, my lord.

*Ant.* My good knave<sup>4</sup>, Eros, now thy captain is  
 Even such a body: here I am Antony;

<sup>1</sup> Ἡδὴ ποτ' ἀναελέψας εἶδες νεφέλην Κενταύρω ὁμοίαν

<sup>2</sup> Ἡ παρδάλει, ἡ λύκω, ἡ ταύρω.

*Aristophanes*, Νεφ. v. 345.

'Like to a mass of clouds, that now seem like  
 An elephant, and straightway like an ox,  
 And then a mouse.' *Chapman's Mons. D'Olive*.

'——— like empty clouds,  
 In which our faulty apprehensions forge  
 The forms of dragons, lions, elephants,  
 When they hold no proportion.' *Bussy D'Ambois*.

<sup>2</sup> The beauty both of the expression and the allusion is lost, unless we recollect the frequency and the nature of these shows in Shakspeare's age. The following apposite passage from a sermon, by Bishop Hall, is cited by Mr. Boswell:—'I feare some of you are like the *pageants* of your great solemnities, wherein there is a show of a solid body, whether of a lion, or elephant, or unicorne; but if they be curiously look'd into, there is nothing but cloth, and sticks, and ayre.'

<sup>3</sup> i. e. 'the fleeting away of the clouds destroys the picture.'

<sup>4</sup> *Knave* was familiarly used for *servant*. Thus in *A Mery Geste of Robyn Hooode*:—

'I shall thee lende lyttle John my man,  
 For he shall be thy *knave*.'

But it had already begun to have no favourable signification when *Baret* published his *Alvearie*, in 1573.

Yet cannot hold this visible shape, my knave.  
 I made these wars for Egypt; and the queen,—  
 Whose heart, I thought, I had, for she had mine;  
 Which, whilst it was mine, had annex'd unto't  
 A million more, now lost,—she, Eros, has  
 Pack'd cards<sup>5</sup> with Cæsar, and false play'd my glory  
 Unto an enemy's triumph.—  
 Nay, weep not, gentle Eros; there is left us  
 Ourselves to end ourselves.—O, thy vile lady!

*Enter MARDIAN.*

She has robb'd me of my sword.

*Mar.* No, Antony;  
 My mistress lov'd thee, and her fortunes mingled  
 With thine entirely.

*Ant.* Hence, saucy eunuch; peace;  
 She hath betray'd me, and shall die the death.

*Mar.* Death of one person can be paid but once;  
 And that she has discharg'd: What thou would'st do,  
 Is done unto thy hand; the last she spake  
 Was Antony! most noble Antony!  
 Then in the midst a tearing groan did break  
 The name of Antony; it was divided  
 Between her heart and lips: she render'd life,  
 Thy name so buried in her.

*Ant.* Dead then?

*Mar.* Dead.

*Ant.* Unarm, Eros; the long day's task is done,  
 And we must sleep:—That thou depart'st hence  
 safe,

<sup>5</sup> 'To pack the cards' was to put them together in an unfair manner. It is often used metaphorically, for contriving together to deceive another. The poet meant to say, that Cleopatra, by collusion, played the great game they were engaged in falsely, so as to sacrifice Antony's fame to that of his enemy. There is an equivocal between *trump* and *triumph*. The game of *trump* (*triomphe*, Fr.) was then popular; it was a rude prototype of whist.



Does pay thy labour richly; Go.—Off, pluck off;—  
[*Exit* MARDIAN.

The sevenfold shield of Ajax cannot keep  
The battery from my heart<sup>6</sup>. O, cleave my sides!  
Heart, once be stronger than thy continent<sup>7</sup>,  
Crack thy frail case!—Apace, Eros, apace.—  
No more a soldier:—Bruised pieces, go;  
You have been nobly borne.—From me a while.—  
[*Exit* EROS.

I will o’ertake thee, Cleopatra, and  
Weep for my pardon. So it must be, for now  
All length is torture<sup>8</sup>:—Since the torch is out,  
Lie down, and stray no further: Now all labour  
Mars what it does; yea, very force entangles  
Itself with strength: Seal then<sup>9</sup>, and all is done.—  
Eros!—I come, my queen:—Eros!—Stay for me:  
Where souls do couch on flowers, we’ll hand in hand,  
And with our sprightly port make the ghosts gaze:  
Dido and her Æneas<sup>10</sup> shall want troops,  
And all the haunt be ours.—Come, Eros, Eros!

*Re-enter* EROS.

*Eros.* ‘What would my lord?’

*Ant.* Since Cleopatra died,

<sup>6</sup> ‘The battery from my heart’ means ‘the battery proceeding from my heart, which is strong enough to break through the sevenfold shield of Ajax; I wish it were strong enough to cleave my sides and destroy me.’

<sup>7</sup> i. e. the thing that contains thee.

<sup>8</sup> Steevens thinks that the poet wrote *life*, and not *length*. But *length* may signify *extension* or *protraction* of *life*.

<sup>9</sup> A passage in King Henry V. explains this:—

‘And so espous’d to death, with blood he *seal’d*  
A testament of noble-ending love.’

<sup>10</sup> Warburton remarks that Dido and Æneas were not likely to be found thus lovingly associated, ‘where souls do couch on flowers.’ Either the poet forgot Virgil’s celebrated description in the sixth book of the Æneid, or confounded Æneas with *Sichæus* inadvertently.

I have liv'd in such dishonour, that the gods  
 Detest my baseness. I, that with my sword  
 Quarter'd the world, and o'er green Neptune's back  
 With ships made cities, condemn myself to lack  
 The courage of a woman; less noble mind<sup>11</sup>  
 Than she, which, by her death, our Cæsar tells,  
*I am conqueror of myself.* Thou art sworn, Eros,  
 That, when the exigent should come (which now  
 Is come, indeed), when I should see behind me  
 The inevitable prosecution of  
 Disgrace and horror, that, on my command,  
 Thou then would'st kill me: do't; the time is come:  
 Thou strik'st not me, 'tis Cæsar thou defeat'st.  
 Put colour in thy cheek.

*Eros.* The gods withhold me!  
 Shall I do that, which all the Parthian darts,  
 Though enemy, lost aim, and could not?

*Ant.* *Eros,*  
 Would'st thou be window'd in great Rome, and see  
 Thy master thus with pleach'd<sup>12</sup> arms, bending down  
 His corrigible<sup>13</sup> neck, his face subdued  
 To penetrative shame; whilst the wheel'd seat

<sup>11</sup> 'Less noble mind' must be accepted as if it was written less *nobly minded*. The termination *bly* is often written *ble* by old writers, and is frequently to be found so in Shakspeare. To *mind* or purpose is a verb extensively used in former times. We have it in the Third Part of King Henry VI.:—

'Belike she *minds* to play the amazon.'

And in another place:—

'But if you *mind* to hold your true obedience.'

So Baret:—'I am fully purposed, *minded*, or determined so to do.' The passage in North's Plutarch, which Shakspeare copied, runs thus:—'I am sorrie that having beene so great a captaine and emperour, I am indeed condemned to be judged of *lesse corage and noble MINDE than a woman*.'

<sup>12</sup> i. e. arms folded in each other.

<sup>13</sup> *Corrigible* for *corrected*, and afterwards *penetrative* for *penetrating*. So Virgil has '*penetrabile frigus*' for *penetrans frigus*, in his Georgicks.

Of fortunate Cæsar, drawn before him, branded  
His baseness that ensu'd <sup>14</sup>?

*Eros.* I would not see't.

*Ant.* Come then; for with a wound I must be  
cur'd.

Draw that thy honest sword, which thou hast worn  
Most useful for thy country.

*Eros.* O, sir, pardon me.

*Ant.* When I did make thee free, swor'st thou  
not then

To do this when I bade thee? Do it at once;  
Or thy precedent services are all  
But accidents unpurpos'd. Draw, and come.

*Eros.* Turn from me then that noble countenance,  
Wherein the worship <sup>15</sup> of the whole world lies.

*Ant.* Lo thee. [*Turning from him.*]

*Eros.* My sword is drawn.

*Ant.* Then let it do at once  
The thing why thou hast drawn it.

*Eros.* My dear master,  
My captain, and my emperor! let me say,  
Before I strike this bloody stroke, farewell.

*Ant.* 'Tis said, man;—and, farewell.

*Eros.* Farewell, great chief. Shall I strike now?

*Ant.* Now, Eros.

*Eros.* Why, there then:—[*Falls on his Sword.*]

Thus do I escape the sorrow  
Of Antony's death. [*Dies.*]

*Ant.* Thrice nobler than myself!  
Thou teachest me, O valiant Eros, what  
I should, and thou could'st not. My queen and Eros  
Have, by their brave instruction, got upon me  
A nobleness in record: But I will be

<sup>14</sup> ' Branded with baseness the poor wretch that followed.'

<sup>15</sup> i. e. the honour, the dignity.

A bridegroom in my death<sup>16</sup>, and run into't  
 As to a lover's bed. Come then; and, Eros,  
 Thy master dies thy scholar; to do thus

[*Falling on his Sword.*

I learn'd of thee. How! not dead? not dead?—  
 The guard!—ho!—O, despatch me.

*Enter DERCETAS and Guard.*

1 *Guard.* What's the noise?

*Ant.* I have done my work ill, friends; O, make  
 an end

Of what I have begun.

2 *Guard.* The star is fallen.

1 *Guard.* And time is at his period.

*All.* Alas, and woe!

*Ant.* Let him that loves me, strike me dead.

1 *Guard.* Not I.

2 *Guard.* Nor I.

3 *Guard.* Nor any one. [*Exeunt Guard.*

*Der.* Thy death and fortunes bid thy followers fly.  
 This sword but shown to Cæsar, with this tidings,  
 Shall enter me with him.

*Enter DIOMEDES.*

*Dio.* Where's Antony?

*Der.* There, Diomed, there.

*Dio.* Lives he?

Wilt thou not answer, man? [*Exit DERCETAS.*

*Ant.* Art thou there, Diomed? Draw thy sword,  
 and give me

Sufficing strokes for death.

*Dio.* Most absolute lord,  
 My mistress Cleopatra sent me to thee.

<sup>16</sup> This thought occurs in *Measure for Measure*:—

'I will encounter darkness as a bride,  
 And hug it in my arms.'

*Ant.* When did she send thee?

*Dio.* Now, my lord.

*Ant.* Where is she?

*Dio.* Lock'd in her monument. She had a prophesying fear

Of what hath come to pass: for when she saw  
(Which never shall be found) you did suspect  
She hath dispos'd<sup>17</sup> with Cæsar, and that your rage  
Would not be purg'd, she sent you word she was dead;  
But, fearing since how it might work, hath sent  
Me to proclaim the truth; and I am come,  
I dread, too late.

*Ant.* Too late, good Diomed:—Call my guard, I  
pr'ythee.

*Dio.* What, ho! the emperor's guard! The guard,  
what, ho!

Come, your lord calls.

*Enter some of the Guard.*

*Ant.* Bear me, good friends, where Cleopatra bides;  
'Tis the last service that I shall command you.

1 *Guard.* Woe, woe are we, sir, you may not live  
to wear

All your true followers out.

*All.* Most heavy day!

*Ant.* Nay, good my fellows, do not please sharp fate  
To grace it with your sorrows: bid that welcome  
Which comes to punish us, and we punish it  
Seeming to bear it lightly. Take me up:  
I have led you oft; carry me now, good friends,  
And have my thanks for all.

[*Exeunt bearing ANTONY.*]

<sup>17</sup> i. e. *arranged* with him, agreed with him. The word is used in this sense in *Troilus and Cressida*, Act ii. Sc. 3:—

'*Agam.* What's his excuse?

*Ulyss.*

He doth rely on none,

But carries on the stream of his dispose  
Without observance or respect of any.'

SCENE XIII. *The same. A Monument.**Enter above, CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, and IRAS.**Cleo.* O Charmian, I will never go from hence.*Char.* Be comforted, dear madam.

*Cleo.* No, I will not:  
 All strange and terrible events are welcome,  
 But comforts we despise ; our size of sorrow,  
 Proportion'd to our cause, must be as great

*Enter DIOMEDES.*

As that which makes it.—How now ? is he dead ?

*Dio.* His death's upon him, but not dead.  
 Look out o'the other side your monument,  
 His guard have brought him thither.

*Enter ANTONY, borne by the Guard.*

*Cleo.* O thou sun,  
 Burn the great sphere thou mov'st in<sup>1</sup>!—darkling  
 stand

The varying shore o'th'world. O Antony, Antony,  
 Antony !

Help, Charmian ; help, Iras, help : help, friends  
 Below, let's draw him hither.

*Ant.*

Peace :

Not Cæsar's valour hath o'erthrown Antony,  
 But Antony's hath triumphed on itself.

*Cleo.* So it should be, that none but Antony  
 Should conquer Antony ; but woe 'tis so !

*Ant.* I am dying, Egypt, dying ; only  
 I here importune death a while, until  
 Of many thousand kisses the poor last  
 I lay upon thy lips.—

<sup>1</sup> It should be remembered that, according to the old philosophy, the sun was accounted a planet, and thought to be whirled round the earth by the motion of a solid sphere in which it was fixed. Supposing this consumed, the sun must wander in endless space, and the earth be involved in endless night.

*Cleo.* I dare not, dear  
 (Dear my lord, pardon), I dare not,  
 Lest I be taken<sup>2</sup>: not the imperious show  
 Of the full-fortun'd Cæsar ever shall  
 Be brooch'd<sup>3</sup> with me; if knife, drugs, serpents, have  
 Edge, sting, or operation, I am safe:  
 Your wife Octavia, with her modest eyes,  
 And still conclusion<sup>4</sup>, shall acquire no honour  
 Demuring upon me.—But come, come, Antony,—  
 Help me, my women,—we must draw thee up;—  
 Assist, good friends.

*Ant.* O, quick, or I am gone.

*Cleo.* Here's sport, indeed<sup>5</sup>!—How heavy weighs  
 my lord!

Our strength is all gone into heaviness,  
 That makes the weight: Had I great Juno's power,  
 The strong-wing'd Mercury should fetch thee up,  
 And set thee by Jove's side. Yet come a little,—  
 Wishers were ever fools;—O, come, come, come;

[*They draw ANTONY up.*

And welcome, welcome! die, where thou hast liv'd:  
 Quicken<sup>6</sup> with kissing; had my lips that power,  
 Thus would I wear them out.

*All.*

A heavy sight!

<sup>2</sup> Cleopatra means that she dare not come down out of the monument to Antony. Ritson proposed to read:—

'(Dear my lord, pardon) I dare not *come down*.'

<sup>3</sup> *Brooch'd* here must mean *ornamented, adorned*. Any ornamental jewel was called a *brooch*:—'Honour's a good *brooch* to wear in a man's hat at all times.'—*Ben Jonson's Poetaster*.

'————— And love to Richard

Is a strange *brooch* in this all-hating world.'

*King Richard II.* Act ii. Sc. 5.

<sup>4</sup> 'Sedate determination; silent coolness of resolution.'

<sup>5</sup> Cleopatra by these words seems to constrast the melancholy task in which they are now engaged with their former sports.

<sup>6</sup> *i. e. revive by my kiss*. To quicken, according to Baret, is 'to make livelie and lustie; to make strong and sound, to refresh.'

*Ant.* I am dying, Egypt, dying :  
Give me some wine, and let me speak a little.

*Cleo.* No, let me speak ; and let me rail so high,  
That the false housewife Fortune break her wheel<sup>7</sup>,  
Provok'd by my offence.

*Ant.* One word, sweet queen :  
Of Cæsar seek your honour with your safety.—O!

*Cleo.* They do not go together.

*Ant.* Gentle, hear me :  
None about Cæsar trust, but Proculeius.

*Cleo.* My resolution, and my hands, I'll trust ;  
None about Cæsar.

*Ant.* The miserable change now at my end,  
Lament nor sorrow at : but please your thoughts,  
In feeding them with those my former fortunes  
Wherein I liv'd, the greatest prince o'the world,  
The noblest : and do now not basely die,  
Nor cowardly ; put off my helmet to  
My countryman, a Roman, by a Roman  
Valiantly vanquish'd. Now, my spirit is going ;  
I can no more. [Dies.]

*Cleo.* Noblest of men, woo't die ?  
Hast thou no care of me ? shall I abide  
In this dull world, which in thy absence is  
No better than a sty ?—O, see, my women,  
The crown o'the earth doth melt :—My lord !—  
O, wither'd is the garland of the war,  
The soldier's pole is fallen<sup>8</sup> ; young boys and girls,  
Are level now with men : the odds is gone,

<sup>7</sup> ' Let us sit and mock the good housewife  
Fortune from her wheel,' &c.

*As You Like It.*

<sup>8</sup> That is, their *standard* or rallying point is thrown down.  
Marlowe concludes his *Faustus* with a similar image :—

' Cut is the branch that might have grown full straight,  
And burned is Apolloes laurel bough.'



And there is nothing left remarkable  
Beneath the visiting moon<sup>9</sup>.

[*She faints.*

*Char.* O, quietness, lady!

*Iras.* She is dead too, our sovereign.

*Char.* Lady,—

*Iras.* Madam,—

*Char.* O madam, madam, madam!

*Iras.* Royal Egypt!

Empress!

*Char.* Peace, peace, *Iras.*

*Cleo.* No more, but e'en a woman<sup>10</sup>; and commanded

By such poor passion as the maid that milks,  
And does the meanest chares<sup>11</sup>.—It were for me  
To throw my sceptre at the injurious gods;  
To tell them, that this world did equal theirs,  
Till they had stolen our jewel. All's but naught;  
Patience is sottish; and impatience does  
Become a dog that's mad: Then is it sin,  
To rush into the secret house of death,  
Ere death dare come to us?—How do you, women?  
What, what? good cheer! Why, how now, Charmian?

<sup>9</sup> ' ————— From this instant  
There's nothing serious in mortality:  
All is but toys; renown and grace is dead;  
The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees  
Is left this vault to brag on.' *Macbeth.*

<sup>10</sup> *Iras* has just said 'Royal Egypt, *Empress!*' *Cleopatra* completes the sentence (without taking notice of the intervening words of *Charmian*), *Empress* 'no more; but e'en a woman,' now on a level with the meanest of my sex. The old copy reads 'but in a woman.' Dr. Johnson made the correction.

<sup>11</sup> i. e. task-work. 'She, like a good wife, is teaching her servants sundry chares.'—*Heywood's Brazen Age*, 1613.

'And at my crummed messe of milke, each night from maid or dame

To do their chares as they supposed,' &c.

*Warner's Albion's England.*

Thus in Act ii. Sc. 5, *Cleopatra* says:—

'When thou hast done this chare I'll give thee leave  
To play till doomsday.'

My noble girls!—Ah, women, women! look,  
Our lamp is spent, it's out:—Good sirs, take heart:—

[*To the Guard below.*

We'll bury him: and then, what's brave, what's noble,  
Let's do it after the high Roman fashion,  
And make death proud to take us. Come, away:  
This case of that huge spirit now is cold.  
Ah women, women! come; we have no friend  
But resolution, and the briefest end.

[*Exeunt; those above bearing off ANTONY'S  
Body.*

## ACT V.

SCENE I. Cæsar's Camp before Alexandria.

*Enter CÆSAR, AGRIPPA, DOLABELLA, MECÆ-  
NAS, GALLUS, PROCULEIUS, and Others.*

*Cæs.* Go to him, Dolabella, bid him yield;  
Being so frustrate<sup>1</sup>, tell him, he mocks us by  
The pauses that he makes.

*Dol.* Cæsar, I shall. [*Exit DOLABELLA.*

*Enter DERCETAS, with the Sword of ANTONY.*

*Cæs.* Wherefore is that? and what art thou, that  
dar'st  
Appear thus to us<sup>2</sup>?

<sup>1</sup> Frustrate for frustrated was the language of Shakspeare's time; as we find *contaminate* for *contaminated*, *consummate* for *consummated*, &c. Thus in *The Tempest*:—

' — and the sea mocks

Our *frustrate* search by land.'

The two last words in this line, *us by*, are not in the old copy, in which something seems omitted, and these words, which suit the context well, were supplied by Malone, who has justified his selection of them by instances of similar phraseology in other passages of these plays.

<sup>2</sup> i. e. with a drawn and bloody sword in thy hand.

*Der.* I am call'd Dercetas;  
 Mark Antony I serv'd, who best was worthy  
 Best to be serv'd: whilst he stood up, and spoke,  
 He was my master; and I wore my life,  
 To spend upon his haters: If thou please  
 To take me to thee, as I was to him  
 I'll be to Cæsar; If thou pleasest not,  
 I yield thee up my life.

*Cæs.* What is't thou say'st?

*Der.* I say, O Cæsar, Antony is dead.

*Cæs.* The breaking of so great a thing should make  
 A greater crack: The round world should have shook  
 Lions into civil streets<sup>3</sup>,  
 And citizens to their dens:—The death of Antony  
 Is not a single doom; in the name lay  
 A moiety of the world.

*Der.* He is dead, Cæsar;  
 Not by a publick minister of justice,  
 Nor by a hir'd knife; but that self hand,  
 Which writ his honour in the acts it did,  
 Hath, with the courage which the heart did lend it,  
 Splitted the heart.—This is his sword,

<sup>3</sup> The passage is thus arranged in the old copy:—

'The breaking of so great a thing should make  
 A greater crack: the round world  
 Should have shook lions into civil streets,  
 And citizens to their dens.'

The second line is evidently defective, some word or words being omitted at the end, as in a former instance. What is lost may be supplied by conjecture thus:—

'———— The round world *convulsive*.'

Johnson thought that there was a line lost: and Steevens proposed to read:—

'A greater crack *than this*: The ruin'd world,' &c.

I knew not with whom the present arrangement of the text originated, but I do not think it judicious. Malone thought that the passage might have stood originally thus:—

'———— The round world should have shook;  
 Thrown hungry lions into civil streets,' &c.

I robb'd his wound of it; behold it stain'd  
With his most noble blood.

*Cæs.* Look you sad, friends?  
The gods rebuke me, but it is tidings  
To wash the eyes of kings<sup>4</sup>.

*Agr.* And strange it is,  
That nature must compel us to lament  
Our most persisted deeds.

*Mec.* His taints and honours  
Waged<sup>5</sup> equal with him.

*Agr.* A rarer spirit never  
Did steer humanity: but you, gods, will give us  
Some faults to make us men. Cæsar is touch'd.

*Mec.* When such a spacious mirror's set before him,  
He needs must see himself.

*Cæs.* O Antony!  
I have follow'd thee to this;—But we do lance<sup>6</sup>  
Diseases in our bodies; I must perforce  
Have shown to thee such a declining day,  
Or look on thine; we could not stall together  
In the whole world: But yet let me lament,  
With tears as sovereign as the blood of hearts,  
That thou, my brother, my competitor  
In top of all design, my mate in empire,  
Friend and companion in the front of war,  
The arm of mine own body, and the heart  
Where mine his<sup>7</sup> thoughts did kindle,—that our  
stars,  
Unreconcilable, should divide

<sup>4</sup> 'May the gods rebuke me if this be not tidings to make kings weep.' But again in its exceptive sense.

<sup>5</sup> *Wag'd* here must mean to be opposed, as equal stakes in a wager: unless we suppose that *weighed* is meant. The second folio reads *way*.

<sup>6</sup> *Launch*, the word in the old copy, is only the obsolete spelling of *lance*.

<sup>7</sup> *His* for *its*.

Our equalness to this<sup>8</sup>.—Hear me, good friends,—  
But I will tell you at some meeter season;

*Enter a Messenger.*

The business of this man looks out of him,  
We'll hear him what he says.—Whence are you?

*Mess.* A poor Egyptian yet<sup>9</sup>. The queen, my  
mistress,

Confin'd in all she has, her monument,  
Of thy intents desires instruction;  
That she preparedly may frame herself  
To the way she's forced to.

*Cæs.* Bid her have good heart;  
She soon shall know of us, by some of ours,  
How honourable<sup>10</sup> and how kindly we  
Determine for her: for Cæsar cannot live  
To be ungentle.

*Mess.* So the gods preserve thee! [*Exit.*

*Cæs.* Come hither, Proculeius; Go, and say,  
We purpose her no shame: give her what comforts  
The quality of her passion shall require;  
Lest, in her greatness, by some mortal stroke  
She do defeat us: for her life in Rome  
Would be eternal in our triumph<sup>11</sup>: Go,

<sup>8</sup> That is, *should have made us*, in our equality of fortune, disagree to a pitch like this, that one of us must die.

<sup>9</sup> i. e. 'yet an Egyptian, or subject of the queen of Egypt, though soon to become a subject of Rome.'

<sup>10</sup> I have before observed that the termination *ble* was anciently often used for *bly*. This Malone calls using adjectives adverbially, or using *substantives* adjectively, as the case may be. I doubt whether it be any thing more than the laxity of old orthography. We have *honourable* for *honourably* again in Julius Cæsar:—

'Young man, thou could'st not die more *honourable*.'

<sup>11</sup> 'If I send her *in triumph to Rome*, her memory and my glory *will be eternal*.' Thus in *The Scourge of Venus*, 1614:—

'If some foule-swelling ebon cloud would fall  
For her to hide herself *eternal in*.'

And, with your speediest, bring us what she says,  
And how you find of her.

*Pro.* Cæsar, I shall. [*Exit PROCULEIUS.*

*Cæs.* Gallus, you go along.—Where's Dolabella,  
To second Proculeius? [*Exit GALLUS.*

*Agr. Mec.* Dolabella!

*Cæs.* Let him alone, for I remember now  
How he's employed; he shall in time be ready.  
Go with me to my tent; where you shall see  
How hardly I was drawn into this war;  
How calm and gentle I proceeded still  
In all my writings: Go with me, and see  
What I can show in this. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.

Alexandria. *A Room in the Monument.*

*Enter CLEOPATRA<sup>1</sup>, CHARMIAN, and IRAS.*

*Cleo.* My desolation does begin to make  
A better life: 'Tis paltry to be Cæsar;  
Not being fortune, he's but fortune's knave<sup>2</sup>,  
A minister of her will; And it is great  
To do that thing that ends all other deeds;  
Which shackles accidents, and bolts up change;  
Which sleeps, and never palates more the dung;  
The beggar's nurse and Cæsar's<sup>3</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> The poet here has attempted to exhibit at once the outside and the inside of a building. It would be difficult to represent this scene on the stage in any other way than making Cleopatra and her attendants speak all their speeches, till the queen is seized, within the monument.

<sup>2</sup> Servant.

<sup>3</sup> Voluntary death (says Cleopatra) is an act *which bolts up change*; it produces a state—

‘Which sleeps, and never palates more the dung,  
The beggar's nurse and Cæsar's.’

Which has no longer need of the gross and terrene sustenance,

***Enter, to the Gates of the Monument, PROCULEIUS,  
GALLUS, and Soldiers.***

*Pro.* Cæsar sends greeting to the queen of Egypt;  
And bids thee study on what fair demands  
Thou mean'st to have him grant thee.

**Cleo.** [*Within.*]                      What's thy name?

***Pro.* My name is Proculeius.**

**Cleo.** [*Within.*] **Antony**

Did tell me of you, bade me trust you; but  
I do not greatly care to be deceiv'd,  
That have no use for trusting. If your master  
Would have a queen his beggar, you must tell him,  
That majesty, to keep decorum, must  
No less beg than a kingdom : if he please  
To give me conquer'd Egypt for my son,  
He gives me so much of mine own, as I<sup>4</sup>  
Will kneel to him with thanks.

*Pro.* Be of good cheer;

**You are fallen into a princely hand, fear nothing :  
Make your full reference freely to my lord,  
Who is so full of grace, that it flows over  
On all that need : Let me report to him  
Your sweet dependancy ; and you shall find  
A conqueror, that will pray in aid<sup>5</sup> for kindness,  
Where he for grace is kneel'd to.**

in the use of which Cæsar and the beggar are on a level. It has been already said in this play, that—

‘ ——— our *dungy* earth  
Feeds man as beast.’

‘ The Æthiopian king (in Herodotus, b. iii.) upon hearing a description of the nature of wheat, replied, that he was not at all surprised if men, who eat nothing but *dung*, did not attain a longer life.’

<sup>4</sup> Mason would change *as* I, to *and* I; but I have shown in another place that *as* was used by Shakspeare and his contemporaries for *that*.

<sup>5</sup> *Praying in aid* is a term used for a petition made in a court of justice for the calling in of help from another that hath an interest in the cause in question. Y Y 2

*Cleo.* [*Within.*] Pray you, tell him  
I am his fortune's vassal, and I send him  
The greatness he has got<sup>6</sup>. I hourly learn  
A doctrine of obedience; and would gladly  
Look him i' the face.

*Pro.* This I'll report, dear lady.  
Have comfort; for, I know, your plight is pitied  
Of him that caus'd it.

*Gal.* You see how easily she may be surpris'd;  
[*Here PROCULEIUS, and two of the Guard,  
ascend the Monument by a Ladder placed  
against a Window, and having descended,  
come behind CLEOPATRA. Some of the  
Guard unbar and open the Gates*<sup>7</sup>.  
Guard her till Cæsar come.

[*To PROCULEIUS and the Guard. Exit  
GALLUS.*

<sup>6</sup> By these words Cleopatra means—'In yielding to him I only give him that honour which he himself achieved.' A kindred idea seems to occur in *The Tempest*:—

'Then *as my gift*, and thy own acquisition  
Worthily purchased, take thou my daughter.'

<sup>7</sup> There is no stage direction in the old copy, that which is now inserted is formed on the old translation of Plutarch:—  
'Proculeius came to the gates that were very thicke and strong, and surely barred; but yet there were *some cranes* through the which her voyce might be heard, and so they without understood that Cleopatra demaunded the kingdome of Egypt for her sonnes: and that Proculeius aunswere her, that she should be of good cheere, and not be affrayed to refer all unto Cæsar. After he had viewed the place very well, he came and reported her aunswere unto Cæsar: who immediately sent Gallus to speak once againe with her, and bad him purposely hold her with talk, whilst Proculeius did set up a ladder against that high windowe, by the which Antonius was tressed up, and came down into the monument with two of his men, hard by the gate, where Cleopatra stood to hear what Gallus said unto her. One of her women shrieked out, O poore Cleopatra, thou art taken! Then when she sawe Proculeius behind her, as she came from the gate, she thought to have stabbed herself with a short dagger she wore of purpose by her side. But Proculeius came sodainly upon her, and taking her by both the hands, sayd unto her, Cleopatra, first thou shalt doe th



*Iras.* Royal queen!

*Char.* O Cleopatra! thou art taken, queen!—

*Cleo.* Quick, quick, good hands.

[*Drawing a Dagger.*

*Pro.*

Hold, worthy lady, hold:

[*Seizes and disarms her.*

Do not yourself such wrong, who are in this  
Reliev'd, but not betray'd.

*Cleo.*

What, of death too

That rids our dogs of languish?

*Pro.*

Cleopatra,

Do not abuse my master's bounty, by  
The undoing of yourself: let the world see  
His nobleness well acted, which your death  
Will never let come forth.

*Cleo.*

Where art thou, death?

Come hither, come! come, come, and take a queen  
Worth many babes and beggars!

*Pro.*

O, temperance, lady!

*Cleo.* Sir, I will eat no meat, I'll not drink, sir  
(If idle talk will once be necessary<sup>8</sup>);

I'll not sleep neither: This mortal house I'll ruin,

selfe greate wrong, and secondly unto Cæsar, to deprive him of  
the occasion and opportunitie openlie to shew his vauntage and  
mercie, and to give his enemies cause to accuse the most cour-  
teous and noble prince that ever was, and to appeach him as  
though he were a cruel and mercilesse man that were not to be  
trusted. So even as he spake the word he tooke her dagger from  
her, and shooke her clothes for fear of any poison hid aboute her.  
The speech given to Gallus here is given by mistake to Procu-  
leius in the old copy.

<sup>8</sup> It should be remembered that *once* is used as *once for all* by Shakspeare. I take the meaning of this line, which is evidently parenthetical, to be, 'Once for all, if idle talk be necessary about my purposes.' Johnson has shown that *will be* is often used in conversation without relation to the future. I have placed this line in a parenthesis, by which the sense of the passage is now rendered sufficiently clear, without having recourse to supplementary words, as Malone and Ritson proposed.

Do Cæsar what he can. Know, sir, that I  
 Will not wait pinion'd at your master's court;  
 Nor once be chāstis'd with the sober eye  
 Of dull Octavia. Shall they hoist me up,  
 And show me to the shouting varletry  
 Of censuring Rome? Rather a ditch in Egypt  
 Be gentle grave to me! rather on Nilus' mud  
 Lay me stark naked, and let the water-flies  
 Blow me into abhorring! rather make  
 My country's high pyramides<sup>9</sup> my gibbet,  
 And hang me up in chains!

*Pro.* You do extend  
 These thoughts of horror further than you shall  
 Find cause in Cæsar.

*Enter DOLABELLA.*

*Dol.* Proculeius,  
 What thou hast done thy master Cæsar knows,  
 And he hath sent for thee: for the queen,  
 I'll take her to my guard.

*Pro.* So, Dolabella,  
 It shall content me best: be gentle to her.—  
 To Cæsar I will speak what you shall please,  
[To CLEOPATRA.]  
 If you'll employ me to him.

*Cleo.* Say, I would die.

[Exeunt PROCULEIUS, and Soldiers.]

*Dol.* Most noble empress, you have heard of me?

*Cleo.* I cannot tell.

*Dol.* Assuredly, you know me.

*Cleo.* No matter, sir, what I have heard, or known.  
 You laugh, when boys, or women, tell their dreams;  
 Is't not your trick?

*Dol.* I understand not, madam.

<sup>9</sup> *Pyramides* is so written and used as a quadrisyllable by Sandys and by Drayton.

*Cleo.* I dream'd, there was an emperor Antony;—  
O, such another sleep, that I might see  
But such another man!

*Dol.* If it might please you,—

*Cleo.* His face was as the heavens; and therein  
stuck  
A sun, and moon; which kept their course, and  
lighted

The little O, the earth<sup>10</sup>.

*Dol.* Most sovereign creature.—

*Cleo.* His legs bestrid the ocean<sup>11</sup>: his rear'd arm  
Crested the world<sup>12</sup>: his voice was propertied  
As all the tuned spheres, and that to friends;  
But when he meant to quail and shake the orb,  
He was as rattling thunder. For his bounty,  
There was no winter in't; an autumn 'twas,  
That grew the more by reaping: His delights  
Were dolphin-like: they show'd his back above  
The element they liv'd in: In his livery  
Walk'd crowns, and crownets; realms and islands  
were

As plates<sup>13</sup> dropp'd from his pocket.

<sup>10</sup> Shakspeare uses O for an orb or circle. Thus in King Henry V.:—

‘ ——— can we cram

Within this wooden O the very casques.’

Again, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*:—

‘ Than all yon fiery Oes, and eyes of light.’

<sup>11</sup> So in *Julius Cæsar*:—

‘ Why, man, he doth bestride the world  
Like a Colussus.’

<sup>12</sup> Dr. Percy thinks that ‘ this is an allusion to some of the old crests in heraldry, where a raised arm on a wreath was mounted on the helmet.’ To *crest* is to *surmount*.

<sup>13</sup> *Plates* mean *silver money*:—

‘ What's the price of this slave 200 crowns?

Belike he has some new trick for a purse,

And if he has, he's worth 300 plates.’

In heraldry the *roundlets* in an escutcheon, if or, or yellow, are

*Dol.*

Cleopatra,—

*Cleo.* Think you, there was, or might be, such a  
man

As this I dream'd of?

*Dol.*

Gentle madam, no.

*Cleo.* You lie, up to the hearing of the gods.  
But, if there be, or ever were one such,  
It's past the size of dreaming: Nature wants stuff  
To vie<sup>14</sup> strange forms with fancy; yet, to imagine  
An Antony, were nature's piece 'gainst fancy,  
Condemning shadows quite.

*Dol.*

Hear me, good madam:  
Your loss is as yourself, great; and you bear it  
As answering to the weight: 'Would, I might never  
O'ertake pursu'd success, but I do feel,  
By the rebound of yours, a grief that shoots  
My very heart at root.

*Cleo.*

I thank you, sir.

Know you, what Cæsar means to do with me?

*Dol.* I am loath to tell you what I would you knew.

*Cleo.* Nay, pray you, sir,—

called *besants*; if *argent*, or white, *plates*, which are round flat pieces of silver money, perhaps without any stamp or impress. It is remarkable after all that the commentators have said against Ben Jonson, Steevens should have expunged a note that appeared in his edition of 1778, in which he cites the following beautiful passage from Ben Jonson's *New Inn*, on the subject of liberality:—

'He gave me first my breeding, I acknowledge:  
Then shower'd his bounties on me, like the hours  
That open-handed sit upon the clouds,  
And press the liberality of heaven  
Down to the laps of thankful men.'

<sup>14</sup> To *vie* here has its metaphorical sense of to *contend in rivalry*. For the origin of the phrase see vol. iii. p. 386, note 19. Here Nature and Fancy produce each their *piece*, and the *piece* done by Nature had the preference. Antony was in reality *past the size of dreaming*; he was more by nature than fancy could present in sleep.

*Dol.* Though he be honourable,—

*Cleo.* He'll lead me then in triumph?

*Dol.* Madam, he will;

I know it.

*Within.* Make way there,—Cæsar.

*Enter CÆSAR, GALLUS, PROCULEIUS, MECÆNAS,  
SELEUCUS, and Attendants.*

*Cæs.* Which is the queen  
Of Egypt?

*Dol.* 'Tis the emperor, madam.

[CLEOPATRA *kneels*.

*Cæs.* Arise,

You shall not kneel:—

I pray you, rise; rise, Egypt.

*Cleo.* Sir, the gods  
Will have it thus; my master and my lord  
I must obey.

*Cæs.* Take to you no hard thoughts:  
The record of what injuries you did us,  
Though written in our flesh, we shall remember  
As things but done by chance.

*Cleo.* Sole sir o'the world,  
I cannot project<sup>15</sup> mine own cause so well  
To make it clear; but do confess, I have  
Been laden with like frailties, which before  
Have often sham'd our sex.

*Cæs.* Cleopatra, know,  
We will extenuate rather than enforce:  
If you apply yourself to our intents

<sup>15</sup> To *project* is to *delineate*, to *shape*, to *form*. So in *Look About You*, a Comedy, 1600:—

'But quite dislike the *project* of your sute.'

And in *Much Ado About Nothing*:—

'————— She cannot love,  
Nor take no shape nor *project* of affection,  
She is so self endear'd.'

(Which towards you are most gentle), you shall find  
A benefit in this change; but if you seek  
To lay on me a cruelty, by taking  
Antony's course, you shall bereave yourself  
Of my good purposes, and put your children  
To that destruction which I'll guard them from,  
If thereon you rely. I'll take my leave.

*Cleo.* And may, through all the world: 'tis yours:  
and we

Your 'scutcheons, and your signs of conquest, shall  
Hang in what place you please. Here, my good lord.

*Cæs.* You shall advise me in all for Cleopatra<sup>16</sup>.

*Cleo.* This is the brief of money, plate, and jewels,  
I am possess'd of: 'tis exactly valued;  
Not petty things admitted.—Where's Seleucus?

*Sel.* Here, madam.

*Cleo.* This is my treasurer; let him speak, my lord,  
Upon his peril, that I have reserv'd  
To myself nothing. Speak the truth, Seleucus.

*Sel.* Madam,

I had rather seel<sup>17</sup> my lips, than, to my peril,  
Speak that which is not.

*Cleo.* What have I kept back?

*Sel.* Enough to purchase what you have made  
known.

*Cæs.* Nay, blush not, Cleopatra! I approve  
Your wisdom in the deed.

*Cleo.* See, Cæsar! O, behold  
How pomp is follow'd! mine will now be yours;  
And, should we shift estates, yours would be mine.

<sup>16</sup> Cæsar afterwards says:—

'For we intend so to dispose you, as  
Yourself shall give us counsel.'

<sup>17</sup> Close up my lips as effectually as the eyes of a hawk are closed. To *seel* hawks was the technical term for sewing up their eyes.

The ingratitude of this Seleucus does  
 Even make me wild:—O slave, of no more trust  
 Than love that's hir'd!—What, goest thou back?  
     thou shalt

Go back, I warrant thee; but I'll catch thine eyes,  
 Though they had wings: Slave, soul-less villain, dog!  
 O rarely base<sup>18</sup>!

*Cæs.*                      Good queen, let us entreat you.

*Cleo.* O Cæsar, what a wounding shame is this:  
 That thou, vouchsafing here to visit me,  
 Doing the honour of thy lordliness  
 To one so meek, that mine own servant should  
 Parcel the sum of my disgraces by  
 Addition of his envy<sup>19</sup>! Say, good Cæsar,  
 That I some lady trifles have reserv'd,  
 Immoment toys, things of such dignity  
 As we greet modern<sup>20</sup> friends withal: and say,  
 Some nobler token I have kept apart  
 For Livia, and Octavia, to induce  
 Their mediation; must I be unfolded  
 With<sup>21</sup> one that I have bred? The gods! It smites me  
 Beneath the fall I have. Pr'ythee, go hence;

[*To SELEUCUS.*

Or I shall show the cinders of my spirits  
 Through the ashes of my chance<sup>22</sup>.—Wert thou a man,  
 Thou would'st have mercy on me.

*Cæs.*                                      Forbear, Seleucus.

[*Exit SELEUCUS.*

<sup>18</sup> i. e. base in an uncommon degree.

<sup>19</sup> 'That this fellow should add one more parcel or item to the sum of my disgraces, namely his own *malice*.'

<sup>20</sup> i. e. common, ordinary. See vol. iii. p. 256, note 1, and p. 331, note 26.

<sup>21</sup> *With* is here used with the power of *by*. See vol. i. p. 254, note 4.

<sup>22</sup> i. e. fortune. 'Begone, or I shall exert that royal spirit which I had in my prosperity, in spite of the imbecility of my

*Cleo.* Be it known that we, the greatest, are mis-  
thought

For things that others do; and, when we fall,  
We answer others' merits<sup>23</sup> in our name,  
Are therefore to be pitied.

*Cæs.* Cleopatra,  
Not what you have reserv'd, nor what acknowledg'd,  
Put we i' the roll of conquest: still be it yours,  
Bestow it at your pleasure; and believe,  
Cæsar's no merchant, to make prize with you  
Of things that merchants sold. Therefore be cheer'd;  
Make not your thoughts your prisons<sup>24</sup>: no, dear  
queen;

For we intend so to dispose you, as  
Yourself shall give us counsel. Feed, and sleep:  
Our care and pity is so much upon you,  
That we remain your friend; And so adieu.

*Cleo.* My master, and my lord!

*Cæs.* Not so: Adieu.

[*Exeunt CÆSAR, and his Train.*]

*Cleo.* He words me, girls, he words me, that I  
should not

Be noble to myself: but hark thee, Charmian.

[*Whispers CHARMIAN.*]

present weak condition.' Chaucer has a similar image in his  
Canterbury Tales, v. 3180:—

'Yet in our *ashen* cold is fire yreken.'

And Gray in his Country Churchyard:—

'E'en in our *ashes* live their wonted fires.'

He however refers to Petrarch as his original:—

'Ch' i' veggio nel pensier, dolce mio foco  
Fredda una lingua, e duo begli occhi chiusi  
Rimaner dopo noi pien di faville.'

*Sonetto 170, Ed. Comiana, 1732.*

<sup>23</sup> i. e. we answer for that which others have *merited* by their  
transgressions.

<sup>24</sup> 'Be not a prisoner in imagination, when in reality you are  
free.'



*Iras.* Finish, good lady ; the bright day is done,  
And we are for the dark.

*Cleo.* Hie thee again :  
I have spoke already, and it is provided ;  
Go, put it to the haste.

*Char.* Madam, I will.

*Re-enter DOLABELLA.*

*Dol.* Where is the queen ?

*Char.* Behold, sir. [*Exit CHARMIAN.*]

*Cleo.* Dolabella ?

*Dol.* Madam, as thereto sworn by your command,  
Which my love makes religion to obey,  
I tell you this : Cæsar through Syria  
Intends his journey ; and, within three days,  
You with your children will he send before :  
Make your best use of this : I have perform'd  
Your pleasure, and my promise.

*Cleo.* Dolabella,  
I shall remain your debtor.

*Dol.* I your servant.  
Adieu, good queen ; I must attend on Cæsar.

*Cleo.* Farewell, and thanks. [*Exit DOL.*] Now,  
Iras, what think'st thou ?

Thou, an Egyptian puppet, shall be shown  
In Rome, as well as I : mechanick slaves  
With greasy aprons, rules, and hammers, shall  
Uplift us to the view ; in their thick breaths,  
Rank of gross diet, shall we be enclouded,  
And forc'd to drink their vapour.

*Iras.* The gods forbid !

*Cleo.* Nay, 'tis most certain, Iras : Saucy lictors  
Will catch at us, like strumpets ; and scald rhymers  
Ballad us out o'tune : the quick<sup>25</sup> comedians

<sup>25</sup> i. e. the lively or quick-witted comedians. See Act i. Sc. 2, note 26.

Extemporally will stage us, and present  
 Our Alexandrian revels; Antony  
 Shall be brought drunken forth, and I shall see  
 Some squeaking Cleopatra boy<sup>26</sup> my greatness  
 I' the posture of a whore.

*Iras.* O the good gods!

*Cleo.* Nay, that is certain.

*Iras.* I'll never see it; for, I am sure, my nails  
 Are stronger than mine eyes.

*Cleo.* Why that's the way  
 To fool their preparation, and to conquer  
 Their most absurd<sup>27</sup> intents.—Now, Charmian?—

*Enter CHARMIAN.*

Show me, my women, like a queen;—Go fetch  
 My best attires;—I am again for Cydnus,  
 To meet Mark Antony:—Sirrah<sup>28</sup>, *Iras*, go:—  
 Now, noble Charmian, we'll despatch indeed:  
 And, when thou hast done this chare, I'll give thee  
 leave  
 To play till doomsday.—Bring our crown and all:  
 Wherefore's this noise?

[*Exit IRAS. A Noise within.*

<sup>26</sup> It has been already observed that the parts of females were played by boys on our ancient stage. Nash, in his *Pierce Penniless*, makes it a subject of exultation that 'our players are not as the players beyond sea, that have whores and common courtesans to play women's parts.' To obviate the impropriety of men representing women, T. Goff, in his *Tragedy of the Raging Turk*, 1631, has no female character.

<sup>27</sup> *Absurd* here means *unmeet, unfitting, unreasonable*.

<sup>28</sup> *Sirrah* was not anciently an appellation either reproachful or injurious; being applied, with a sort of playful kindness, to children, friends, and servants, and what may seem more extraordinary, as in the present case, to women. It is nothing more than the exclamation *Sir ha!* and we sometimes find it in its primitive form, '*A syr a*, there said you wel.'—*Confutation of Nicholas Shaxton*, 1546. The *Heus tu* of Plautus is rendered by an old translator *Ha Sirra*. In Beaumont and Fletcher's *Knight of Malta*, one gentlewoman says to another, '*Sirrah*, why dost thou not marry?'

*Enter one of the Guard.*

*Guard.* Here is a rural fellow,  
That will not be denied your highness' presence;  
He brings you figs.

*Cleo.* Let him come in. How<sup>29</sup> poor an instrument  
[*Exit Guard.*  
May do a noble deed! he brings me liberty.  
My resolution's plac'd, and I have nothing  
Of woman in me: Now from head to foot  
I am marble-constant: now the fleeting<sup>30</sup> moon  
No planet is of mine.

*Re-enter Guard, with a Clown, bringing a Basket.*

*Guard.* This is the man.

*Cleo.* Avoid, and leave him. [Exit Guard.  
Hast thou the pretty worm<sup>31</sup> of Nilus there,  
That kills and pains not?

*Clown.* Truly I have him: but I would not be  
the party that should desire you to touch him, for  
his biting is immortal; those, that do die of it, do  
seldom or never recover.

*Cleo.* Remember'st thou any that have died on't?

*Clown.* Very many, men and women too. I

<sup>29</sup> The first folio has 'What poor an instrument.'

<sup>30</sup> *Fleeting*, or *fitting*, is *changeable*, *inconstant*:—

'More variant than is the *fitting* lune.'

*Walter's Guistard and Sismond, 1597.*

I am now (says Cleopatra) 'whole as the marble, founded as the rock,' and no longer inconstant and changeable, as woman often is.

<sup>31</sup> *Worm* is used by our old writers to signify a *serpent*. The word is pure Saxon, and is still used in the north in the same sense. We have it still in the *blind-worm* and *slow-worm*. Shakespeare uses it several times. The notion of a serpent that caused death without pain was an ancient fable, and is here adopted with propriety. The *worm of Nile* was the asp of the ancients, which Dr. Shaw says is wholly unknown to us.

heard of one of them no longer than yesterday: a very honest woman, but something given to lie; as a woman should not do, but in the way of honesty: how she died of the biting of it, what pain she felt. — Truly, she makes a very good report o'the worm: But he that will believe all that they say, shall never be saved by half that they do<sup>32</sup>. But this is most fallible, the worm's an odd worm.

*Cleo.* Get thee hence; farewell.

*Clown.* I wish you all joy of the worm.

*Cleo.* Farewell. [*Clown sets down the Basket.*]

*Clown.* You must think this, look you, that the worm will do his kind<sup>33</sup>.

*Cleo.* Ay, ay; farewell.

*Clown.* Look you, the worm is not to be trusted, but in the keeping of wise people; for, indeed, there is no goodness in the worm.

*Cleo.* Take thou no care; it shall be heeded.

*Clown.* Very good: give it nothing, I pray you, for it is not worth the feeding.

*Cleo.* Will it eat me?

*Clown.* You must not think I am so simple, but I know the devil himself will not eat a woman: I know that a woman is a dish for the gods, if the devil dress her not. But, truly, these same whorson devils do the gods great harm in their women; for in every ten that they make, the devils mar five.

*Cleo.* Well, get thee gone; farewell.

*Clown.* Yes, forsooth; I wish you joy of the worm. [*Exit.*]

<sup>32</sup> Warburton observes that 'Shakspeare's clowns are always jokers, and deal in sly satire:' but he would have *all* and *half* change places. I think with Steevens that the confusion was designed to heighten the humour of the clown's speech.

<sup>33</sup> i. e. act according to his *nature*.

*Re-enter IRAS, with a Robe, Crown, &c.*

*Cleo.* Give me my robe, put on my crown; I have  
Immortal longings in me<sup>34</sup>: Now no more  
The juice of Egypt's grape shall moist this lip:—  
Yare, yare<sup>35</sup>, good Iras; quick.—Methinks, I hear  
Antony call; I see him rouse himself  
To praise my noble act; I hear him mock  
The luck of Cæsar, which the gods give men  
To excuse their after wrath: Husband, I come:  
Now to that name my courage prove my title!  
I am fire, and air; my other elements  
I give to baser life<sup>36</sup>.—So,—have you done?  
Come then, and take the last warmth of my lips.  
Farewell, kind Charmian;—Iras, long farewell.

*[Kisses them. IRAS falls and dies.]*

Have I the aspick in my lips? Dost fall<sup>37</sup>?  
If thou and nature can so gently part,  
The stroke of death is as a lover's pinch,  
Which hurts, and is desir'd. Dost thou lie still?  
If thus thou vanishest, thou tell'st the world  
It is not worth leave-taking.

*Char.* Dissolve, thick cloud, and rain; that I may  
say,  
The gods themselves do weep!

*Cleo.* This proves me base:  
If she first meet the curled Antony,

<sup>34</sup> From hence probably Addison in Cato:—

‘This longing after immortality.’

<sup>35</sup> i. e. be *nimble*, be *ready*. See Act iii. Sc. 5, note 6.

<sup>36</sup> Thus in King Henry V.:—‘He is pure *air* and *fire*; and the dull elements of earth and water never appear in him.’ Homer speaks as contemptuously of the grosser elements we spring from, *Iliad* vii. v. 99:—

‘*Ἀλλ’ ὅμεις μὲν πάντες ὕδωρ καὶ γαῖα γενοισθε.*

<sup>37</sup> Iras must be supposed to have applied an asp to her arm while her mistress was settling her dress, to account for her falling so soon.

He'll make demand of her; and spend that kiss,  
Which is my heaven to have. Come, thou mortal  
wretch,

[*To the Asp, which she applies to her Breast.*  
With thy sharp teeth this knot intricate  
Of life at once untie; poor venomous fool,  
Be angry, and despatch. O, could'st thou speak!  
That I might hear thee call great Cæsar, ass  
Unpolicied<sup>38</sup>!

*Char.* O eastern star!

*Cleo.* Peace, peace!

Dost thou not see my baby at my breast,  
That sucks the nurse asleep?

*Char.* O, break! O, break!

*Cleo.* As sweet as balm, as soft as air, as gentle,—  
O Antony!—Nay, I will take thee too;—

[*Applying another Asp to her Arm.*  
What should I stay— [*Falls on a Bed, and dies.*

*Char.* In this wild world?—So, fare thee well.—  
Now boast thee, death! in thy possession lies  
A lass unparallel'd.—Downy windows, close<sup>39</sup>;  
And golden Phœbus never be beheld  
Of eyes again so royal! Your crown's awry;  
I'll mend it, and then play<sup>40</sup>.

*Enter the Guard, rushing in.*

1 *Guard.* Where is the queen?

*Char.* Speak softly, wake her not.

<sup>38</sup> i. e. an ass without more wit or policy than to leave the means of death within my reach, and thereby defeat his own purpose.

<sup>39</sup> Charmian may be supposed to close Cleopatra's eyes, the first melancholy office performed after death.

<sup>40</sup> Charmian remembers the words uttered to her by her beloved mistress just before:—

'—when thou hast done this chare, I'll give thee leave,  
To play till doomsday.'

1 *Guard.* Cæsar hath sent—

*Char.*

Too slow a messenger.

[*Applies the Asp.*

O, come; apace, despatch; I partly feel thee.

1 *Guard.* Approach, ho! All's not well: Cæsar's beguil'd.

2 *Guard.* There's Dolabella sent from Cæsar:—  
call him.

1 *Guard.* What work is here?—Charmian, is this well done?

*Char.* It is well done, and fitting for a princess  
Descended of so many royal kings.

Ah, soldier!

[*Dies.*

*Enter DOLABELLA.*

*Dol.* How goes it here?

2 *Guard.* All dead.

*Dol.* Cæsar, thy thoughts

Touch their effects in this: Thyself art coming  
To see perform'd the dreaded act, which thou  
So sought'st to hinder.

*Within.* A way there, a way for Cæsar!

*Enter CÆSAR, and Attendants.*

*Dol.* O, sir, you are too sure an augurer;  
That you did fear, is done.

*Cæs.* Bravest at the last:

She levell'd at our purposes, and, being royal,  
Took her own way.—The manner of their deaths?  
I do not see them bleed.

*Dol.* Who was last with them?

1 *Guard.* A simple countryman, that brought her  
figs;

This was his basket.

*Cæs.* . . . Poison'd then.

1 *Guard.* O Cæsar,  
This Charmian lived but now; she stood, and spake:  
I found her trimming up the diadem  
On her dead mistress; tremblingly she stood,  
And on the sudden dropp'd.

*Cæs.* O noble weakness!—  
If they had swallow'd poison, 'twould appear  
By external swelling: but she looks like sleep,  
As she would catch another Antony  
In her strong toil of grace.

*Dol.* Here, on her breast,  
There is a vent of blood, and something blown <sup>41</sup>:  
The like is on her arm.

1 *Guard.* This is an aspick's trail: and these fig-  
leaves  
Have slime upon them, such as the aspick leaves  
Upon the caves of Nile.

*Cæs.* Most probable,  
That so she died; for her physician tells me,  
She hath pursu'd conclusions <sup>42</sup> infinite  
Of easy ways to die.—Take up her bed;  
And bear her women from the monument:—  
She shall be buried by her Antony:  
No grave upon the earth shall clip in it  
A pair so famous. High events as these

<sup>41</sup> i. e. swelled, puffed. See p. 487, note 2.

<sup>42</sup> To *pursue conclusions* is to *try experiments*. So in Hamlet:—

' ——— like the famous ape  
To *try conclusions*.'

Such an 'easy way to die' was by the aspick's venom. Thus  
Lucan, lib. ix. l. 1815:—

' At tibi Leve miser fixus præcordia pressit  
Niliaca serpente cruor; nulloque dolore  
Testatus morsus subita caligine mortem  
Accipis, et Stvgias somno descendis ad umbras.'



Strike those that make them : and their story is  
No less in pity, than his glory, which  
Brought them to be lamented. Our army shall,  
In solemn show, attend this funeral;  
And then to Rome.—Come, Dolabella, see  
High order in this great solemnity. [*Exeunt.*]

---

THIS play keeps curiosity always busy, and the passions always interested. The continual hurry of the action, the variety of incidents, and the quick succession of one personage to another, call the mind forward without intermission from the first act to the last. But the power of delighting is derived principally from the frequent changes of the scene ; for, except the feminine arts, some of which are too low, which distinguish Cleopatra, no character is very strongly discriminated. Upton, who did not easily miss what he desired to find, has discovered that the language of Antony is, with great skill and learning, made pompous and superb, according to his real practice. But I think his diction not distinguishable from that of others : The most tumid speech in the play is that which Cæsar makes to Octavia.

The events, of which the principal are described according to history, are produced without any art of connection or care of disposition.

JOHNSON.

END OF VOL. VIII.











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